

Shelf 687 No 91

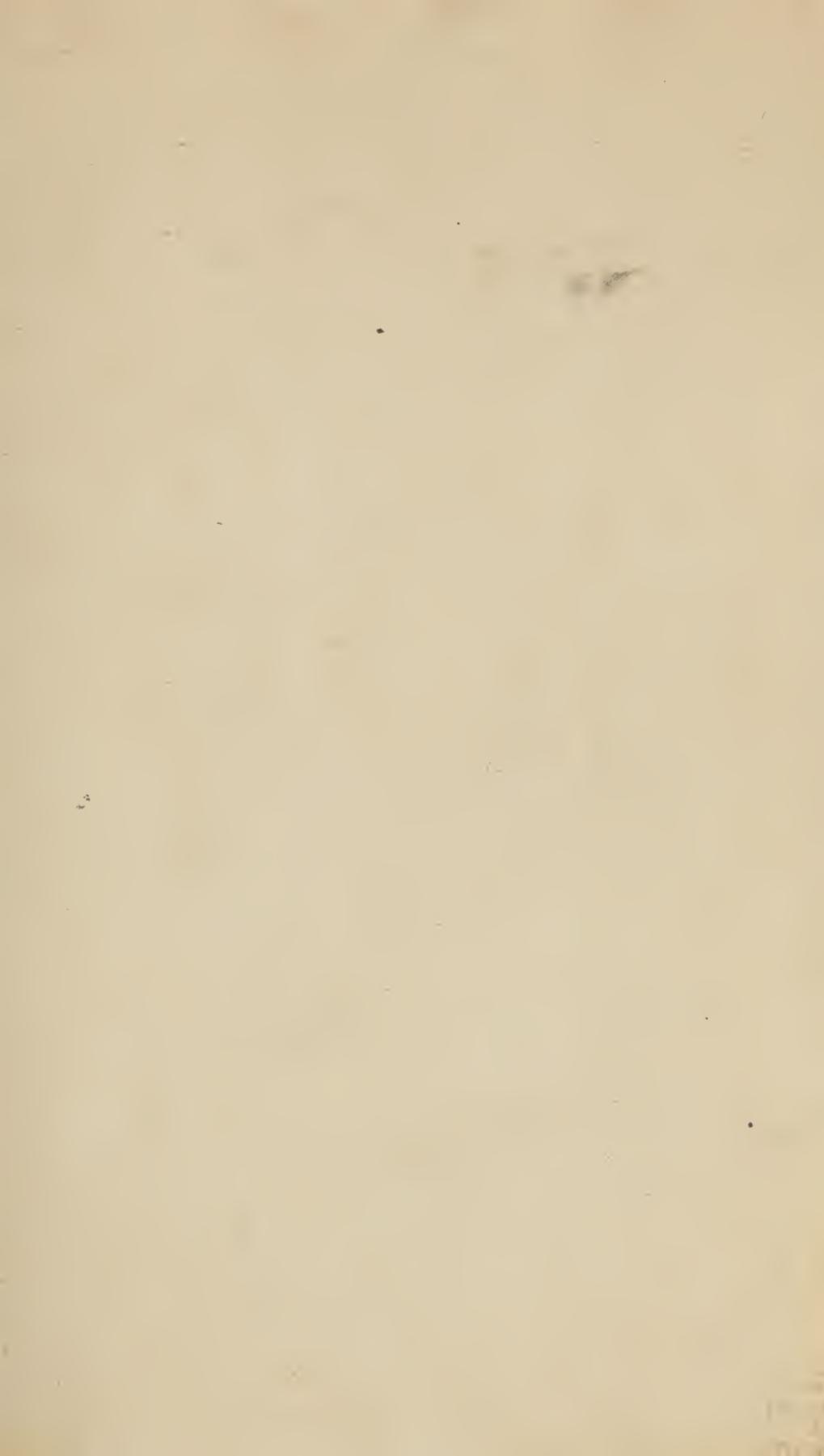
2 vols.

RB 197292



Presented to the
LIBRARY of the
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

by
Professor
Ralph G. Stanton



To the Rev. Jas. A. Grimie
With the Author's best regards

T R A G E D I E S

BY

H. ST G. TUCKER, Esq.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of Toronto

THE
T R A G E D I E S
OF
H A R O L D,
AND
C A M O E N S.

BY

H. S^T. G. TUCKER, Esq.

L O N D O N :
P A R B U R Y, A L L E N, & C O.,
L E A D E N H A L L S T R E E T.

1835.

L O N D O N :
Printed by J. L. Cox and Sons, 75, Great Queen Street,
Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

I WILL not apologise for offering the Tragedies of “ HAROLD” and “ CAMOENS” to the public.

These plays were written and printed many years ago. They were composed in the hours of relaxation from the labours of office ; and their circulation was confined within the narrow circle of my family and friends. They have since been revised, in the hope that I might succeed in rendering them worthy of public favour.

The object of the Drama is to exhibit the passions, the feelings, and the weakness of our nature—to expose to view those peculiarities, or elements, which constitute individual character; and in the course of this delineation, to instruct and amuse ; to instil noble and generous sentiments ; to inculcate loyalty and patriotism ; and,

in fine, to render vice odious and virtue attractive. This object I have kept steadily in view, and when, in so many instances, grave and excellent men have not thought it unbecoming in them to engage in the service of the Drama, I cannot think that, in following, at an humble distance, their example, I shall compromise the character of a public servant, whose time and labour are still pledged to the discharge of a public duty.

The tragedy of “*Harold*” is intended to inculcate the virtue of patriotism, and it was written when the armies of France threatened our shores. Those armies were dispersed by the genius and valour of our illustrious countryman to whom the play is dedicated ; but devotion to our King and Country are scarcely less called for at the present moment, when that noble fabric, heretofore the pride and boast of England, and long the admiration of surrounding nations, has been shaken to its very foundations.

The master mind, pre-eminent alike in council and in the camp, is still fortunately among us ; and the warrior, to whom England owes so much of her glory, and Europe her independence, will

be foremost to defend the throne, the altar, and the cherished institutions of our country.

“Camoens” has been composed in a different style, and the language, the incidents, and characters, approach nearer to the standard of real life.

I have attempted this style, because the Tragedies which delineate the scenes, the manners, and feelings with which we are most familiar, are usually more interesting than those which assume a loftier tone, and describe events, striking but rare, in which heroes and princes are the actors.

This Play is addressed more particularly to that sex, whom Nature has formed gentle, benevolent, and humane ; and whose errors, when they deviate from their natural course, are generally produced by external influences, or the intensity of passion.

The simple moral of my Drama has been, to trace out and expose the tendency of that excess of feeling, that intemperance of passion, which so often leads to the most fatal results. Against the open approaches of vice we are more on our guard; but we are not always on our guard against im-

pulses, which are dangerous only when they are allowed an uncontrolled ascendancy. And in proposing to guard against itself that fairest portion of creation, which is most exposed to danger from its own generous feelings, I satisfy myself that I have pursued one of the legitimate objects of the Drama.

THE AUTHOR.

H A R O L D,

A Tragedy.

BY

H. ST. G. TUCKER, Esq.

TO

HIS GRACE

ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

THE WARRIOR

WHO NEVER LOST A BATTLE;

THE STATESMAN

WHOSE WISDOM SECURED WHAT HIS VALOR WON;

This Drama

IS

DEDICATED,

WITH A FEELING OF THE HIGHEST RESPECT,

BY HIS

FAITHFUL AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HAROLD	King of England.
TOSTI ..	
GURTH ..	
LEOFRINE ..	
MORCAR	Earl of Northumberland.
EDWIN	His brother, Earl of Mercia.
WALTHEOFF	
HEREWALD.....	
COXO	
EDNOTH	
EDRIC	Surnamed the Forrester.
SIGAND	Archbishop of Canterbury.
EDGAR ATHELING...	Lineal Heir to the Throne.
MONK.	
TAILLIFER	a Norman Knight.
D'ARCY	a Norman Lord.
	Norman Lords, Soldiers, Heralds, &c.

W O M E N.

ELFRIDA.....	Wife of Tosti, daughter of Baldwin, Count of Flanders.
MARGARET	
EMMA	

H A R O L D.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

ELFRIDA AND EMMA.

EMMA. Rejoice, Elfrida !—Hail the radiant morn,
Whose breath hath chased away those angry clouds
Which late o'er England cast a fearful gloom.
Great Harold comes : our god-like chief returns.
Triumphant o'er the fierce Norwegian host.
His mighty arm hath driven the ruthless foe
Far from our shore, no more to desolate the land.
Thy lord, too, comes Elfrida :
Warlike Tosti comes, to greet thy wedded love.

ELFRIDA. And comes not Edwin, too ?

Have deeds of equal daring failed to grace
The valiant Edwin's crest ? Hath Mercia's Earl
Been backward in the close embattled field ?
Hast thou not heard, when royal Harold, pressed
By numerous bands, maintained the doubtful fight,

How gallant Edwin, fired with generous rage,
Bore down the opposing ranks ?
Hast thou not heard, how daring Harfager
First bowed before thy youthful hero's sword ;
While proud Olaus, captive led,
Confessed the force of Harold's conquering arm ?
Is Emma not elate, that Mercia thus
Brave competition holds with England's prince ?

EMMA. Brave Mercia's fame is England's pride ;

But Emma holds no dearer interest.

An adverse destiny hath frowned upon us,
And Edwin never can be mine.

ELFRIDA. Wherefore these fears ?

Tho' brave and noble, rich in generous blood,
A haughty ancestry thy Edwin boast,
Yet shall proud Mercia's Earl thy race contemn,
Thy nobler race, from holy Edward sprung,
Which long, with prosperous event, maintained
O'er this wide realm their just and rightful sway ?
Is Mercia's Earl perfidious grown ?
Will Edwin dare to slight thy plighted faith ?

EMMA. Not so, Elfrida—Do him not this wrong.

Mercia can ne'er desert the path of honour.—
Hast thou forgot, Elfrida, that thy Lord,
Stern Tosti, governs still our wayward fate ?
That, guardian of my unprotected youth,
His will must fix my future choice !
Hast thou forgot, what deadly feuds prevail

Between thy Lord and Mercia's warlike house ?
How, when the bold Northumbrian vassals dared,
By too severe a yoke long sorely galled,
Throw off allegiance, erst to Tosti due,
How royal Harold then, austerey just,
Tore the proud honours from thy Tosti's brow,
And the rich Earldom gave to fiery Morcar !
Canst thou believe, that this rude injury
Tosti can e'er forgive ; or e'er forget,
That Edwin is this Morcar's brother ?

ELFRIDA. Yes, Emma.—Long the fatal strife
Hath slept in sweet forgetfulness.—
Was Morcar guilty, that his Sovereign's love,
And the loud voice of a bold clamorous people,
Adjudged the forfeit honours to his house ?
Or Edwin guilty in a brother's name ?
Discard these fears.—Our martial chiefs,
Alike by noble emulation fired,
Together sought of late the tented field,
Together conquered, and each baser thought
Drowned in their country's love.

Enter EDWIN to them.

EDWIN. My peerless Emma!—Heaven hath heard our prayer,
And Heaven itself, in that celestial form,
Bids me contemplate its own Paradise.
Gracious Elfrida, much to thee I owe
Of dutious homage ; but my forward love,

A bolder suppliant, would yet o'erstep the bounds,
Where just respect for thy high excellence
Should check my free presuming.

(*Kisses her hand.*)

ELFRIDA. Welcome, brave Edwin.—With joy we hail
Thy safe return ; and this same blushing maid
Would bid thee dearer welcome, if, for once,
The lips might tell the heart's true secret.

EMMA. Spare me, Elfrida !

While I, in simple modesty, avow,
That in Lord Edwin's presence here,
My every wish is gratified.

EDWIN. Angelic Emma !

ELFRIDA. But come, Lord Edwin, tell of Stamford's field ;
For much we crave to know each mighty deed
And circumstance, which marked that glorious day.
Then speak, and to this welcome theme
We shall address our readiest hearing.

EDWIN. Far rather would I hear the flattering voice,
Which bids me hope that, in my Emma's love
And fair Elfrida's friendship, still
I hold a cherished place.

ELFRIDA. Thou wilt not, sure, aver,
That Friendship's soothing voice can calm
Those ardent spirits which the clarion roused ;
That love can charm the sense perverse,
To which the din of arms speaks goodly music.
Then why did Edwin seek the distant camp ?

When manhood's dye scarce ting'd the glowing cheek,
And youth gave pretext for those gentler sports
Which smiling peace in happier climes invites ?
Wherefore did Edwin fly his Emma's presence,
And gain the foremost ranks of battle ?
Then say not that the warrior's soul can draw
Fit aliment from woman's light discourse ;
What boots it, that the laurell'd chief be told,
How speeds the loom,—who tends the distaff;
Or what new trifles grow beneath the hand
Which ne'er has grasped the glittering falchion.
Tell us of war,—of perilous adventure,—
Of fell encounters on th' ensanguined field,—
Of glorious shouts of victory ;
And all the pomp and after circumstance,
Which to the youthful hero's fancy paint
Grim War, and Death itself, in robe of bridal ornament.

EDWIN. Well may the veteran hold discourse
Of war and victory's achievement ;
But I, a novice and unknown to fame,
Whose page records the feats of chivalry,
A stranger yet to arms, traced not the path
Where the best trophies of the fight were won,
Where Edric fought, and Waltheoff stained the plain
With blood of countless enemies ;
And dauntless Herewald, and Valor's sons,
Pressed foremost, to achieve those deeds,
Which well might grace the speech of him

Who nobly dared them.
But if, perchance, the battle sought our rank,
And all around its fearful havoc spread,
Love hovered o'er my crest, and its light wing
Wafted aside the hissing arrow's flight :
Love urg'd my sword, and my unpractised arm
Impelled with fury on the foe.

Thou sayest, Elfrida, when the trumpet's sound
Our country's warriors summoned to the field,
The garb of youth had shewn my loitering here
Free from reproach.

What, could a loyal youth inactive pause,
While the invader's hostile armament
Threatened to waste the fruit of patient toil ?
When blood-stained banners waved in bold defiance,
When the foul spoiler's rage had dared invade
The sacred haunts of virgin purity,
Could Edwin pause ?

S'death ! Had the spotless Emma's shriek
Then pierced his maddened sense !
Accursed the dastard, he whose recreant soul
Had shunned the dangers of the well-fought field :
Accursed the slave, who dead to shame,
Shall live to see his country's state o'erthrown,
Its sacred altars pillaged and profaned,
His king insulted, and the land enslaved,
And all that honour, all that love holds dear,
Buried in fearful ruin !

ELFRIDA. Brave words, Lord Edwin ; and thy early dawn
Gives happy promise of a glorious day.
But come. The sword is sheathed, and hateful War
Hath hid its frightful visage.
Peace sheds her fragrant blossoms, which invite
To Love's chaste pleasures and to soft repose !
And thy own Emma here would fain apart,
In secret converse, tell her heart's o'erflowing,
And with her smiles revive thy jaded spirits.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

HAROLD, TOSTI, GURTH, LEOFRISE, SIGAND, WALTHEOFF,
EDRIC, MORCAR, and *Attendants.*

HAROLD. This air breathes light, and its fresh savour lends
A healthful vigour to our native spirits.
Our chafing helmets doffed, the cumbrous garb of war,
With its fair trophies won, shall deck the festive hall.
Nobly our warriors here the course have run
Of venturous chivalry, and Fame's bright vault
Shall tell the proud exploits of England's chiefs.
Thou, gallant Waltheoff, hast approved
Thy high descent ; nor thy illustrious sire,
The loyal Siward, raised his country's hope
To prouder height, when, prompt at honour's call,
His wrathful sword beat down the blood-stained crest
Of fell Macbeth, and gave her banished chief

To Scotland's wishes.

Undaunted Edric, too, hath well affirmed
His just pretension to his sovereign's love ;
And if thy 'scutchen bore some stain of former times,
Thou hast effaced the blot, and nobly graced it
With a purer lustre.

EDRIC. My liege, tho' I, no stranger to the toils
Of glorious war, yet my untutored speech,
Rough and unskilled, shall poorly serve to gloss
The tale, which gossip Slander dared invent
To blast the honours of my house.
But let the proudest knight that e'er bore off
The palm in gallant tournament ;
Let Mars himself, closed in the listed field,
Impeach the name I hold in dear respect,
My sword shall furnish theme and argument,
To prove my true allegiance.

HAROLD. Well hast thou said ; and 'tis our purpose still
To give thee firm assurance of our faith.
Morcar, thy towering flight hath reached
That lofty eminence, that our applause,
With its best wing pursuing,
Shall seem a very sluggard.
Where is young Edwin, too ? We miss the youth ;
And this, his absence, robs his fame
Of that rich tribute which his valour won.

MORCAR. My liege, he sped before us.

I saw his angry courser spurn the ground,

While his hot reeking flanks betrayed
His lord's impatience.

TOSTI. Morcar, if thou wouldst counsel take of wisdom,
Thy care should check young Edwin's giddy course ;
For he, with rash and inconsiderate heat,
Hath urged a wanton chase, o'erleaping those set bounds,
Where I, in virtue of the trust I bear,
Must stop his bold intrusion.

MORCAR. Lord Tosti, Mercia wants not my officious prompting.
His good discretion best shall serve to guide
His fair proceeding.

TOSTI. Lord Morcar, if thy prudence fail
To place some check upon his wild career,
My hand provoked, shall stay his hot pursuit,
And teach the stripling youth forbearance.

MORCAR. Prince, if thou dare offend his better worth,
My sword—

(Placing his hand on his sword.)

HAROLD. Morcar, forbear ; and let not discord here
Deform the feature of this noble presence.
Leofrine, bestow the prisoners :
Thy youth best fits thee for the charge,
Which shall demand a courteous bearing.
Time, which matures our martial virtues,
Soon steals away that softer quality,
Which gives a grace and charm to youth.
Let great Olaus in our court command
A just respect ; and for conveyance hence,

Let twenty barks, of those his adverse fortune lost,
Receive our best equipment.

[*Exit LEOPRINE.*

TOSTI. My liege, those lofty barks might better serve
To guard our coast against his barbarous horde,
Whom we too oft have seen, gorged with our spoil,
Insult and trample down our people.

HAROLD. Lord Tosti, never may we safety purchase
At price of our dear honour.

Nor must we lightly hold, that great Olaus,
His princely word forgot, can basely stoop
To brand his mighty name
With stain of foul ingratitude.

The vanquished still command our just regard,
And our best cares could store no richer harvest
Than the Norwegian's friendship.

My Lord Archbishop, (To SIGAND)

We thank thee for those cares, which, in our absence,
Successfully maintained our state and laws :
And these, our martial labours ended,
And our brave warriors from their charge dismissed
To seek repose and glad their distant homes,
It is our settled purpose to bestow
That fostering care, which, with thy needful aid,
Shall give to peace its richest ornament.

SIGAND. Most potent Harold, well it shall become
Thy pious care, to heal the rankling wound
Which war hath deep inflicted,

The realm distempered wears a sickly hue,
And crime unchecked, disorder lawless grown,
Shall need thy strong correction.

Our sacred ministry its awful power shall lend,
To stay the mad career of bold impiety ;
For man, by nature weak and passion's slave,
Needs the strong curb of wholesome discipline.

HAROLD. Most holy Sigand, auspicious heaven our labours
favouring,

Those morals ills which now the state deform,
We purpose to correct, strong in our people's love.
The bounteous earth, soothed by our rustic cares,
Shall yield its treasures to industrious toil.

To guard by equal law the subject's rights,
And shield the weak from the oppressor's power ;
To guide with temperate hand the sword of justice,
And watch with anxious heed the general weal,
Shall be the sacred end and aim

At which our labours point :
Whilst thou, most holy Sigand, shall dispose
Our generous youth to trace fair virtue's path,
And guide th' aspiring soul through this its transient state
To life immortal.

SIGAND. These cares, great Prince, shall well become
Thy dignity and office, and our approving voice
Shall crave a blessing on the work.

Enter HEREWALD.

HAROLD. Whence sped, Lord Herewald? Thy eager looks
Would speak some tidings of great import.

HEREWALD. My liege, the Bastard William, with a mighty
power,

Insults our coast, and near where Pevensey
Its lofty turret rears, his numerous standards brave
Thy sovereign rule, while loud for vengeance call
Our suffering people.

HAROLD. What opposition met he? where kept our fleets their
guard?

HEREWALD. 'Tis given, my liege, that, e'er the Norman dared
Embark his host, a furious storm arising,
Scattered our bravest ships. While some, impelled
By the resistless gale, sought distant ports,
For present safety or much needed aid,
Others submerged accuse th' unsparing deep;
And our own element, in evil hour,
By this disastrous chance set free,
Fair passage gave to Norman William.

HAROLD. What may his numbers reach?

HEREWALD. Report says, sixty thousand strong,
The pride and strength of all that wide domain,
Which bore the sway of mighty Charlemagne.
The flower of chivalry from realms remote
Hath sought the Norman banner, eager bent
To break the lance with prime of English valour.
With these a base and mercenary crew

Infest the camp, a desperate band, intent on spoil,
 Unawed by aught which man most sacred holds,
 Pursuing war to glut their monstrous craving
 With blood and rapine.

HAROLD. This comes unsuitable, but we shall give it heed.
 If that the fates have willed that we, once more,
 Our crown, our righteous cause, our country's honour,
 Our people's safety, must defend in arms,
 Bellona, I embrace thee !
 Prince Tosti, and thou, Lord Waltheoff, we charge
 To hasten needful preparation.
 Of thee, Lord Herewald, some further question held,
 We shall with these, the pillars of our state,
 Deliberate counsel take, how best our means
 May be applied to meet the time's emergence.

[*Exeunt HAROLD and suite.*

Manent TOSTI and WALTHEOFF.

TOSTI. My lord, when we did wipe our swords,
 It was, methinks, a labour most superfluous ;
 These giddy wars shall teach us better thrift.

WALTHEOFF. The Norman is uncourteous,
 And this, his forward visit, for some short hour
 We could have spared ; but 'tis the soldier's part
 To front whate'er befall, and his good sword to wear
 Obedient to the occasion.

TOSTI. The King did give thee cheering words, my lord,
 And ne'er forgot thy noble lineage.

WALTHEOFF. His Majesty more gracious praise bestowed
Than my poor worth aspired to.

TOSTI. And yet, 'twere fit, methinks, that he,
Whom now we greet as loyal Siward's issue,
Were warranted the loyal Siward's heir.
Northumbria's honours well might grace the brow
Of him, whose sire so long had proudly worn them.

WALTHEOFF. That I should proudly rate those honours
Which my illustrious sire once proudly wore,
I ne'er deny ; but, that I can behold
Northumbria's earldom grace a braver crest
With no malignant eye, is yet most true ;
Nor have my eager wishes yet outrun
My sovereign's favour.

TOSTI. The Norman is reputed valiant,
Most skilled in all which may become a soldier,
Of gracious bearing, and right nobly bred ;
And ever wont with bounteous hand to grace
A service of great eminence.

WALTHEOFF. The Norman's virtues might, my lord,
At this rude hour, by us be well dispensed with :
Nor am I tempted to admire the quality,
Which now array'd in hostile guise,
Threatens our country's safety.

TOSTI. Lord Waltheoff, if that Northumbria's earldom
Ought might tempt——

WALTHEOFF. Lord Tosti, if thy speech may semblance bear
Of serious import, thou dost offend my honour.

If that, in sportful mood, thou wouldest essay
 My truth and fealty, then I tell thee, prince,
 Thy wisdom ne'er could choose a theme
 More harsh, more wanton, and unsuitable.
 Nor rich Northumbria's earldom, nor the land
 Of Israel's hope, could win me from the course
 Of true respected honour.

TOSTI. My lord, I ever did esteem thy sterling worth ;
 Yet now my admiration swells to loftier note.
 The time is big with peril to our house,
 And when dark clouds impend, the truth of friends,
 Too roughly tried, may bear some question.
 'Tis then most fit we shake the labouring branch,
 And stripping off the fruit of sickly growth,
 Preserve its vital strength, to nourish forth
 Blossoms of higher promise.
 My lord, some hasty moments given to lighter cares,
 I shall attend lord Waltheoff's leisure,
 That we may ponder well those high commands
 Which late his Majesty hath put upon us.

[*Exit WALTHEROFF.*

TOSTI *solus.*

TOSTI. Fool ! fool ! base and degenerate slave !
 No more allied in blood to lordly Siward,
 Than the meek dove to Jove's imperial bird !
I tore the earldom from thy tottering house.
 From *me*, with ruder force, 'twas rashly torn :

But this foul wrong I hold in rooted memory,
And it shall render back a dear account.
This Edric, too, a most preposterous knave,
Must needs put on the stamp of honesty.
His sire, a false, disloyal traitor,
Oft trusted, still foresworn, and faithless found.
May we believe that the rank thistle e'er
Produced the rose ? No matter——
'Tis deeply laid, and these tame hinds
Our great design would palsy.
But, if the wily Norman play me false !
He shall not dare ! I have impressed him,
That this, our loyal people (confound the slaves),
May ne'er be taught to bear a foreign yoke.
That gentle Edgar (alack ! the drivelling dolt !),
As holy Edward's heir, lives in their dear affections :
That we, vicegerent here, shall rule the realm,
In all effect subservient to his will,
And with rich tribute gorge his Norman coffers.
But, mark ! The faith we swear, by our great need in-
forced,
Shall wing its flight, when favouring time shall serve
To break the hateful bonds.
In dreams successive I have seen the crown
Suspended o'er this brow.
A cunning seer, who reads the book of fate,
Foretold that I, a youth of no expectancy,
Should trample on the royal diadem

But if I tear it from another's brow,
What hinders that I wear the precious spoil?
And, should ambition's glorious aim miscarry,
Revenge shall spread her richest harvest.
A mighty fabric shaken to the ground
Shall mark the great attempt.
Let ruin come,—the brave ne'er fall alone
He bravely falls, who falling grasps a throne.

[*Exit.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter TOSTI and ELFRI DA.

TOSTI. I will not hear thee.

ELFRIDA. Thou must, dear Prince ; I may not be denied.

For once, let this, my earnest suit, prevail :
Mercia with ardour loves our gentle Emma,
And she consenting meets his passion.
We ever have esteemed the maid our own,
And she with filial love repays our care.
This fortunate alliance, then, shall smooth
That rugged space, which placeth Mercia's house
Far from my Tosti's love.

Then let thy sanction crown their ardent wishes.
Thou must, dear Tosti, taste the sweet delight
Of making others happy.

TOSTI. Unthinking woman ! who would a dagger lend
To stab thy proper offspring.

Art thou to learn, that the unchecked caprice
Of this, our giddy people, long has marked
The sainted Edward's issue for the throne ?
Art thou to learn, that Mercia's haughty race,

No equal owned, would scan that lofty height
Where thy own offspring stand pre-eminent ?
That Edwin's love at wild Ambition's torch
First kindled into flame ? If thy dull sense
Can ne'er combine these objects palpable,
Let silence shew thy wisdom.

ELFRIDA. It may not be. If Edwin's flame
From mad Ambition drew its present ardour,
Why did not Morcar's fiery nature blaze
In sensible combustion ? Morcar,
Whose birth to vaulting hope gave freer license.
Can generous Edwin, every tie forgot
Of friendship, honour, from himself estranged,
Prostrate his virtue at Ambition's idol ?

TOSTI. Poor reasoner ! Thou little knowest
How dire Ambition's flame, incessant raging,
Consumes the heart on which the spark descends ;
Nor trace of honour, love, or friendship leaves,
To mark where once they flourished.

ELFRIDA. It cannot be. The heart, wherein
True honour fixes its strong citadel,
May ne'er to bold Ambition's phrenzy yield
A dangerous admission. Edwin his generous soul
Shall ne'er devote to this most fatal passion.
Then say, dear lord, I bear thy privilege
To give these lovers' hopes safer assurance.

TOSTI. Forbear ! Nor let this jarring theme again
Offend my ear. Instruct thy ward

To banish from her heart this idle fancy,
 This phantom of the brain, this gaudy puppet,
 Which infant folly no sooner decks in mimic shew,
 Than light caprice, or fretful peevishness,
 Destroys the mock creation.
 For Emma we have other views ;
 And thy best skill shall teach the maid
 To give obedience to our will.

[Exit TOSTI.]

ELFRIDA sola.

ELFRIDA. 'Tis strange ! What means this stern rebuke ?
 This harsh denial of so just a suit ?
 This sudden humour must perforce inflame
 That hateful strife, which long has raged
 Between our rival houses.
 It cannot be !—and yet I've seen him look
 As though the very soul would issue from the eye.
 Ha ! spurn the noble Baldwin's daughter !
 Insult the faithful partner of his bed !
 Dishonour his own offspring !
 Down, down, uneasy thoughts !
 This traitor tear is not Elfrida's :
 It would arraign her noble birth.
 'Tis gone ! I breathe again !
 Hence, hence ; and let no weakness tell
 The inward grief, which would impeach a name
 Elfrida swore to honour.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Garden of Tosti's Palace.—Enter EDWIN and EMMA.

EDWIN. Consent, my Emma ! the spring puts forth its blossoms,

The air distils its sweetest perfume,

The birds in blythesome notes discourse of love,—

And every creature owns the genial warmth

Which glows within us.

All nature smiles around, and whispers soft,

That youth should ne'er delay the proffer'd bliss.

Soon, soon, the leaf shall fall,

And chilling winter calm our ardent spirits.

Consent, my Emma ! let that heavenly voice

Speak rapture to my soul.

EMMA. Ah ! talk not now of love and love's delights,—

Those flattering sounds find no sweet note responsive,

Since war again its dreadful trumpet sounds,

Freezing the vital current of my heart.

I love thy glory, Edwin ; but, ah ! how dearly purchased !

EDWIN. Fear not, my Emma : Heaven will still protect

Thy blameless innocence, nor wound

That gentle spirit by Edwin's fall.

Then, e'er I leave thee, let those sacred rites,

Which Heaven itself ordains, assure thee ever mine.

EMMA. Then thou art fixed to go !

EDWIN. What wouldst thou, Emma ?

EMMA. What would thy Emma ?

Alas ! she dares not think——

That which her heart desires, her heart disowns.

But far from Mercia's border

The hated Norman rears his standard.

EDWIN. It is not Mercia ; 'tis England calls

Thy Edwin to the field.

Shall he desert his King, his Country's banner ?

Bid him for Emma's sake meet instant death,

And aught but honour yield at her command,

And he would glory in the sacrifice.

To court dishonour were to poison love,

And tear the idol from his Emma's breast.

Those arms, fair emblem still of purity,

Could ne'er receive the youth condemned to shame,

The soldier's keen reproach, his country's scorn.

No ! rather let the Norman javelin strike,

Than forfeit honour—forfeit Emma's love !

EMMA. Alas ! thy words distract me.——

Of Heaven one only boon my heart implores ;

Or Emma's death, or Edwin's safety.

EDWIN. Angelic Emma ! let this kiss confess

The warm emotions of my soul.

Another, yet another, e'er we part.

EMMA. Cease, Edwin, cease ! forbear !

Thy passion but embitters those afflictions,

Which my foreboding heart, at this sad hour,

Tells me 'tis doomed to suffer.

Ah ! if stern Tosti frown upon our purpose

EDWIN. He will not, Emma. What should move
His captious humour to such harsh proceeding?

EMMA. I dread his gloomy temper. Well thou knowest
What rooted hate he bears thee.

EDWIN. For thy sake I will soothe his angry spirit.
Come, Emma, come !
A reverend Father waits at hand,
To give our vows a holy sanction.

Enter TOSTI.

TOSTI. Lord Edwin, thy presence here,
As little welcome as expected,
Doth savour of intrusion.

EDWIN. My lord, thy speech uncourteous, well might check
My present hopes, were I, in careless mood, pursuing
An object light and frivolous.

I come, my lord, to claim this virtuous maid,
To whom I long have been affianced ;
And in this wished-for union I would quench
That hostile flame, which long hath raged between us.
Assured of this, the dear and matchless gem
At which my heart aspires, with lighter spirits
I shall go forth to fight my Sovereign's battle.

TOSTI. If that the King with this rich prize must win
Your lordship's service, methinks 'tis highly rated.
Thy proffered friendship, too, but poorly suits
The temper of the occasion

EDWIN. Lord Tosti, my soul can little brook
This taunting humour.

EMMA. Peace, Edwin ! Dear, my lord, let me entreat
Some instance of that gracious favour,
Which thy most partial friendship oft has shewn ;
Which I, in grateful memory have cherished.

TOSTI. Emma, no more ! Thy suit we ne'er can grant.
Discard this forward youth, whose presence here
Doth much offend against thy modesty.

EDWIN. Who dares insult me thus ?

(*Puts his hand on his sword.*)

EMMA. Edwin, forbear !
My lord, thou knowest that to this gallant youth
My truth hath long been pledged :
Nor will those vows, to Heaven itself addressed,
By aught which Fate can worst inflict,
By me be e'er foresworn. Let me entreat,
That this, our plighted faith,
May now receive its happy confirmation.

TOSTI. Rash maid, those idle vows, unsanctioned,
Our lightest breath shall scatter.
If our accustomed love hath missed its aim,
A harsher tone shall quick command obedience.
Lord Edwin, thy presence here doth much offend ;
And if thy headlong will should e'er again
Break down that barrier which our prudence guards,
Th' uplifted rod shall teach thy youth
Safer discretion.

EDWIN. Audacious Tosti ! But that an Angel here
My hand restrains, this sword, with apt response
Should answer thy proud threat,
And curb thy haughty insolence.
But vengeance, now delayed, with surer aim
Shall strike, and deadlier fury.

[*Exit EDWIN.*

EMMA. Stay, Edwin, stay !
My lord, repair this hasty injury,
Or sudden ruin follows.

TOSTI. Ha ! the fretful boy ! I mock his passion impotent.
Most beauteous Emma, if my speech severe
Hath aught alarmed thy gentle spirit,
Thou must forgive the jealous rage
Which may not bear a rival.

EMMA. My lord, this strain unused, doth much impeach
Lord Tosti's wisdom : nor may I safely hear
What deeply wounds my honour.

TOSTI. Cast off those idle fetters of the brain.
Forget the boyish Edwin ;
A higher destiny awaits thee.
His fickle youth would rove to other flowers,
And leave thee soon neglected.
'Tis manhood's praise to bear a constant temper :
Its taste, nor lightly moved, nor prone to change.
Then let thy Tosti claim that dear regard,
Which thy misguided fancy would bestow
On faithless Edwin.

EMMA. Unworthy Prince ! my soul abhors the thought

Oh, Edwin ! who dares impeach thy faith ?

Elfrida ! much wronged Elfrida !

TOSTI. Let not Elfrida give thy thought alarm.

For reasons potent, which affect the state,

To Baldwin's court 'tis fixed that she return,

Those ties dissolved which once united us,

And thou alone shall henceforth reign supreme ;

Nor shall this land display of female loftiness

My Emma's equal. The noblest dames

Shall envy her we grace as Emma's handmaid.

EMMA. My soul detests thy guilty purpose,

And loathes the object which could harbour thoughts

So dark, so hateful.

TOSTI. Ha ! perverse and froward still !

If thy obdurate heart may ne'er be moved

By soothing speech and gentle blandishments,

A ruder force shall bend thee to our will.

Within the hour prepare for thy departure hence.

EMMA. What wouldest thou ?

Where, where is Emma doomed to perish ?

TOSTI. It boots thee not to know.

Be prompt, and yield obedience ;

Or, by yon radiant light, I swear,

That e'er again the orb resplendent trace

Its circling course through the æthereal space,

That puppet, which thy sickly fancy worships,

For ever banished thy deluded sight,

Shall curse the chance which moved thy fond caprice,
And hurled to swift destruction,
Perish.—

[*Exeunt severally.*

S C E N E III.

Enter MORCAR and EDWIN.

EDWIN. The insult calls for instant vengeance.

MORCAR. Thy just resentment shall have freest scope
When time and circumstance more aptly suit.

EDWIN. Shall I cold parley hold with time and circumstance,
When wounded honour prompts my just revenge?

MORCAR. 'Tis honour bids thee curb thy present rage.
When England's peril claims thy vassal sword,
It is not free to scourge a private wrong:
Nor does that course which nicest honour dictates,
Forbid that we some moments' pause bestow,
To hold discourse with reason.

EDWIN. Th' affront was loud, and may not brook delay.
The injured Emma, too! If my fair speech
Hath failed to gain the end, which I so long
By fairest means have still pursued,
A bolder force shall be applied.

MORCAR. By force thou canst not gain the maid.

EDWIN. Who shall stay me? Who gave this Tosti power
To rule her future destiny?

What tie of blood hath made great Edward's issue
The ward of Godwin's House?

MORCAR. The King hath given him power.

Guardian of Emma's fortunes,
He may command her future choice,
And give the maid to some more favoured chief.

EDWIN. S'death! It may not be!

When hostile myriads shake the tottering throne,
Earl Godwin's race shall never dare provoke
My quick resentment.

MORCAR. Ha! What means this bold rebellious threat?

Would favoured Mercia barter truth
And firm allegiance for a woman's hand?
Must thy invaded country stoop to purchase
Lord Edwin's service with a maiden's favour?

EDWIN. The mind is free—the heart no guardian knows,
And owns no law by human fraud imposed—
Command that its quick pulse should instant cease,
That the rich stream should sudden cease to flow,
We may not reach the heaven-directed spring—
Then why should Emma wear those galling chains,
Which nature ne'er designed the heart should know,
Which all, the meanest of the race, would spurn?

MORCAR. What powers our nation's policy hath placed
In those who bear its high commission
To guard our youth, I shall not here discourse—
But 'tis the noble patriot's part
T' obey his country's law.—

If that thou art content to trace the course
 Which temperate wisdom and thy loyal truth
 Alike command, I pledge a brother's word,
 That these thy wrongs shall find their just arbitrement,
 And Emma's hand reward thy constant love ;
 Or Harold's rage from Morcar's sword shall take
 A proud defiance.—
 But if thou wilt to ill-timed passion give
 A wide and heedless sway, and still forget
 The obedience due to honour's sacred law,
 Expect not Morcar's name or countenance
 To aid thy rash pursuit.

[*Exit MORCAR.*

EDWIN. That law which bids tormenting doubts subside,
 Which gives to Edwin his angelic bride,—
 Which bids his falchion strike its destined prey,
 That law shall Edwin righteously obey.

[*Exit EDWIN.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter TOSTI and WALTHEOFF.

TOSTI. How stands our preparation ?

WALTH. My lord, those hasty levies which our present need
 Hath suddenly drawn forth, do lack instruction ;
 Nor have they yet attained that crafty skill,
 Which gives the soldier's arm a tenfold vigour.

TOSTI. We cannot mend the times ; they must put forward.

WALTH. The Kentish force already throng the field—

The sturdy Londoners advance the royal standard,
By Harold's favour given to their especial charge.

TOSTI. What stays proud Mercia and Northumbria's Earl?

My Lord, the King will hence to-morrow;
And 'tis his Majesty's most strict command
That Mercia and Northumbria lead the van.
Those northern chiefs, for reasons of great force,
Which our discretion may not now unfold,
Shall claim your lordship's vigilance:—
For us, we shall delay our parting hence,
To hurry on those succours of most note,
Which, wanting our keen spur, might slumber here,
Until the God of battle fixed our country's fortune.

Enter MORCAR.

TOSTI. Ha! when the trumpet calls our warriors forth,
Wherefore doth Morcar linger in the rear?

MORCAR. To claim, my lord, with thee some moments
question.

I have a suit, to which thou must give ear;—
And hearing, grant with most confirmed allowance.

TOSTI. Our leisure shall not serve: I will not hear thee.

MORCAR. Thou must, perforce.

TOSTI. Away! I will not hear thee.

MORCAR. My lord, thou must: we shall enforce a hearing.
To scoff at boys may suit Lord Tosti's humour,
But manhood shall command some larger sufferance.

TOSTI. Begone: thou art importunate.

MORCAR. We part not, Tosti, till those several wrongs,
Which thou hast dared inflict,
Receive their full atonement.

TOSTI. Restrain, ambitious lord, this bold demeanour :
Our high authority provoked, shall else pluck down
That haughty spirit.

MORCAR. Fair words, my lord, or we must sudden choose
A manlier instrument.

TOSTI. Ha ! what would this daring threat ?
Thou perjured traitor ; if—

MORCAR. Traitor ! False and calumnious lord !
Take that rebuke. (Strikes TOSTI.)

TOSTI. Rebellious slave ! thou diest. (Draws.)

MORCAR. Let valour prove us ! (Draws, they fight.)

WALTH. Forbear, my lords—put up your swords :
Shame on the unnatural strife !
Lord Tosti—Morcar—cease, forbear !

Enter HAROLD and Suite.

HAROLD. What means this impious brawl ?

Beat down their swords : he dies who dares insult
Our sacred presence.

TOSTI. Vengeance, my liege ! let speedy vengeance crush
The ruffian traitor !

MORCAR. Justice, great prince ! and let thy patient ear
Deliberate weigh each circumstance,

And where the offence is found,
There let the keen axe fall.

HAROLD. What moved to this disgraceful violence ?

Prince Tosti, speak !

TOSTI. Th' opprobrious wrong which thy own blood hath
borne

From this most dangerous traitor, would, to name it, raise
A burning shame on manhood's cheek.—

My liege, whilst we associate here,
Armed with thy high commission,
With anxious thought, were pondering the means,
How best we might advance our country's service,
And reach those objects of our sovereign's care,
The ruffian Morcar forced our secret council,
With boldest menace braved our potent office ;
And when some check we gave to this rude course,
He dared, infuriate, here assail our person ;
And, by this impious and amazing outrage,
Hath trampled down our country's law,
And set at nought thy dread prerogative.
Then let example teach to after-times,
In this flagitious rebel's sudden fall,
That treason may not, with bold front, defy
The monarch's throne.

HAROLD. Unworthy Morcar ! Dost thou thus return
That constant love, which, with an even course,
Hath still outrun th' extreme of thy deserving ?
Shall hateful broils and bold sedition dare

Invade our inmost sanctuary ?
When still thou seest the realm convulsed and torn
By rude assault of its most desperate foes,
Will thy ungrateful sword its fury lend
To give a deeper wound—alike contemned,
Thy king, thy country, and thy country's law ?

MORCAR. Renowned and gracious Harold !

But for the reverence I bear
Thy name, thy person, and thy high estate,
My eager voice had sought to deprecate
Some share of this reproof.

The stormy threat which late Lord Tosti thundered
Hath blown to waste, nor ruffled aught within ;
But thy reproach inflicts a deadly wound.

Could I betray my sworn allegiance,
'Twere crime my soul abhors ; but to forget
The dear memorials of my sovereign's favour,
Were stain so deep of black ingratitude,
That he who bore it must for ever stand
A loathsome blot in Nature's fair creation.

That I have used some hasty violence,
I ne'er deny—but mark, how wantonly provoked.
Who calls me traitor,—dares arraign my truth,
And brands my name with infamy.

Had Morcar tamely borne the foul affront,
Harold had justly spurned the tainted traitor.
But my fair truth shall show in my offence,
Which dared assert a fearless innocence.

And here, before thy august majesty,
Before that God who holds the lightning's rage,
I give the lie to Tosti's wanton charge,
And at my body's peril will maintain
My true unshaken loyalty.
Then here I throw my gage ; and my firm soul
Bids thee, Lord Tosti, bold defiance.

TOSTI. And here, with heart assured, I take thy gage ;
And at my body's peril will affirm,
That thou, Lord Morcar, faithless to thy king,
Art base and false, and a disloyal traitor.

HAROLD. This challenge may not claim our present sufferance ;
For while the country's danger calls aloud
For every effort of the monarch's care,
Those wrongs against our person and our state
Shall sleep in present safety.
But here we pledge our royal word and truth,
That when the time shall favour our intent,
This outrage shall demand our strictest scrutiny ;
And where we find the spring of the offence,
Our love dismissed, stern justice shall upraise
Her ponderous sword, and the strict balance tried,
With dreadful rigour shall inflict
Her awful judgment.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter TOSTI and MARGARET.

TOSTI. Illustrious princess ! this thy great resolve,
To offer up that fair and spotless person
A willing sacrifice on Heaven's high altar,
Might wring some envy from th' angelic choir ;
But we have reasons of great weight, to shew
This must not be.

MARGARET. If my devotion and unwearied zeal
May ought promote the interests of our church,
My life will be a happy sacrifice.

TOSTI. The vicious times which we have fallen upon
Call for our active energies :
Else, why does this devoted country stand
A noted prey to barbarous enemies ?
'Tis, that the life of sainted Edward
Was given in vain to an ungrateful people :
'Tis, that his offspring, heirs of all his virtues,
Have languished in obscurity, while those,
Whom Heaven disavows, usurp their just inheritance.

MARGARET. This is most true. But how may we amend
Those evils which thy wisdom points at?

TOSTI. That shall we present show; but we must claim
The utmost surety of thy rare discretion.
In brief, it is our purpose to exalt
To that high throne which holy Edward filled,
His lawful issue.

MARGARET. This is most sudden.

How may the mighty end be safe attained?

TOSTI. The nation call aloud for an anointed branch
From Edward's stock, nor brook delay—
But mark, we must be wary in our course,
For Emma claims thy utmost vigilance.
A dark conspiracy, engendered here
By Mercia's powerful house, would raise the maid
To England's throne; and at her side,
Companion of her regal state,
Would place the stripling Edwin.

MARGARET. Sure Emma would not dare usurp
Her brother's and my better right?

TOSTI. The maid is much misled. 'Tis therefore we design
To bear her hence, and place her in strict guard,
Until this dangerous plot shall waste its fury.
Be it thy care so to dispose the maid,
That she may lend a prompt obedience.

MARGARET. I will. She must obey.

TOSTI. 'Tis nobly said; and now I see a brighter star
Permeate the darkness which encompassed us.

The Scottish king a gallant embassy hath sent
To claim thy hand, and happier days are promised.
I see united on one brow the glorious crowns—
I see the future all exposed before me !
Those crowns united shall defy the world ;
And where the sun first shews its orient light,
To where it sheds a soft declining ray,
Nations shall bend beneath thy potent sway.

MARGARET. This is a brilliant vision, truly.

TOSTI. Away, away ! We are observed.

[*Exit MARGARET.*

Enter ELFRIDA.

ELFRIDA. What strange alarm hath caused this quick retreat,
So sudden and abrupt ?

May not Elfrida join thy secret conference ?

TOSTI. What would thy question import ?

Canst thou not see, that Godwin's mighty house
Shakes to its deep foundations ?

The senseless people clamour for a change ;

But my unceasing cares have lulled to rest

The daring hopes of Edward's favoured race,

And by their influence have curbed,

For some short hour, the rabble's fury.

Much still we meditate to sooth their rage,

And I must hasten hence to stay

'Th' impending mischief.

[*Exit TOSTI.*

ELFRIDA sola.

ELFRIDA. This cannot be—he mocks my simple reason !

Wherefore such studied mystery ?

That moody brow—those looks estranged and wild !

Those troubled dreams, which oft convulse the frame,

And rob sweet sleep of all its balm—

The fitful start—those strange and broken accents,

Issuing unbidden from th' unconscious mind,

Like echoes traversing the vaulted cavern—

All, all too plain portend some coming evil,

I see the deep abyss.—

Have our most sacred ties no stronger hold ?

Will princely Baldwin patiently endure

An outrage to his daughter ?—

But stay,—be still my heart—

Elfrida must commune with bitter thoughts,

And counsel take of honour,

But not vengeance.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter EDWIN and EDNORTH, meeting.

EDWIN. What says my Emma ? speak, Ednoth,

Does she consent ? Were thy companions prompt

To bear away the maid ?

EDNORTH. Thy friends were ready, but denied admittance.

EDWIN. How ! were they men ? Know they the use of swords ?

EDNOTH. No braver spirits wield the trenchant blade ;

But we might not perform a deed impossible.

We found the palace guarded, all entrance strictly barred,

While numerous bands patrol the straightened avenue.

EDWIN. Confusion !—whence this care unused ?

Where lurks an enemy ?

EDNOTH. 'Tis given abroad, that secret treason lurks

Within the realm, and that a desperate faction

Would place King Edward's issue on the throne.

EDWIN. The treason lurks within the palace ;

But we will trace it to its inmost source.

Prepare our friends, and I will seek the plot

In Tosti's heart, or fall in the attempt.

EDNOTH. It must not be, my lord. This open violence

Would lend a sanction to those dark surmises,

Which now would question Edwin's loyalty.

And 'tis not here the mischief halts :

Thy Emma, by this rash and mad attempt,

Would risk some scandal, and would easier fall

A victim to Lord Tosti's malice.

EDWIN. Shall I not snatch her unprotected youth

From the fell tiger's fangs ?

EDNOTH. The attempt would give his rage a freer sway.

While fair Elfrida and the vestal Margaret

Protect the maid, her only danger lives

In thy intemperance.

Enter WALTHEROFF.

WALTH. My lord, I am enjoined to urge thy hasty march ;
 Our legions have advanced in proud array,
 And it would tarnish Edwin's splendid name,
 Were he to lose an hour—one precious hour,
 Of that proud day which shall assure
 Our country's freedom.

EDWIN. My lord, some cares which touch us nearly,
 Forbid our prompt departure.

WALTH. Edwin, I know those cares which now distract thee,
 And, as a friend, would share them ;
 But now the time's decree must be obeyed.
 Thou must not let thy slighted laurels fade ;
 And thy good sword shall win, with better grace,
 The object of thy wishes.
 Then on to battle ; and if a soldier's arm,
 When gentle peace hath sheathed our weary swords,
 May aught advance thy suit, I pledge my faith,
 That with a brother's warmth I will assert
 Thy high desert, and stand thy champion
 'Gainst all who dare oppose thy just pretensions.

Enter Coxo.

Coxo. Mercia ! the King pursues his rapid march,
 And oft demands your presence.
 His Majesty doth graciously intend
 To give Lord Edwin some most gallant charge

In marshalling the approaching battle ;
'Tis, then, most needful that he join the camp.
The brave Northumbria, too, your noble brother,
Hath bid me say, that if young Edwin miss
The glorious fight, he will not own
Thy blood akin to his most generous race.

EDWIN. My lords, I shall obey this weighty summons,
Tho' it should lead to deep perdition.
Then come, infernal Mars, prepare
Thy hellish banquet. Let this, my sword,
Let loose thy sanguine currents ;
For I would have a scene of present horror,
Whose tragic images should fright
Imagination from its seat,
And bid tormenting memory cease
Its dreadful office.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Interior of a Castle.

Enter EMMA.

EMMA. These dismal walls, stript of whate'er might tell
Their ancient story, are mute to all my question.
Why am I thus immured ? Why here alone,
Denied the solace of all human converse ?
Those ponderous gates and massy doors shut out
The cheering ray of hope ;

But still the heart is free, and knows no dungeon.
 What treason could a helpless orphan raise
 To terrify our manhood?
 Tosti in vain would bid me now abjure
 Those vows long sealed in Heaven;
 For, while the mind retains its consciousness,
 Emma can ne'er to Edwin prove untrue.
 Or I do dream, or through the fractured casement,
 I saw Elfrida glide with hasty step
 From yon projecting turret.
 If she be near, no dangers can await me.
 Again I'll seek the friendly casement,
 And try to catch some passing sounds
 Which may relieve this solitude.

[*Exit Emma.*

S C E N E IV.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter TOSTI.

TOSTI. 'Tis well, and our strong nets are thrown;
 The game shall not escape us.
 Northumbria, I defy thee!
 And thou, audacious boy, shall curse too late
 A dangerous rivalry!
 Raised to our bed, her princely birth
 Shall give the seal and stamp of right
 To our established power.

Elfrida ! yes, Elfrida ! What then ?
She must obedience yield to our behests.
Her sire, imperious Baldwin, shall not dare
Oppose our settled purpose.
Hark ! what noise ? the sound of horse !
No, 'tis but the rustling wind which howls
In yonder vaults, where dead men sleep.
This is the hour when spectres roam abroad,
To fright our weak imaginations ;
When Angels close Heaven's radiant portals,
That eyes so pure may not behold foul deeds of horror.
Why do I falter like a coward thus ?
Have I outbraved the shock of murderous battle,
To harbour one compunctionous feeling now ?
Some peril follows on each high resolve.
On, Tosti, on ! to consummate thy work,
Which on this head shall place the royal diadem.

[*Exit TOSTI.*

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter EMMA, from a secret passage leading from the Castle.

EMMA. I bless the gracious power which watches o'er

The helplessness of youth.

'Tis Heaven itself protects the innocent !

An angel, sure, in fair Elfrida's form,

Unbarred the prison and my footsteps guided ;

Else how had Emma traced her mazy way

Through yon dark labyrinth ?

'Tis time to cast aside this female garb,

Which may breed danger while a lawless crew

Infest the land.

Yes, I will Edwin follow to the field,

His dangers share, and refuge from affliction seek

In the close ranks of battle.

[*Exit EMMA.*

S C E N E II.

Enter MORCAR and MONK, meeting.

MONK. One much a stranger to this goodly realm

Would claim thy gentle courtesy. Then say,

Illustrious knight, where doth Northumbria's earl
Display his princely banners ?

MORCAR. Thou seest Northumbria's earl ;
What wouldst thou, father ?
Speak on in full assurance.

MONK. This is a chance most fortunate !

Then thus the noble William :—
Thy messenger hath safely borne his charge,
And his great errand is most dearly tendered.
Those several demands and just conditions,
Which thy most wholesome wisdom would impose,
Shall all receive an ample acquiescence.
I bear the Norman's sovereign command
To give thy fair expectancy
A full and boundless confirmation ;
And with this pledge, the mighty William
Would tender and assure his dearest love
To royal Tosti.

Ha ! What means the strangeness in thy looks ?
Am I betrayed ? I should have asked thy signet.
Art thou not then Northumbria's earl,
The princely Tosti ?

MORCAR. The princely *Traitor* !

Away, thou wretched slave, or thy vile blood
Shall stain my yet untarnished sword.
That I did give thee free assurance
To utter forth this hateful treason,
Shall gain thy present safety ;

But if, within the hour, thy worthless footsteps
Should soil the camp, the garb thou hast defiled
Shall not protect thee from a halter.

Begone !

[*Exit Monk.*

This have I held suspect :

But how may we pursue the daring treason ?

Shall I betray my country and my king

By a most dangerous silence ?

Yet who shall e'er a willing credence give

To crimes so monstrous and unnatural ?—

Will Harold's generous nature e'er believe

That his own blood can foster rank rebellion ?

Shall I call forth the public axe of Justice,

To do that office which my sword has claimed ?

Is it permitted, without just reproach

Of violated honour, to draw forth

The perilous secret from th' unwilling breast ;

To seize with cunning frand the secret thought

(That property which tyrants cannot reach),

And the base theft indulged, to use the prize

For his destruction whom we lately robbed ?

Oh, no ! It must not be. I love my king,

And will my country serve with my best blood :

But never shall a base, revolting office,

Sully the splendour of that name,

A noble ancestry bequeathed without a stain.

[*Exit MORCAR.*

SCENE III.

Enter TOSTI and EDGAR ATHELING.

EDGAR. And shall my table smile with rich abundance ?

TOSTI. It shall, my prince. Delicious fruit of every season
Shall crown thy ample board.

EDGAR. Choice wines withal ?

TOSTI. Aye, gentle prince : the generous grape,
In one continuous course, shall pour
Its luscious stream into thy groaning cellars.

EDGAR. And will our parks be stocked with game ;
The spotted hind, and birds of curious feather ?

TOSTI. They shall : and thy unequalled hounds,
Snuffing the wind, with their deep mouth shall scare
The frightened elements, whilst thy fleet coursers,
Of immortal breed, shall safely bear thee
O'er the deep gulph of fiery Acheron.
Thy hawks shall mount with such rare pinion,
That from their giddy height, spurning the sun,
They shall desery and seize the trembling lark,
Torn from the lion's paw—

EDGAR. Good, good ! Let us have ponds and brooks,
Where, in the noontide heat, we may bestow an hour
T' intrap the finny prey.

TOSTI. Thou shalt : and to thy royal hook and line,
All virtue shall belong, of right divine.

EDGAR. We shall have robes and palaces ?

TOSTI. Aye, gentle prince. Thy robes shall vie with Tyrian dye;
Thy palaces shall brush the sky,
And bid old Time defiance.

EDGAR. We must have dancing, sports, and dainty pleasures ?

TOSTI. Such merry sports shall crown our days and nights,
That gods and goddesses shall sue
To be admitted to our revels.

EDGAR. A beauteous queen should grace our royal state ?

TOSTI. The proudest dames shall court thy high alliance,
And with obsequious duty vie
To win thy royal favour.

EDGAR. Good, good ! This, this it were, to be a king indeed ;
And I will so comport myself,
That the most potent emperors
Shall call me gentle brother.
Decked out in robe of majesty,
We will assume our state with gorgeous pomp and show.

TOSTI. But mark thou, Edgar, if of our intent
Touching thy sister Emma, aught escape,
Foul fiends and furies shall be sent
To vex and torture thee.

EDGAR. Oh ! not a breath shall 'scape me.
But when I'm king, may I be tortured thus ?

TOSTI. When thou art king, 'twill be thy glorious privilege
To vex and torture others :
Take heed, I see the royal standard near.
Some further hints for thy instruction
We shall impart at more convenient leisure.

*Flourish.—Enter HAROLD, GURTH, LEOFRISE, MORCAR,
EDWIN, HEREWALD, WALTHEOFF, EDRIC, COXO,
EDNOTH, and Attendants.*

HAROLD. Lord Tosti, this meeting is most welcome ;
For we had feared some rude detention,
And could but ill have spared a brother's sword
In the approaching conflict.

TOSTI. My liege, we have, with zeal unwearied,
Directed that most weighty service,
Which from your majesty we held in special charge.

HAROLD. We nothing doubt it ; and our present force
Shall give the Norman gallant entertainment.
Let all our chiefs maintain a ready guard ;
For e'er Aurora spread her crimson mantle
In yonder East, we shall invoke the God of Battle.

GURTH. My liege, will not this hasty onset give
The Norman best advantage ?
Our ranks, much thinned by the Norwegian sword,
Display not their full complement ;
And those new levies which our haste has sought,
Lack all the skill of martial discipline.
Each hour that we delay shall give us strength,
And waste the strength of our impatient foe :
For he shall not recruit those mighty numbers,
Which tardy war, disease, and meagre famine,
Sweep from his lessening rank.
The country owns our mild and rightful sway,

And willing yields to us its ample stores,
While its rich fruits shall fly the Norman grasp.
Each mazy track and strong defile,
Each marsh and fen, each glen for secret ambush,
Each post of vantage, to us familiar known,
Shall favour our defence, and give the foe,
Entangled in our toils, an easy prey
To our avenging swords.

Then let not crude suspicion warp
My true intent, when I would urge
A temperate course, which, well pursued,
Shall spare the soldier's blood, and without risk
Of vile discomfiture, give to our arms
Their noblest triumph.—

HAROLD. What says Lord Tosti to this counsel?

TOSTI. The argument is strong in specious reason,
And much it marks the wisdom of the prince.
But some shrewd circumstance, tho' more remote,
His care hath missed ; and this, if we supply,
Our rambling dart shall reach its destined point.
My liege, if we the precious season waste
In tedious warfare on this distant coast,
The Scot, our sworn domestic foe, emboldened,
Shall quit his fastness, and while we give front
To bastard William, his rage unchecked,
Like a descending cataract, shall spread
Wide devastation through this fair domain.
The Dane, too, lately worsted, shall renew

His fierce attack, and in our absence favoured,
Shall ravage what the Scottish sword has spared.
A lingering warfare is but irksome toil,
And tardy blows ill suit our English temper.
Our brave Militia, long detained in arms,
Shall cast impatient looks to dear-loved home.
'Tis not in numbers that we should account
The force of battle ; 'tis daring confidence.
If we step back, or shew a wavering spirit,
We paralyze our bravest legions.
Give but the soldier noble confidence,
You give him victory ; for still we see
The object gained by boldest means pursued :
He conquer must, who will not be subdued.

HAROLD. Northumbria, we would hear thy sentiment.

MORCAR. My liege, the noble Prince who counselled wise delay,
Hath spoke my present sentiment ;
For I have tasted the severe rebuke,
Which rash presumption justly merits.
When late I led our Northern youth
To meet th' impetuous Dane, eager to reap alone
Those honours which our gallant chiefs
Should all have equal shared, shameful defeat
Chastised my vain temerity.
It is not desperate valour which achieves
The noblest feats of martial enterprize :
Wisdom should guide the hand which valour prompts,
And the proud chief who rules an army's fate,

Incurs no just reproach for wary caution.
 The soldier's life is precious to the state,
 And must be held a sacred trust by him
 To whom command is given.
 Then let us win, by sage forbearance,
 That noblest conquest which shall not have cost
 An English tear.

EDWIN. Oh, no ! to arms, brave Prince ! lead on to battle :
 Thy warriors shall not brook this cold delay.

LEOFRINE. To battle ! dear my liege, lead on to battle !

HAROLD. Peace, thoughtless youth !

These motives balance ; but we do purpose
 To bear an even course, alike remote
 From rash temerity and timid caution.
 We hold the ground of 'vantage, which t' improve
 By strong entrenchment, and those needful works
 Of best defence, shall be our present care.
 To force these heights the Norman's skill in vain
 Shall stretch its utmost nerve ; his baffled arms,
 From our rough blows recoiling, shall confess,
 He may not safely rouse the lion in his den.
 If he will fight at desperate odds,
 Then let him come, and we will bid him welcome.

Enter D'ARCY, a Norman Lord, preceded by a Herald.

D'ARCY. If I have leave to speak,
 Then thus the mighty Norman :—
 The Crown and State which Harold hath usurped,

He bids thee presently resign,
That he may place the precious diadem
Where it of right belongs. If thou obey,
That favour which Earl Godwin's heir may claim
Shall be bestowed, with such addition
As thy approved desert may fairly win.
If thy perverted will, infatuate,
Should scornfully reject this gracious proffer,
He bids thee now prepare for quick destruction :
And if thou dare in listed field, appear,
Arms to arms opposed, the noble William,
His princely state forgot, in equal combat
Will prove thy utmost valour.
He stakes his Dukedom and his fair renown
Against thy worthless self, and will commit
His life and cause to this arbitriment.
Then take from me the Norman's bold defiance.

HAROLD. Then thus we answer thy audacious threat.

The Crown and State which Harold here affects,
God and his country's voice bestowed,
And he, till death, will rightfully maintain
The Diadem, against all who dare oppose.
The Norman's proffered favour we hold in utmost scorn ;
And sooner shall proud William supplicate
Our royal clemency, than we descend
To give his least demand observance.
If he would now provoke an awful doom,
Bid him lead on his desperate bands,

And we shall stand, firm and undaunted still,
The deadliest effort of his fury ;
And when our battle joins, if favouring chance
Shall bring us front to front, then shall he prove
Our steadfast valour ; and his haughty spirit,
Now towering high, shall shrink from our embrace.
For that vain challenge to the listed field,
Say, if this goodly realm by us were held
Like some light bauble, slave to our caprice ;
If Harold's life were not his country's right,
Harold had seized the proffered gage,
And eager sought the fell encounter.
Say further, lest thy boastful chief suspect,
Base fear hath mixed with this our just resolve,
Harold shall ne'er survive that hour
Which seals his country's doom,
Which gives the Norman victory.
This answer bear to Norman William.

D'ARCY. This answer will I bear to mighty William ;
And it shall cause the land to reek
With English blood.

[*Exit D'ARCY and suite.*

MORCAR. The Norman will come on, my liege.

TOSTI. He will not fight 'gainst desperate odds.

EDWIN. Fight he shall, if I may move him.

HAROLD. My friends, let us prepare for every chance
Which fortune may dispose.
Let each repair to his appointed station,

And watch attentive his peculiar charge.
Such further order as events demand,
Our chiefs shall timely have for their observance.

[*Exeunt HAROLD and suite.*

Manet EDWIN.

EDWIN. Tosti! Lord Tosti!
The coward will not hear me.
But vengeance shall not sleep,
Emma fled, or in the traitor's power,
Or held a willing prisoner!—No—no.

Enter EMMA, disguised in boy's attire.

EDWIN. What wouldst thou, boy?—
EMMA. I ask thy generous protection,
With leave to serve thee.
EDWIN. Who art thou?
What service canst thou render?
Thou art too young to bear the toils of war.
That hand the distaff better should become
Than the unwieldy sword;—thy tender frame
Shall ill endure war's rough habiliments;
And if the inward spirit well assort
With this thy dainty form, thou shalt not prove
Too rude a soldier.

EMMA. Young as I am, I yet have lived too long—
Nature to man hath various forms assigned;
But 'tis the mind which gives his best distinction.

The costly pearl we judge not from the shell,
And worthless forms enclose the richest gems.
My courage let th' approaching battle try;
And if I fall, I do but cast away
A grievous burthen.

EDWIN. Art thou unfortunate?

EMMA. The griefs which I have borne would sore oppress
One of more manly firmness.

EDWIN. Tell me thy story, youth—some needful balm
Perchance I may afford thy wounded spirit.

EMMA. The wound too deeply lies—thy friendly hand
Would, but to touch it, give a mortal pang.

EDWIN. Grant that the wound admit not present cure,
From me some friendly aid may give thy spirit
A nobler strength to bear it.

EMMA. Break! break, this heart!—

I loved, I fondly loved a virtuous maid,
And she my passion met with equal ardour.
Soft are the varying tints of early morn,
And sweet and fair the opening flowers of spring;
But far more fair the blush of innocence,
The grace and charm of female loveliness;—
We pledged our faith, and waited but the hour
Which should give sanction to our vows,
When, lo! these pestilent wars arose,
And thy fierce captains tore me from her arms—
Some days I tarried in the bustling camp;
But soon 'twas rumoured, that a Norman band,

Mad with the lust of devilish rapine,
Had sacked the country round.
I flew to rescue her:—but, oh!—heart-rending grief!
I found—

EDWIN. How! speak!—

EMMA. The ruffian band had borne away the maid,
Lost, lost to me for ever!

EDWIN. Gods! Why will Harold pause and Morcar urge delay?
Thou hast sad cause to weep, unhappy youth.
Take courage, boy: my life upon it—
I will redeem the maid.

EMMA. Wouldst thou exalt to thy much-honoured bed
One?—

EDWIN. Ha!—thou hast disturbed me, youth:
Thy hand hath touched a secret chord—
No more of this—I will protect thee, boy,
And will requite thy service—
Anon thou shalt prepare my glittering armour—
Thou hast no weapon, youth;
Here, take this dagger, and if perchance,

(Gives a dagger.)

Dishonour e'er await thee,
The faithful point will give free passage hence
To heaven.—

EMMA. I take the precious gift, and near my heart
Will place it. There it may become
A nearer inmate, if, perchance,
Dishonour e'er befall unhappy Emma.

EDWIN. Ha ! what do I hear !

Emma ?—or one who bore that name,
Now fugitive and fallen !

EMMA. She is as pure as thy unblemished steel.

The bride of Mercia's Earl had ne'er survived
Her honour.

EDWIN. This cannot be ! My senses do deceive me !

Yet, 'tis her voice ! Yes, yes,—'tis Emma's self !—

EMMA. It is ; it is thy own true Emma. (*Embrace.*)

EDWIN. I do believe—thou art my own, my own true bride,
My heart's long-cherished idol—
How could I wrong thee in my secret thought !
My soul discards th' unwilling doubt.—
But why is Emma here, and thus disguised ?
Fly, fly, and leave the scene of direful war :
Haste, haste from hence, where danger must await thee.

EMMA. *Never !*—ne'er again will Emma leave thee—
Thou wilt not go to meet the dangerous foe.
Thou art not called to battle—
Our scattered bands are not prepared to face
The Norman with advantage.
Canst thou again forsake me, Edwin—
So soon again ?

EDWIN. Would Emma counsel fear, and bid me shun
The coming fight, which seals our country's fate ?
Shall Edwin stand a thing for boys to scoff at ?

EMMA. If thou must go, then will I follow thee ;
For Emma ne'er again will quit thy side.

And here, before high heaven, I vow,
The hour which sees my Edwin fall,
Shall seal his Emma's doom.

EDWIN. This must not be. But thou shalt share
The triumph of our arms: thy hand shall place
A favour in my helm to scare the Norman.
Come, Emma, come, the time is short;—
I burn to drive the hateful ruffians hence,
And clear the land of their pollution.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

*Camp at Hastings.**Flourish of Martial Music.*

Enter HAROLD, TOSTI, GURTH, LEOFRINE, MORCAR, EDWIN, WALTHEOFF, HEREWALD, EDRIC, EDNOTH, EMMA, EDGAR ATHELING (Edgar dressed and armed like the King), with Guards and Soldiers.

HAROLD. Illustrious princes, chiefs, and valiant captains,
My countrymen and fellow-soldiers all,—
If e'er again we meet in fair assembly,
'Twill be to welcome joyful victory.
When gentle peace her olive garland wreathes,
No virtue claims more dear regard than mild humanity;
But when the trumpet sounds, and the loud din of arms
Announces battle, the soldier must put off
Compunctious forms, must steel his manly heart,
Brace his firm nerve, and his strong arm erect,
To hurl destruction on the foe.
To-day we're called to prove our nation's valour,

To guard the land, our cherished homes, and sacred altars,

From the rude grasp of foreign violence :
This day decides, if we have yet a country ;
Or if this mighty realm must now submit
To bear a foreign yoke, and its proud chiefs
Do vassal homage to a haughty stranger !
Then, who so base that would not sacrifice
This span of life to purchase freedom ?
To rescue all which can ennoble and endear
This brief existence ?
Let every soldier strain his utmost nerve,
As if his country's honour and his own
Were now committed to his single sword.
Strike home ! and one brave effort more
Shall drive the foe from our insulted shores,
And crown our martial labours.

All shout. Lead on ! Lead on, brave prince, to battle.

EDWIN. Oh ! my heart leaps at these inspiring sounds.

HAROLD. Lord Tosti shall conduct the right of battle ;

Undaunted Gurth and youthful Leofrine

Will lead the left :

Ourself shall lead those chosen legions

Which form the main of our equipment.

EDGAR. My liege, I do entreat that, with Lord Tosti here,
I may lead on my faithful vassals.

HAROLD. Cousin, indulge thy own good pleasure.—
But wherefore thus arrayed ?

Those plumes shall breed some present danger;
 For he who now would covet Harold's honours,
 Must wear those honours at some hazard.

TOSTI. My liege, he would ward off some portion of that
 danger,

Which will too surely point
 Against your sacred person.

EDGAR. Aye, my liege, this would I do.

HAROLD. If love for us hath moved to this proceeding,
 We should account our person's safety
 Too dearly purchased.

(*Trumpet sounds.*)

Enter a Norman Herald.

HERALD. The boldest knight yet known to martial fame,
 Since the proud days which boast Orlando's name,
 Sends brave defiance to that English youth,
 Renowned for valour, constancy, and truth,
 Who stands pre-eminent among the rest
 For gallant deeds, a perfect knight confess :—
 Him, if he dare in listed field appear,
 With sword and buckler, barbed lance, or spear,
 Brave Taillifer will meet in equal fight,
 And send him headlong to the realms of night.
 If there be such, who would in arms approve
 His prince's honour, and the virtuous love
 Of her whom he adores, we here proclaim
 His prince foresworn, his mistress dead to shame :—

The monarch false—usurper of the throne ;—
The mistress faithless, whom his heart would own.
Then let the champion try his utmost might,
Brave Taillifer now dares the deadly fight.

EDWIN. My liege, I claim the right of combat ;
And on this vaunting Norman will approve
My knighthood, valour, loyalty, and love.

MORCAR. Thou shalt not dare. I claim, my liege,
The right to vindicate my country's fame.

TOSTI. As first among those princes who surround
The monarch's throne, I hold the first pretension ;—
But since Lord Edwin waits the fit occasion
To grace his recent honours with the palm
Of chivalrous adventure,
I cede to him the right of combat.
For Morcar, here, his sword is pledged to us ;
And when the time shall give our wishes scope,
We shall demand a full acquittance !

MORCAR. Base and perfidious Tosti !—Traitor ! well I know
thee ! (aside.)

My liege, this must not be. We must not stake
Upon the unsteady cast of heedless youth,
Our nation's martial character.
Firm manhood must oppose the nervous arm
Of manly vigour ; and youth is but oppressed
With that which should demand the powers
Of full maturity.

HAROLD. Northumbria, you disparage much

Young Edwin's noble quality.
 We have just confidence in his high worth,
 And will commit our country's cause
 To his unquestioned prowess ;
 For we would teach these lofty boasters,
 When from our youth they take such lusty blows,
 What honour they may hope to win
 From our experienced manhood.
 Then, let the Norman champion now come forth ;—
 We give our pledge that he shall here command
 Most courteous usage.

Enter TAILLIFER with Attendants.

TAILLIFER. Who dares oppose the might of Taillifer ?
 EDWIN. I dare oppose a braver knight.
 TAILLIFER. Art thou of generous blood, a knight installed
 With all accustomed rites ?
 EDWIN. I am ; and will my knighthood prove
 Upon thy bruised crest.
 TAILLIFER. No equal owns the warlike chief
 Whom I unforced obey—
 No rival fears the matchless maid
 To whom I homage pay.
 Who dares deny that these no equals know,
 My sword shall send him to the shades below.
 EDWIN. All this, with steadfast soul, I dare deny,
 And here in arms thy utmost force defy.

(*They fight.*)

EMMA. Ye, hovering angels, shield my lord ! (*Aside.*)

TAILLIFER. Submit, thou rash and beardless knight,
Ere we destroy thee in this mortal fight.

EDWIN. Sooner the firmament unhinged shall fall,
And in its ruin Nature's self appal!
Redouble, then, thy vain and fruitless blows ;
No coward fear the heart of Edwin knows.

(*Fight again.* TAILLIFER falls.)

Shout from the English.)

All. Hail ! valiant Edwin !

Hail ! England's champion !

HAROLD. Brave Mercia, thou hast gained a dearer place
In our applauding love,
And thy admiring country shall bestow
Its richest prize, the homage due
To thy unrivalled gallantry.

Enter Coxo.

Coxo. My liege, the Norman puissance is on foot,
And bends his rapid march to our encampment,
With menace of a desperate assault.

HAROLD. Then, 'tis most fit that we dispose ourselves
The threatened onset to repel.
Let all our chieftains haste to join their ranks.
My friends, we will not wrong your generous nature,
By urging aught to stimulate that ardour
Which we so oft have seen conspicuous.
Harold is well assured 'that every warrior here

Will still surpass his country's expectation.
Then let us seek the field at honour's call,
Resolved to save the state, or perish in its fall.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Field of Battle.—March of the Norman Troops.—Trumpet sounds a Charge.—Enter EDWIN, MORCAR, EMMA, and Soldiers engaged with the Normans, who retreat.

EDWIN. Stay, stay, ye Norman churls,
Lest we too easy gain a graceless triumph !

MORCAR. Edwin, forbear :

Urge not the keen pursuit thus rashly ;
Advance not now beyond that barrier
Where we are charged to hold our strong defence.
Halt, Mercia, halt—
On thy allegiance, I command thee.

[*Normans advance again.*

EDWIN. Stay, ye unblushing slaves,
And give my sword a nobler banquet.

[*Fight. Normans retire, pursued by EDWIN, MORCAR, and Followers.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Field.

*Enter GURTH, LEOFRINE, and Followers, pursuing
the Normans.*

GURTH. 'Tis bravely done ! Drive back the foe !

Strike home, my valiant countrymen !

[*Normans retire, pursued.*

*Re-enter GURTH, LEOFRINE, and Followers, retiring
before the Normans.*

GURTH. Curse the disastrous chance !

Why halts the right ?

Why hath Lord Tosti left us thus exposed,
To wage unequal combat ?

Bear up, my friends, 'gainst this reverse.

[*LEOFRINE falls.*

GURTH. Oh, save the prince !

[*Stands over the body.*

Stand firm, my generous countrymen !

My earldom shall reward the noble effort
Which rescues now the youthful hero.

Bear off the prince.—

Advance, my valiant countrymen ;
Once more renew the charge.

Untoward fate ! Unhappy England !

[*GURTH falls, English retreat.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Field.

Enter HAROLD, COXO, EDRIC, EDNOTH, and Followers.

Coxo. Retire, my liege, at distance from the field ;

Those wounds demand an instant succour.

HAROLD. Never ! here is my throne or sepulchre !

Haste, Ednoth, haste, repress the Kentish ardour—

Recal impetuous Mercia from pursuit ;

Bid Morcar not advance his force

Beyond our strong entrenchment.

[*Exit EDNOTH.*

Twice have we driven the Norman back

With terrible discomfiture,

But twice our rash ungoverned fury

Hath lost the fair advantage ;

And our disordered ranks, recoiling,

Have then rolled back, spreading confusion.

What means Prince Tosti in this perilous hour ?

Haste, Edric, bid him quick support our drooping forces.

Enter HEREWALD.

HEREWOLD. Retire, my liege, for present safety.

Treason, where least suspected,

Hath robbed us of a well-earned victory.

The Norman Bands have found

Free passage through Lord Tosti's guard

Without rebuke, and now encompass

Our fainting legions.

Enter WALTHEROFF.

WALTH. Retire, my liege, while yet a hope remain
Of our devoted country.

The Princes, Gurth and Leofrine,
Already press the plain. Abandoned
And cut off by foulest treachery,
Nobly they bore the unequal fight,
And scorned to yield.

HAROLD. If all be lost, our fate is fixed.

Come on, my friends, once more unto the field.
This treachery in our own blood
Had blighted even the triumph of our arms.
Come on, my friends—one struggle more
To save our country.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Another part of the Field.

Enter TOSTI, EDGAR, and Followers.

TOSTI. Soldiers, countrymen, and friends !

The love we bear ye, and our just regard
For this much injured Prince, have prompted us
To that fair course which we have here pursued.
The valiant Norman, bearing the command
And high commission of Imperial Rome,
Hath come to place Prince Edgar on the throne
Of his anointed race.

Then, hail our brave deliverers !

All hail, Prince Edgar, Sovereign of this Realm,
And Heaven's approved Vicegerent !

EDGAR. My friends, I am the rightful prince,
And born to wear the crown.

Enter Edric.

EDRIC. My lord, the King doth marvel much
That you inactive stand, while all around
The battle rages.

TOSTI. Then bid him marvel on.
That we inactive stand, some reasons of great force,
Shall be our warranty.

EDRIC. My lord, his Majesty commands
That you advance with speed
To succour our encompassed legions.

TOSTI. Our leisure shall not serve.
Bid Harold now remember, if he may,
Those noted injuries which we too tamely bore.—
For thee, brave Edric, if thou tender aught
Thy present safety or thy future fortune,
Accept the Norman's generous protection—
Join this our chosen band, and we will plead
Thy great deserving, which perforce shall claim
The mighty William's favour.

EDRIC. I scorn thy purpose, and abhor
The base unnatural traitor.
If thou art bent on foul rebellion,

Then quickly join th' opposing ranks,
That my good sword may have free scope
To strike thy perjured heart. [Exit EDRIC.

TOSTI. Move on, my friends ; for longer should we tarry,
We may encounter some obstruction.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter EDWIN wounded, and supported by EMMA.

EDWIN. Soft, I can no further ;
The Norman spear has done its work !

EMMA. Mercy, sweet heaven !
Edwin, support your noble spirit ;
We soon shall reach some friendly succour.

EDWIN. Never—I feel the vital stream
Fast ebb within me—my languid limbs
Refuse their wonted office: I can no further.—
Here let me rest. What place so rude,
That will not give free liberty to die !

EMMA. Just Heaven support me !
This is beyond all human sufferance.

EDWIN. Fly, Emma, save thyself !
Fly from this fatal field !
Tell Morcar,—
Thy image floats before me—(*Faints.*)

EMMA. Oh ! cruel, unrelenting fate !
Awake, my Edwin ! 'Tis Emma calls !

Oh ! hear that voice, which once had charms
For Edwin !—

One look, one last embrace !—

Return, my Edwin ! thy Emma calls !

Thy lost, deserted Emma !

Oh ! save her from distraction !

EDWIN. What mean those sounds ?

Where am I ?—What angel hath recalled
My hovering spirit ?

EMMA. Mercy, sweet Heaven !

He lives ;—he will not leave his Emma.

EDWIN. Is that a vision, which beguiles my sense ;
Or does some phantom mock my faltering reason ?
My Emma !—

EMMA. Yes, yes, it is thy Emma !

Once more receive her to thy bosom,
And she will welcome death in Edwin's arms.

EDWIN. Fly, save thyself from outrage !

EMMA. Oh !—Never, never !

No more shall Emma leave thee !

That fate which summons Edwin hence,
Shall summon Emma too—(*Draws her dagger.*)

EDWIN. Forbear !

Enter TOSTI and Followers.

TOSTI. Ha ! this is a prize beyond all price.

Seize, seize audacious Mercia, bear him to the camp—
The Norman nobly will reward the service.

EMMA. Hold, ruffians, hold !
Wilt thou pursue thy victim still in death ?
'Tis time then to avenge her wrongs.
The faithful point shall do its office :
'Twas Edwin's gift to Emma.
Monster, 'tis Emma strikes.

(*Stabs Tosti.*)

TOSTI. Curse the malignant hand of fate !

To fall when I had reached the goal,
And by a feeble woman ! (*Dies.*)

EDWIN. This troubled scene must pass.

A dimness steals upon me—
All is confused—
'Tis darkness all around !—'Tis death !—
Emma ! Emma ! (*Dies.*)

EMMA. He calls ! I come—I come ! 'tis Edwin calls !
I follow thee ! Yes, yes, the ministers of death
Have chased from heaven sweet mercy :
How ? Not move ! gone—gone ! but the soul lives.
Oh no ! thou art not frightful, Death.
This is our bridal couch.
Sweet is this peaceful slumber !
One kiss—'tis no reproach.
I see the angels hover round him—
They shall not snatch him from me.
Ha ! there is blood upon the point !
This tainted blood must not with Emma's mix.

(*Throws away her dagger.*)

I'll find a steel without a stain,

(*Takes Edwin's dagger from his belt.*)

Pure and spotless as his honour.

1st SOLDIER. Strike down the boy, disarm him quickly.

(*Seizes Emma.*)

2d SOLDIER. Convey him to the Norman camp ;

We gain a princely ransom.

EMMA. Avaunt, ye slaves ;

Would ye insult a woman ?

Cease, cowards, cease, or use your swords like men.

SOLDIERS. Bear him off, bear him off ;

Retire, retire.

EMMA. Ruffians, forbear,—release your hold !

Oh, Edwin, let thy dagger save me !

(*Is forced away by the Soldiers, who retire.*)

Enter HAROLD (wounded, and supported by COXO and EDRIC), MORCAR, WALTHEOFF, HEREWALD, EDNORTH, and Followers.

HAROLD. Here stay, my friends, for here our toils must end.

I feel thy powerful call, which needs must be obeyed—

Death hath already thinned our ranks,

And claims one victim more.

How frightful in defeat !—in victory

How glorious !

EDNORTH. Oh, grievous sight ! The valiant Edwin !

MORCAR. This had embittered e'en the proudest victory.

Ill-fated youth, War's ruthless scythe,

Hath not this day cut down so fair a flower !
 Edwin, farewell ! Mercia, this last embrace !

(Kneels and embraces the body.)

WALTHEOFF. Lord Tosti, too, is here among the slain.

HAROLD. Oh, Nature ! thou hast swerved from thy eternal law—

Tho' strange and varied thy creations,
 Thy voice disowns the hateful parricide.
 My friends, our individual griefs are nought
 Amid the wreck of our distracted country ;
 For who shall now deplore his private loss,
 When here the noble fabric of the state,
 In one rude shock o'erthrown, lies prostrate.
 Could Harold with his life have saved the realm,
 His last expiring moment had been crowned
 With heart-elating triumph :
 But this has been denied, and in our fall
 We see the State's confusion.
 Some happier hand, in after-times, shall raise
 Our England to that lofty eminence,
 Where she shall stand unrivalled and supreme
 Among the Nations.—
 For us, this weary pilgrimage is passed.
 Farewell, my valiant countrymen !
 Let England's dangers claim your instant care.
 Morcar, we charge thee—But 'tis too late—
 Save, save our country !

[*Dies.*

MORCAR. There fled the soul and spirit of this realm !

Convey the bodies hence, that we may pay

Those honours, which our present means allow,

In dear memorial of our love.

An adverse fate bears heavily upon us :

Our civil tumults, and the State's corruptions,

Have roused offended Heaven.

But let our warriors hasten to avenge

Those losses we deplore, or bravely perish

With England's liberties.

The patriot ne'er, by abject fear subdued,

Despairs of guarding still the public weal ;

But when rude tempests shake the labouring state,

Firm at his post, he braves th' impending fate,

Shares the proud triumph, or in the shock o'erthrown,

His country's destiny he makes his own.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE END.

C A M O E N S,

A Tragedy.

BY

H. ST. G. TUCKER, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON ANTONIO VASQUEZ DE GAMA,	Viceroy of Goa.
DON FRANCISCO LOPEZ	Commandant at Goa.
FERDINAND	his Son.
CAMOENS.	
FIDELIO	a Boy, Pupil of Camoens.
IGNATIO LOPEZ	Head Inquisitor at Goa.
PEREIRA	Officers of the Inquisition.
RODRIQUES	
PASCAL	Steward of Don Antonio.
PEDRO	Servant of ditto.
GOMEZ	Servant of Francisco.
	Guests, Officers, Guards, &c.

W O M E N.

DONNA AMBROSIA DE GAMA	Wife of Don Antonio.
THEODORA.....	her Daughter.
CLARA	her Niece.
BIANCA	her Servant.

C A M O E N S.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

CAMOENS *on a Sofa, reading.*

Enter FIDELIO.

CAM. DIDST thou recite the sonnet which I gave thee,
With voice attuned to sweetest melody,
And all the grace and ornament
Which thy best skill could lend ?

FID. Whate'er from bounteous Nature I derive,
With all that I may boast of tuneful art,
Was freely used to give thy verse
Its utmost charm.

CAM. What said the lovely Clara ?

FID. She said, thy lips breathed heavenly inspiration,
She called thee first of mortal poets,
And swore the song might suit the fairest dame,
That e'er, mature in bloom (as erst the warrior maid),
Leapt from a pregnant brow.

CAM. Be serious, Boy—

Did she return no answer ?

FID. None other did she give me.

CAM. Didst thou observe her countenance ?

FID. I marked it well.

CAM. Did it betray no visible emotion ?

FID. Methought it did—

A lambent smile, which spoke nor joy nor grief,
But something balancing between,
Played on her lovely features.

CAM. Thou heedless youth ! Is this the golden fruit
Thy hand obedient should have reached ?

FID. If that my errand did not better speed,
The saints or thy offended stars upbraid.—
Just as fair Clara had composed in haste
Some slight disorder in her flowing tresses,
And seemed to ruminate some special grace,
We heard at hand the Lady Theodora.

CAM. Unlucky chance !

FID. She then abrupt dismissed thy embassy,
And wanting other means to do it honour,
Cupid's credentials gently placed
In her soft heaving bosom.

CAM. She then did consecrate the poor oblation
On that fair shrine, which graceful modesty
Still veils from every eye profane—
That shrine, the seat of some mysterious power
Which rules the instinctive sense—
That wondrous mould of fair proportions,

Where Nature's hand, in brief epitome,
Hath summed up all the noted principles
Of beauty and perfection !

FID. The day is now far spent—

Wilt thou not, then, my gentle master, tune the lyre,
And raise thy voice, as thou art wont,
To sing the wonders of creation ?

CAM. No ! good Fidelio—Sweet music now

Would find no chord responsive—

The loitering sun, in this our torrid region,
Protracts his reign ; and the incumbent air,
Surcharged with sluggish vapour, doth oppress
Those spirits, which subdued, leave our weak frame
Inert and robbed of all its energies—
Immortal man thus sees his nobler quality
Quenched and subdued by drowsy vapour !

FID. Sure, thou art not well !

Thy looks bespeak thee faint and weary—
Forbid not that I haste to bring
Needful refreshment.

CAM. I would not have thee, dear Fidelio—

This mortal frame is a rude shell
Of mean account. The mind, that precious gem within,
Alone demands our care—
Pry'thee, leave me—
Go and enjoy thy state of innocence,
While I indulge in meditation here,
And study to compose unsettled thoughts.

FID. Farewell, my kindest master !

[Exit FIDELIO.]

Enter FERDINAND.

CAM. Ha ! Ferdinand, my friend ! I joy to see thee—

Most welcome to thy household gods !

FERD. I do rejoice to see thee, Camoens—

A month's short absence has contrived

To make me here a stranger—

Tell me in simple prose what fashion wears the time.

Thou art dejected ! Say, what labouring thoughts

Disturb thy philosophic humour—

Is Theodora well ?

CAM. Her health is good, I do believe ;

But, Ferdinand, my hopes in her are dead !

FERD. That cannot I believe.

She loves thee, Camoens.

CAM. Still that has not advanced my suit—

In brief, her heart my own, I sought her hand ;

But good Antonio, with a father's voice,

Condemned my bold pretension.

I do reproach me that this heedless hand

Hath given a fatal wound—

When first I dared invoke her in my song,

She was the idol of creative fancy—

My sportive muse then urged a wanton suit

Where passion only should have pleaded—

But passion followed, and the train of ills

Which now distract me.

FERD. But still, possessed of Theodora's heart,

You may defy a father's power.

CAM. Not so ! To good De Gama I owe much,
And 'twere a sin most foul, by treacherous means,
To rob him of his treasure.
The good old man, still willing to disarm
An act ungracious of its poignant sting,
Hath offered me his niece, the lovely Clara.

FERD. How dost thou stand affected ?

CAM. My soul revolted at the treason ;
But better thoughts have since prevailed.
It were some comfort that, without offence,
I might to Theodora tender still
A brother's love.

FERD. Thy state would be most dangerous !

CAM. I hope, not so—Since reason I have known,
It has my constant study been
To discipline my heart.
I think with safety I could trust myself
To live the friend of one I still hold dear.

FERD. But canst thou fashion so thy love,
That Clara may ascend the vacant throne
With all a sovereign's rights ?

CAM. I have addressed a sonnet to her beauty.
The maid is gentle, kind, and fair ;
And love, with skilful husbandry,
Will soon put forth its blossoms.
With Theodora love is a rude storm
Which hurries on the light unsteady bark,
Now borne aloft on the ascending surge,

As it would kiss the azure canopy—
Now headlong plunged into the gaping void,
At mercy of the vast o'erhanging flood !
With lovely Clara 'tis a summer gale,
Which gently undulates the fair expanse,
Nor frets the bosom of the deep !

FERD. I fear the gale of friendship will so rage,
That gentle Clara, with her summer breeze,
Must fly before it.

CAM. I would not do the maid injustice.

FERD. But what says Theodora to the project ?

CAM. I dare not think.

I have not courage to explain myself.
I'd stand the mark of twenty cannon balls
Sooner than meet the anger of her eye—
She knows her present destination.
Yes, Ferdinand ! 'Tis thy most happy lot
To form the happiness of Theodora.

FERD. What say you, Camoens ?

Thou wouldst not sure deceive me !

CAM. No ! by our friendship I protest,
I have the word of good De Gama's self—
He destines thee her hand—
And though I own some pang it cost me,
I can rejoice to see a friend's success.

FERD. This cannot be,

She will o'errule her father's purpose.

And more, it wounds my heart to tell thee,

Francisco ne'er will give consent.
I grieve to think my father and my friend
Should both prove rivals here.

CAM. How ! fear a rival in Francisco !

This is a phantom of thy own creation !
In thy well-ordered bosom ne'er allow
A thought to move injurious to a parent.

FERD. It is most true. He has professed himself
A suitor for her hand.

CAM. Then let it pass—the arrow cannot hit—
The ardent Theodore will never barter
That matchless prize, her hand, for rank and wealth,
Enlisted in the service of old age.
Stand thou aloof ; and his discomfiture
Shall raise no blush to thy reproach.

FERD. My hopes are slight—th' impassioned Theodore
Will never own a second love.

CAM. To wean her love, I purpose to assume
A studied coldness, foreign to my heart,
Which more than reason or authority
Will undermine her warm affections.
But see, she comes this way—
Haste, haste, and leave me, Ferdinand !
I would make trial of my strength alone.
FERD. Then fare thee well—and if thou win,
I hope to claim the stake.

[*Exit* FERDINAND.]

CAM. I dread this interview—

I am perplexed, and want that confidence
Which rectitude should give.—

Enter THEODORA.

THEOD. Musing, my Camoens !

Thou art become a stranger to my sight,
And much, I fear, a stranger, too, to love.

CAM. Believe it not, most beauteous Theodore—

This heart, perhaps, has been too much a slave
To love's supreme dominion.

THEOD. Then wherefore hast thou shunned me ?

CAM. The duty which I owe fair Theodora
For ever binds me to her service.

THEOD. Talk not of duty—'tis no friend to love.

CAM. My gratitude will live while I myself endure.

THEOD. Thy gratitude !

CAM. What nobler feelings can the bosom warm
Than those which spring from gratitude !
'Tis gratitude which gives a healthful impulse
To all the various movements of the soul—
'Tis gratitude which purifies the mind
From every selfish base affection:
Which still diffusing mutual benefits,
Unites mankind in harmony and love.
'Tis the just principle of human conduct—
'Tis the endearing tie which gives to love,
To love itself, it's constancy and ardour.

THEOD. Thou ne'er hast known the passion, Camoens.

Celestial love disdains this poor associate—

I ask thy heart, and not thy gratitude.

CAM. That love which may become my modest state,

Nor wrong thy dignity and high pretension,

I long have cherished.—

THEOD. I ne'er have known a difference of state—

'Tis love's delightful privilege

To banish false distinctions—

It glories to cast off the pride of rank—

Love elevates the heart, and forms the lowly peasant

Companion for the throne.

CAM. Thy generous nature would forget

Whate'er should give thee just pre-eminence—

But may I claim the pledge of partial friendship,

With injury to her who nobly gave it ?

I know thy honoured sire will ne'er consent

That thou, the idol of paternal fondness,

Shouldst sacrifice a brilliant destiny

To one, the sport of fortune.

THEOD. Love is the paradise of my existence—

I live but to obey his heavenly law—

The world and all its splendour I resign,

Content with thee to share a wilderness !

CAM. May I permit th' unwary sacrifice ?

Does not the sacred voice of honour,

And every feeling which should sway the heart,

Command that I resist this self-devotion ?

THEOD. Art thou sincere or generous, Camoens ?

Beware ! I yet will penetrate the mystery—
This sudden coldness needs must have a cause—
Reflect ! I claim sincerity and truth,
The bond of confidence—if thou deceive me,
Though I have loved with wild enthusiasm,
I can throw off my fetters, and exchange
The noblest passion for a woman's hate.

CAM. Stay, Theodora !

[THEODORA *going.*

For worlds I would not wound that generous spirit.

THEOD. What wouldst thou ? wouldst pity me ?

Nay, then I scorn thy pity—

Farewell ! But yet remember !

[*Exit THEODORA.*

CAM. This will distract me—

I must appease the sudden fury—

Her love should win more dear regard—

Have I pursued the path which virtue points at ?

If so, what means this inward keen reproach ?

Ingenuous truth should mark our every action ;

And he who deviates from its just law,

So plain, so uniform, resigns, without excuse,

The fairest attribute of virtue.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Viceroy's Palace.

Enter PASCAL and PEDRO.

PASCAL. Friend Pedro, thou must use thy utmost skill
To do thyself and me some present honour—
See that thy arrangements all
Be correspondent to the occasion—
Let nought be wanting which may yet conduce
To give our present entertainment
A suitable magnificence.
This annual festival to grace,
We must devise some rare and striking novelty.

PEDRO. I shall not fail to pluck the fruit of knowledge ;
But much I fear the weighty charge
Thy wisdom would impose—I lack experience.

PASCAL. Fear not, success shall not elude thy grasp.

PEDRO. I have a just ambition.

PASCAL. 'Tis well, and it shall serve—
To-morrow's dawn shall see fair Theodora
Complete full twenty summers—a gracious lady !
The pride and hope of great De Gama's house !
Her heart as warm—her hand as free
As Angel's ministering charity.

PEDRO. She is a rare accomplished lady.

PASCAL. She is, indeed. Oh, how I love her !
And when a child, to gratify her fancy,

How oft I chased the simple butterfly !
 But let that pass—we must to business.
 De Gama now, who lives but in this maid,
 Hath given strict command that we prepare
 To welcome this fair day of jubilee,
 With royal pomp and more than Eastern splendour.

PEDRO. Our books I will consult, and all which taste
 Or fancy can inspire, shall be combined
 To give thee satisfaction.

PASCAL. 'Tis bravely said.—But come, the time is short ;
 And we must hasten to our labours,
 For diligence should still outstrip th' emergence.
 The faithful Isidore, whom now we mourn,
 Would have conceived some notable device
 Appropriate to the occasion.

PEDRO. He was, indeed, remarkable for just conceits.

PASCAL. Peace to his shade !—But to our work.

PEDRO. I will attend thee, noble Pascal.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Public Walk in Goa.

Enter CAMOENS and FRANCISCO, meeting.

FRAN. Well met, thou prince of poets !

This is a chance, for which we thank
 Divine Apollo.

CAM. Excuse me, Signor ;

Some urgent cares which touch me nearly
Forbid my tarrying here.

FRAN. How, man, desert the Muses ?

We have rich treasures for thy critic ear—
This poem, which my Muse would consecrate
To beauteous Theodore, thou must rehearse.

CAM. Spare me, noble Signor—some moments hence
We shall command more happy leisure.

FRAN. Nay, thou must read—'tis bare ten thousand lines—
I tell thee, Camoens, that I adore
The haughty Theodora, whose proud heart
By cunning skill I trust to conquer ;
And I have so contrived in this my verse
To infuse the poison of rare flattery,
That to resist the charm, she must be more than woman.

CAM. Methinks, young Ferdinand might rather aim
At this high mark.

FRAN. How, Ferdinand, my son ?
A boy—a beardless boy !—
Thou’rt mad, most worthy Camoens.
He is too forward for so green a youth.
It would become thy friendship to instil
More sober counsel.
For him we other views propose.—
But come, peruse my verse— (Gives the MS.)
My scheme runs briefly thus—
I feign that Nature formed a peerless maid

T' expose for once before our mortal eyes
The beauty of Immortals.

CAM. The poet doubtless may assign
To his fair mistress, tho' of mortal birth,
An origin divine.

FRAN. The thought is novel and original.
Read on—read on.

CAM. These words and images, methinks,
Are somewhat too familiar.
The Gods should speak and act like Gods,
And our stern critics will expect from them
A loftier carriage—a dignity sustained.

FRAN. Psha!—What is dignity?
'Tis but a dress at best,
A rich embroidered buskin!

CAM. 'Tis an æthereal essence—a heavenly emanation,
A pure atmosphere, surrounding
Objects of high moral excellence,
Imparting lustre—elevation!

FRAN. Friend Camoens, thou dost ascend above the sky!
Why, man, I do not paint an atmosphere—
I follow Nature.

CAM. But the chaste Muse forbids a tone of levity.

FRAN. How now? I do protest 'tis good to laugh;
All pleasurable feeling stirs the blood,
And gives a healthy temper to the soul.
Read—read—See how I paint fair Theodora—
The picture will delight thee, Camoens.

(*Camoens reads.*)

“ Her eye more bright than streams of light
“ Descending from the moon at night ;
“ More bright than sparkling diamonds, set
“ In rings of ebony or jet ;
“ Her ivory teeth a silver lustre shed,
“ Like pearls reposing in a coral bed ;
“ While playful rubies form the mouth divine,
“ Where smiles and gentle thoughts their tender shoots
 entwine.”

FRAN. True Alexandrine, by my faith !

Smooth and majestic as the silver swan,
Which courses down the glassy stream serene.
Three kingdoms we exhaust in metaphor,
And motion, feeling, and expression give
To things inanimate.

How now ! What sayest thou, Camoens ?

CAM. Thy verse would need some large reform

T' approve it worthy of the muse,
But that thou couldst with one most simple fancy
Engross some thousand lines, must needs excite
Our admiration.

FRAN. Not so—not so. I have a fund of matter ;

For genius, working like the skilful worm,
Converts the worthless leaf into a silken thread.
This fiction wrought to its just end,
I then discourse of Draca's cruel law,
Of Solon and Lycurgus, famed of old,

And tell how I, with better skill, could mend
Their faulty institutes.

I next on politics descant—on history and logic—
And to conclude, with a concealed and caustic irony,
I stigmatise the Holy Inquisition.

CAM. Were it not rash to brave the holy office?

Can stately science aptly be enrolled
To swell the pageant in a love song?

FRAN. Psha! psha! Thou hast not craft to penetrate
The deep contrivance of my muse;
'Tis fit I shew the various learning I possess.
And when I satirize the knave in power,
I would assert a bold and manly freedom.
Teach but unthinking woman to admire
Thy wit, thy gallantry, and spirit,
And thou shalt melt the winter's snow
On chaste Diana's bosom.

CAM. This is most credible—but yet thy satire
May breed some present danger.

FRAN. Regard it not. Why, man, I am a soldier!
The lash, I say, must be applied.
We must have satire—pungent, biting satire—
Such is the vile condition of our nature,
Such our depraved and vicious appetites,
No other food will suit our palsied taste.
'Tis true, I have addressed my verse
To Theodore, by special application:
But still I write for the whole universe.

I tell thee, friend, this poem was conceived
Ere Theodora saw the light of Heaven.

CAM. I will believe it.

Farewell, illustrious Signor ;
At some convenient hour I will peruse
Thy motley verse ; and thou thereon shalt know
My honest sentiment.

FRAN. Wait, wait to see how we conclude.

CAM. It is impossible. Farewell.

[*Exit CAMOENS.*

FRANCISCO, *solus*

FRAN. 'Tis envy ! envy all !
I watched his restless, varying countenance,
And his uneasy looks too plain betrayed
The jealous humour of a rival.
I marked his strange impatience to depart.
What if he steal my best and favourite thoughts !
No, no—the man is honest, though a poet,
And ever hath maintained a fair repute.
But yet I do suspect he loves fair Theodore,
And he may secretly bestow my verse
To aid his bold pretension ;
Well, we must now prepare to grace
Th' approaching festival ;
For woman's undistinguishing caprice
Must still be cheated with a rich exterior.
Art shall arrest the march of surly Time,

That fearful and insidious foe of man !
In dress unequalled, witty, gay, and bold,
No blemish seen to tell that I am old ;
The veteran's skill shall youthful strength impart,
And plant Love's standard in the proudest heart.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Viceroy's Palace.

Enter THEODORA and FIDELIO, meeting.

THEOD. Whither so fast, Fidelio?

FID. Within this hour thy guests will sure assemble,
And I would seek the pensive Camoens,
Who else, absorbed in philosophic dreams,
May not give heed to other purpose.

THEOD. This well explains thy parting hence,
But not thy coming hither.

FID. I fain would view the busy scene,
And gratify my wondering fancy
With these thy splendid decorations.

THEOD. Some nearer purpose, too, thou hadst in view—
Tell me thy errand, dear Fidelio—
I owe thee much for services remembered,
And more for thy unceasing love—
This little purse, which my own hand hath wrought,
Thou must accept in token of my friendship.

FID. This charming purse most dearly I should tender,
But that the gold within might give
To my regard a sordid base complexion.

THEOD. But, then, this little ring thou wilt preserve—

See how it fits the pretty hand.

FID. Oh! 'tis a lovely jewel!

Forgive me, gentle lady, for I may not wear
So rare a gem.

THEOD. Nay, but thou must—'tis a mere bauble!

Sure thou wilt wear some pledge of my regard—
Mark the rich hue! this colour, dear Fidelio,
We maids esteem, for 'tis the emblem true
Of constancy!

FID. 'Tis beautiful! how may I dare possess
A gem so precious!

THEOD. 'Tis nought; but it becomes the hand,
And when, perchance, it meets thy wandering eye,
Thou must remember Theodora.

FID. I am for ever bound unto her service.

THEOD. Come, let me hear thee sing, Fidelio—
It seems a tedious age since I enjoyed
The music of that voice.
Thou must indulge me with one little song—
That tender air which late my Camoens
Composed.

FID. Excuse me, dearest lady,
I dare not do what might offend.

THEOD. Thou canst not say the song was ne'er composed,
And songs are written to be sung.

FID. Thy pardon, gentle lady!
I dare not utter ought remote from truth,
And to confess the truth might wound my duty.

THEOD. I may not be denied—thou must, Fidelio—

That little song ! that tender air !

A kiss, I swear, shall tell my obligation.

FID. I dare not disobey ; but yet my heart,

Full of strange tremours, tells me I do wrong.

FIDELIO *sings.*

1.

The self-consuming lamp declines
As night slow-wasting glides away ;
And yet at morn's approach repines,
It dies amid the glare of day.

2.

So in thy absence, lovely maid,
Consuming cares my heart oppress ;
Pensive I seek the silent glade,
And to the groves my plaints address.

3.

Yet when that lovely form appears,
And blushing charms successive rise,
My heart betrays a thousand fears :
I dread the dart from Clara's eyes.

THEOD. Monster ! perfidious and ungrateful !

FID. Oh ! how have I offended ?

THEOD. Revenge inspire my just resolve !

Come deadly hate, and from this injured heart
Tear the false idol of its worship !

FID. Oh say, dear lady, how I may deserve
Thy blessed forgiveness !

THEOD. Peace, thoughtless child !

Oh ! 'tis a mortal pang !
The base deceit—the foul ingratitude !
Oh ! how it presses on this heart !
Nay, but Fidelio, do not heed
This burst of passion—
Yes ! 'tis a deadly wrong !
Leave me—I will be pacified—
This passion is the mind's infirmity ;
It will soon vanish like a summer cloud—
I shall be well—say not that thou hast seen
This sudden weakness—adieu, Fidelio :
Forget what thou hast seen.

FID. The heavens preserve thee, dearest lady—
My duteous love shall show in my obedience.

[*Exit FIDELIO.*

THEOD. Oh ! I abhor the false ungrateful race !
Prompt my designs, ye fiends of vengeance !
Oh let some scourge convert this earth,
This peopled orb, into a frightful waste !

Enter FERDINAND.

FERD. Why thus estranged, most beauteous Theodora ?
The festive throng, deprived of those sweet smiles,
Which should diffuse their genial influence,
Are sad, and seem bereft of all
Which might bespeak a state of animation.

THEOD. I have been thinking, if this goodly throng
Might, for a wonder, show one heart unstained
With falsehood and ingratitude !

FERD. We should account the wonder, if on earth
That heart were found, which could be false
To lovely Theodora.

THEOD. Oh ! this is wicked pleasantry ! I do forget—
Thou art of this assembled multitude.

FERD. The constant love which I so long have borne,
Unconquered by neglect or proud disdain,
Should teach thee thy injustice.

THEOD. Love ! thou art a stranger to the passion !
'Tis not for base inconstant man to know it !

FERD. If to adore the object of my wishes—
To have no thought, which bears not her loved image ;
No taste of joy where she is not the source—
If envying e'en the dull and senseless clod,
On which a transient smile unconscious beams—
If to endure the anguish of despair,
The cheerless gloom of hope extinct,
When banished from her presence,—
To feel the bliss of angels, when allowed
To breathe the pure soft air which she respires ;
T' approach the living form, to catch the genial glow—
Oh ! painful ecstacy !—
If to feel thus be any proof of love,
Then have I known the heavenly inspiration !

THEOD. What wouldest thou do to serve thy mistress ?

FERD. Lay down my life a willing sacrifice—
My happiness I place in her regard,
And to deserve her slightest favour,
There is no aim, within our mortal compass,
Which I would not adventure.

THEOD. Nay, these are words—in very act and deed
What wouldest thou do?

FERD. Obey the very starts of her caprice,
If to obey were sure destruction.

THEOD. Then quick destroy the hated Camoens.

FERD. The Gods forbid ! My friend !

The man on earth whom I most dearly tender !

THEOD. Ha ! ha ! thou miracle of love's heroic rage !

FERD. Thou wouldest make trial of my honour—
Long have I known that favoured Camoens
In thy regard stands enviably distinguished.

THEOD. I hate the monster !

Thy friend ! the just, the generous Camoens !
Oh ! I do love these paragons of friendship.

FERD. This is the sudden flow of passion ;
But soon, with its own violence exhausted,
The current will resume its wonted channel.

THEOD. The man on earth most dearly tendered !
He who, disparaging thy better worth,
Would rob thee of the object of thy choice !

FERD. This cannot be—I know him well.
An open and a generous rivalry
We have maintained, still blameless in its course ;

But that, by secret means, he should essay
To wrong me where my every hope must center,
Were baseness, so detestable and foul,
The mind revolts and may not give it faith.

THEOD. Fear never wants some specious argument
To palliate its weakness.

Thy friend is brave, and hath approved himself,
(Albeit wanting every other virtue,)
A gallant soldier.

Might Theodora claim your sex's privilege,
She ne'er had sought another champion.

FERD. Could I an instant pause from abject fear,
I were the scorn of manhood.

THEOD. My father's slave would do as much
At my command.—
But I am wrong—
Friendship should have precedence still of love ;
And if the object be ingrate and false,
Our constancy shall shew more admirable.

FERD. Could I believe him false !—

THEOD. Wherfore believe ? In Theodora's wrongs
Wherein stands Ferdinand affected ?

FERD. Could I be backward to avenge her wrongs,
I justly should deserve this harsh reproof.

THEOD. If man might dare avenge his injuries,
The world would know no outrage.

FERD. I dare avenge thy injuries—
Command my ready sword.

THEOD. I now perceive the noble Ferdinand !

FERD. But it must be by honourable means—

I will provoke him to the field.

THEOD. Not so—thou shalt not match thy fairer hopes

'Gainst his unworthiness—

Some better means my prudence shall devise,

That thy good service, at convenient season,

May safely minister to my revenge.

FERD. This wrings cold blood from my revolting heart !

THEOD. Nay, then, if thou repent, 'tis well.—

Thus have I known a bold ambitious spirit

Clamber the lofty precipice,

And when th' adventurous wretch hath seen

The perils he had passed, with horror palsied,

The very shade and picture of his danger

Hath sent him reeling to the gulph below !

Why should I court thy languid service ?

A woman's hand may justly vindicate

A woman's wrongs.

FERD. Thou shalt command me—

I have no will, no sense or being,

But as thy breath inspires.

THEOD. Soft—they do perceive us—

But more we will discourse at leisure.

Put on those smiles, which should become

The temper of this festival.—

Enter CAMOENS and CLARA.

CAM. Thy guests would fain indulge in gay carousal ;
 But while fair Theodore denies her presence,
 We lack the vital spring of our enjoyment.
 The clouds which hover o'er the path of morn,
 Thus darkly shew, till its benignant rays
 Pierce the dull mass, and give to shapeless vapour
 Aërial forms, beaming celestial radiance !

THEOD. Can he, th' inspired of heaven, whose plastic mind
 Hath power to raise a living world around him,
 Who soars beyond the regions of creation,
 Whose genius holds all nature in its grasp,
 Can he demand the aid of female spells ?
 By what enchantment may a simple maid
 Inspire that life and animation
 Herself hath never known ?

CAM. The sun, fair Theodore, may yet remain
 Unconscious of that genial heat
 Which animates all nature.

CLARA. But, truly, Theodore, thou art expected—
 The good Antonio some impatience shews
 That thou hast not done honour to his guests.

THEOD. We will attend, for to these gallant sirs,
 'Tis fit a maid, who would their suffrage win,
 Make shew of her obedience—
 Come, dearest Ferdinand, and join the festive band.

[*Exeunt THEODORA and FERDINAND.*

CAM. "Come, dearest Ferdinand!"—

'Twas so, or I do dream !

Now this should stamp the very print of happiness,
And loose the knot of my perplexity !

And yet 'tis strange !—so sudden too !

But wherefore this disturbance ?

Why cannot I, who urge another suit,
Witness unmoved the loss of her affection ?

CLARA. When thou hast finished thy soliloquy,
Perchance neglected Clara may awake
Some passing charity.

CAM. I do implore forgiveness—
And yet, 'tis strange !—

CLARA. 'Tis strange indeed !

Art thou on earth, or dost thou scan the heavens ?
You poets soar beyond our mortal ken—
But, prythee, Camoens, descend awhile,
And hold discourse in human fashion.

CAM. Didst thou remark the strangeness in their looks ?

CLARA. What woman e'er remarks another's feature,
Unless it be to challenge some defect ?

CAM. Her beauty is most perfect.

CLARA. Is this the way to court a woman's favour ?
Hast thou discovered that a rival's praise
Is wont to charm our pleased imaginations ?

CAM. Thou art superior to thy sex's failing.

CLARA. Preposterous ! I swear I am a woman,
And will assert a woman's privilege—

Thou must pay homage to my beauty ;
Caress and flatter me, and sweetly soothe,
With gentle blandishments, my wayward humour—
In each defect thou must espy a virtue ;
In every fantasy a grace—Do this,
Or by Diana's darkest frown I vow,
Thou ne'er shalt call thyself a slave of mine.

CAM. I would not do thee this injustice—
I ever was sincere—the trick of flattery
To me is yet unknown.

CLARA. Thou must in haste acquire it—
Sincerity is dulness—oft impertinent ;
Beware how thou espouse this antiquated virtue.

CAM. I do esteem it the eternal rock
On which to build the moral character.

CLARA. Ridiculous ! wilt thou discourse of morals,
When thy impassioned love, like some volcano,
Should blaze forth burning sighs, and vows, and oaths,
As plenteous as the cinders of Vesuvius ?

CAM. True love will act a more exalted part.

CLARA. Then I'll have none of it !
I will go find some livelier suitor,
Or die for very sadness—
Adieu, my moral Camoens ! [Exit CLARA.]

CAM. Nay, I must follow thee, for I have much to say,
If I could give to my bewildered thoughts
That form and just consistency
Which reason should impress. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

An Apartment in the Viceroy's Palace.

Enter FRANCISCO.

FRAN. Curse on this monstrous cookery !

What mortal e'er beheld a consummation

So damnably preposterous !

Oh ! my vexed stomach speaks the dire confusion !

That Spartan broth and that Athenian paste

Will be the death of me !

Mad innovation will deform the state !

This Camoens, too, doth vex my very soul—

My poem he withholds, and 'tis some doubt

If, wanting this auxiliary, my suit shall speed

With haughty Theodora—

'Tis ever thus when we consult a friend—

The work is lost, mislaid, perhaps purloined ;

And if it chance t'escape some rude disaster,

The beauties felt, he will not dare admire,

Till sanctioned by the general sentiment ;

Or if some tardy praise we may extort,

With cautious balancing 'tis qualified—

As thus—" The lines are well, and ought to please ;

But yet the world is captious in its taste."

Something is wrong, which may not be described ;

And so, perchance, if that the work miscarry,

These critics hold an ample reservation—

And then we hear of wondrous prophecies—
 How this was first foretold—that clearly shewn,
 And the rash author cautioned of his danger.
 Commend me to this craft of criticism !
 These teasing thoughts do sorely aggravate
 The natural ill of this consuming clime !
 I must uncase me ere I do expire—
 How now ! this harness is from Vulcan's forge !
 Bring me a hatchet, for no mortal hand
 Shall e'er unhinge this rigid panoply !

*Enter ANTONIO, AMBROSIA, THEODORA, FERDINAND,
 CLARA, CAMOENS, and GUESTS.*

ANTON. Again, my gentle friends, we bid kind welcome—
 Let this auspicious day be fairly spent
 In mirth and jocund revelry—
 Let music breathe its softest melodies
 To bring a sweet refreshment to the soul—
 Let the brisk dance enliven our dull spirits ;
 The young shall need no prompting to the sport,
 And we, whom Time's keen sickle has disabled,
 Shall still enjoy the picture of past pleasures.
 In faith, this day which gave my Theodore birth,
 Renews my span of life, and to these limbs imparts
 Some portion of gay youth's elastic spring.
 What says our noble guest Francisco ?
 I've seen the day (alas ! what years have rolled between !)
 FRAN. Impertinent ! [Aside.]

ANTON. I've seen thee, like the dappled antelope,
 Bound through the mazes of the dance,
 Active and fresh in all the pride of youth.
 Those days are passed—but their impression lives
 In grateful memory !

FRAN. Curse on these doating recollections ! [Aside.]

My Lord, 'tis not my fashion to indulge
 In vain and idle boastings.
 By action best we shew our active spirit,
 And this, my present vigour, shall attest
 The merits of my boyhood.

ANTON. We justly do esteem them—
 And wherefore has our Camoens been silent ?
 We miss thy harp, which once, in happier mood,
 Was wont to pay a dear and grateful homage
 To our loved Theodora.

CAM. Gracious De Gama—oft-times the muse,
 When we most earnestly would woo her favour,
 Perversely shews herself most coy and backward.

THEOD. False Cameons ! [Aside.]
 My honoured sire—it is the poet's province
 To deal in fiction, and with treacherous art
 To cheat the sense by flattering tales of falsehood—
 To scatter roses with the thorn concealed—
 Let us beware such dangerous illusions.

AMBRO. I do suspect that he has changed the theme ;
 Or that the pious spirit of devotion
 Would lead the pilgrim to another shrine.

What sayst thou, Camoens ? what wilt thou give,
 If I, a cunning sybil, should engage
 To take thy horoscope, and tell
 Thy future fortunes ?

CAM. Spare me, noble lady !

I will not tempt the fates—
 Without the aid of wit or sorcery,
 We sometimes may discern a fate unprosperous.

ANTON. But come, my friends, and let the music rouse
 Our dormant faculties—
 We'll bravely tread the round of pleasure.
 Give me thy arm, kind Camoens—
 Young Ferdinand lead on.
 Come, gentle friends ! we lose the precious hours.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet FRANCISCO, who stops THEODORA.

FRAN. Stay, noble lady !

THEOD. What wouldest thou, Signor ?

FRAN. Most rare and matchless lady,

I would a tale of love unfold,
 To which I dare intreat
 Thy favouring ear.

THEOD. Young Ferdinand ? is it not so ?

FRAN. Young Ferdinand !—Confusion !

[*Aside.*

No, gracious lady—'tis I—'tis I myself
 Would lay my life and fortunes at your feet.

THEOD. Preposterous !

FRAN. My rich estates are not unworthy of regard—
 They all are yours.

THEOD. I want them not.—

FRAN. In my illustrious ancestry

I can count up full fifty generations.

THEOD. Nay, spare thyself and me the trouble.

FRAN. Plague on this Camoens !—

[Aside.]

If thou wouldst deign, august and lovely Theodore,

To hear a poem which I have composed

In honour of thy beauty,

Something doth whisper that it would attract

Some portion of thy favour.

THEOD. Where is this boasted poem ?

FRAN. Aye, there indeed ! there hast thou touched

A spring which vibrates to my heart—

The jealous Camoens withholds the song ;

But I will snatch it from the perilous jaws

Of Cerberus himself.

Some caution yet must be observed,

For in it I have harshly satirized

The holy Inquisition.

THEOD. What sayst thou ?

Hast thou reviled the holy office ?

FRAN. Aye, with a free and biting satire.

THEOD. Thy poem still bestowed with Camoens ?

FRAN. Aye, most excellent of ladies.

THEOD. This may do much ! I've thought of it before ! *[Aside.]*

They long have watched, like hungry alpine wolves,

For this devoted prey ; and the strong hand

Of my benignant father, interposed,

Alone hath saved him from their fangs !
 This magazine of fierce combustibles
 Wants but a breath !

FRAN. Deign, fairest lady, to give ear
 To my most ardent suit.

[Kneels.]

THEOD. Perchance we may, at more convenient leisure—
 Rise, noble Signor. Be thou discreet—
 With Camoens be silent—
 I will devise some cunning stratagem
 To rescue thy lost treasure.
 Adieu, noble Francisco.

[Exit THEODORA.]

FRANCISCO *solus.*

FRAN. “Perchance we may”—
 ’Tis doubtful if she love me !
 And yet I’ve known a flattering tale
 So catch the eager fancy of the sex,
 That they have seemed quite fascinate,
 Won by a breath !—
 But how may I bestow young Ferdinand ?
 It is not fitting that this lusty boy,
 In growth so strangely premature,
 Should haunt the purlieus of a nursery—
 Ten years twice told he scarcely yet hath numbered !
 There must be something wrong, when boys assume
 The port and privilege of manhood !
 They chafe and drive us off the stage of life,
 Ere we have played our most important parts—

Like to a blight, which sears the ripening corn,
 Ere balmy autumn lend her golden hue—
 Him will I send in haste beyond the seas,
 That he may not impeach our fund of youth.
 This life is full of strange perplexities ;
 Nor is successful love itself exempt from care !
 Man turns his back upon the present hour,
 And eager darts into futurity—
 But when the future comes, 'tis like the past,
 And on we move in search of it again.
 Now, gladly would I know how this my suit
 Is like to speed with captious Theodora ;
 But we must wait the tardy march of Time,
 Nor look for oaks until we plant our acorns—
 Man wisely should enjoy the present hour—
 The future is a dream !

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.*Walk in Goa.**Enter CAMOENS.*

CAM. 'Tis plain I do not love fair Clara !
 'Tis scarcely doubtful that I still love Theodora !
 But now she shuns—perhaps despises me !
 I cannot bear her hate—still less contempt !

Enter FERDINAND.

CAM. Well, Ferdinand, I see that thou art happy—
Thou hast already won the love of Theodora ;
Nor won it with a labour super-human !
But such is woman's love !—
I did suspect some potent barrier,
Some strong impediment, working delay ;
But, strange to tell ! thou hast with one light bound,
At once o'erleapt the fence !

FERD. Those who look on, will sometimes see the game
Much quicker than the player.

CAM. Nay, but it is most palpable—
It cannot now escape the dullest sense.

FERD. Thy suit, too, shews most prosperous.

CAM. My suit must be withdrawn—
I have involved myself in a strange labyrinth,
And lack the thread of Ariadne !
I am in search of Clara, to disclose
Some portion of my folly.

FERD. What dost thou mean ?

CAM. 'Tis difficult to say—
When we desert the plain and beaten path,
Our steps are all uncertain—
'Tis best to trace them back again.

FERD. Thou wilt not, surely, in this hasty mood,
Determine to reject the hand of Clara ?

CAM. I have determined to be honest—

And if the fates should so decree,

I next determine to be wise hereafter.

FERD. A goodly resolution, if in season.

But whence this hurry to be wise and honest ?

CAM. Why, Ferdinand, already I have trifled

Beyond all moderate allowance—

'Tis time to draw the reins—

Thus far my sins bear no malignant hue :

They sprung from blind and heedless passion ;

But when, of error conscious, still we err,

Our indiscretion takes the stamp of crime.

FERD. This is to be most serious !

Thy present humour shews too grave.

CAM. Not so ! I have been much too light !

If thou shouldst meet the gentle Clara,

Say that, with earnest phrase, I do entreat

An instant's hearing ; and at early dawn

I will attend her at the palace.

With Theodore I claim thy just report—

Instil more kindly thoughts ! What I have done

In her account amiss, that let her goodness pardon.

Farewell ! I'll see thee ere we part.

[*Exit CAMOENS.*

FERD. This is strange haste ! and something lurks behind

Which I have not the skill to penetrate—

My own estate is not of that high promise

Which should provoke a rival's envy !

For I distrust this sudden change of fancy—
The winds that blow and range the compass round,
Give no true presage to the baffled mariner !
But I must run the course I have begun,
And wait the doubtful issue of events.
When age and wisdom prove uncertain guides,
My youth and inexperience cannot claim
Exemption from the ills of fortune !

[*Exit.*]

A C T III.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Viceroy's Palace.

Enter THEODORA and BIANCA.

THEOD. Where is my cousin Clara?

BIAN. Within the hour she left the palace.

THEOD. And when will she return?

BIAN. She said her absence would be short.

THEOD. Where is she gone?

BIAN. Of that she made no mention.

But I perceived she bent her steps
Toward the wood which skirts
The garden of the palace.

THEOD. Was she alone—or how accompanied?

BIAN. The Signor Camoens escorted her.

THEOD. Gone forth alone with Camoens!

Enough—the sword waits but the hand!

Say, I attend my mother's leisure.

BIAN. I will obey.

[*Exit BIANCA.*

THEODORA alone.

THEOD. Ungrateful Clara !

Is thus my constant love returned ?

Is this the friendship we so oft have sworn !—

For thee I foolishly have cherished

More than a sister's fondness !

And oft, when silent midnight should have brought

Her calm and sweet repose, my wandering thoughts

Have sought thee for their object !

In all my happiest dreams thou didst preside ;

And when, perchance, in airy visions lost,

I've fancied one endowed with every grace,

And formed to captivate our youthful hearts,

Then have I felt the glowing pride of friendship !

Then have I said—" He's thine, my Clara,

Though death should seal the fatal sacrifice !"'

But hence away ! begone ! for ever from this heart

I tear thy image !

Enter DONNA AMBROSIA.

AMBRO. Good Morrow, Theodora !

May the returning sun smile on my child !

THEOD. My gracious mother !

AMBRO. Thy cousin Clara is abroad betimes,

And I suspect on matters of high interest—

If thou hast been her chosen confidant,

Thou hast not, Theodore, betrayed

The secret of thy friend.

THEOD. The secret of my friend !

I own no friend ; nor would I penetrate
Another's secret !

AMBRO. The Signor Camoens of late has shewn
For our loved Clara a most marked regard ;
And he, e'en now, in form and terms unused,
Craved for himself a private hearing—
It cannot be but that this interview
Has for its end the tender of his love.

THEOD. 'Tis well !

AMBRO. 'Tis well, perhaps, my Theodore,
For though not rich, he's nobly born—
Our Clara's fortune does not reach beyond
His moderate condition.

THEOD. Yes ! and their virtues do as well accord !

AMBRO. They are alike esteemed, and justly too,
For qualities most rare and excellent.
Indeed, I once held more than loose suspicion
That Camoens for thee, my Theodore,
Indulged a secret preference ;
And could the daughter of De Gama's house
Have stooped to match on terms unsuitable,
Thy father's voice and mine had free resigned
Our richest jewel to reward his merit.

THEOD. If he could lay a kingdom at my feet,
I'd spurn it from me.

AMBRO. I do believe young Ferdinand will prove
More worthy of thy favour—

He is a youth of high and virtuous promise,
Descended from a noble ancestry,
And heir to all Francisco's vast estates—
Thy father doth approve the choice,
And my consent shall not be slowly given
To crown my Theodora's wishes.

THEOD. Young Ferdinand my choice ! I have no choice,
And never can resolve to change my state.

AMBRO. How, Theodore, not marry ?
Art thou content that great De Gama's house
Should now become extinct and desolate ?
Thou art its sole, its last remaining hope—
The remnant of thy honoured father's days
Of joy no other promise knows than to behold
A cherished offspring.

THEOD. My future life I gladly consecrate
To tend with filial love my parents' welfare,
And soothe each pang of their declining years.

AMBRO. Then why reject young Ferdinand ?

THEOD. A widow doomed ere yet a wife !
And then again to pledge a hand despised !
Oh no!—this were too much !
Life is but short, and, would to heaven ! the span,
Without offence, we might abridge !
Then would I cast the worthless garment off
Which I have worn too long !
Do not entreat me farther to a course,
When to obey were worse than disobedience.

My days, with innocence, I would devote
 To prove a daughter's duteous love.

AMBRO. This is some transient fit of passion,
 And those mysterious words, whose aim we miss,
 I will not now too nicely weigh—
 I must attend thy father's summons,
 And he some moments hence will be prepared
 To have confirmed by word and circumstance
 Whate'er in prudence thou canst justly urge
 Touching the suit of Ferdinand.

[*Exit AMBROSIA.*

THEOD. I will attend his pleasure.

THEODORA *alone.*

Why should I hesitate so long ?
 Betrayed by friendship, and by love abjured,
 Why should I spare the hateful traitor !
 If this much-injured heart must break,
 Then let the shock make others tremble !
 This scroll shall quench their nuptial fires ;

[*Takes a paper from her bosom.*

Or quickly kindle a destructive flame,
 Whose rage shall equal the consuming fire
 Which burns within me !
 Ha ! Ferdinand ! thou art most welcome.

Enter FERDINAND.

THEOD. Hast thou seen them in thy walk ?

FERD. Of whom wouldest thou enquire?

The Signor Camoens, with lovely Clara,
I met, as late I crossed the wood.

THEOD. What said they?—how engaged?

Didst mark their looks?

FERD. He, something disturbed, and all absorbed in thought,
Passed on, nor seemed to heed surrounding objects—
But as with Clara I exchanged in haste
The forms of courtesy prescribed by usage,
Methought I saw the living colour rise,
And flush her varying cheek.

THEOD. The blush of conscious guilt!

I know the source too well—
Too long I've wavered—and this faltering hand
Hath proved a rebel to my purpose—
But now all foolish doubts have vanished,
And injuries, too long and tamely borne,
Have steeled my recreant heart—
This paper to thy care I give in charge,

[*Giving it to FERDINAND.*

And ere yon clock can sound another knell,
Commit the scroll portentous to the hands
Of old Ignatio.

FERD. Ignatio, the Inquisitor!

My blood runs chill, as death were in the sound—
Do not, fair Theodora, tempt the fates—
Some ruthless fiends brood o'er the gloomy spot
Where stern Ignatio holds his sable court—
Beware the dangerous place!

THEOD. I fear no danger, as I know no wrong—

My will must be obeyed.

FERD. Say that no injury can spring

From my enforced obedience,

THEOD. I will not deign to hold

Weak parley with suspicion—

Be mine the peril and the shame.

FERD. Give me thy pledge, my honour shall come forth

Unhurt, and free from every stain.

THEOD. 'Tis safe—whate'er the consequence,

I challenge the reproach.

FERD. These strange forebodings warn me to forbear !

What if the fate of gallant Camoens

Hang on this thread ! his image stands before me !

I see his hand outstretched to beckon me away !

Oft has he said—avoid the paths of mystery,

And still thy mind preserve clear from its own reproach.

THEOD. I have no patience for this raving !

If thou wilt raise a phantom to affright

Thy sickly, scared imagination,

A menial shall perform the office.

FERD. Ah ! dearest Theodore, I sought thee here

To plead a lover's suit, and fondly hoped

To gain from thee some pledge of happiness—

Those looks, estranged and wild, speak other passions !

THEOD. Wouldst talk of love to shipwrecked mariners,

Who tremble on the crazy raft,

Waiting destruction !

All times, all seasons may by love be claimed—
Revenge must choose its moment.

FERD. Revenge ! oh ! let it find no place
In that pure spotless bosom !

THEOD. This is to trifle with my purpose—
I'll hear no more—give back the paper—
Myself shall dare to execute
Whate'er my heart resolves.

FERD. No ! if some fearful mine must needs be sprung,
My hand shall bear the torch—
I go at thy command.

[*Exit FERDINAND.*

THEODORA *alone.*

THEOD. He's gone, and I had wished a moment's pause !
Something I would have said—
The arrow once discharged from this rash hand,
Can I arrest its flight in the free air ?
Where will this course now lead me ?
If he were innocent ! Oh, maddening thought !
When darkness draws her ample curtain round,
The path unknown and unexplored
We tread with timid steps,
And fear new dangers in each senseless stone !
I will rush on, and brave whate'er befal !
The bankrupt, when his dearest stake is lost,
May fortune fearlessly defy !

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Vestibule of the Viceroy's Palace.

Enter CLARA and CAMOENS.

CAM. I now must leave thee—

Farewell! dear lady.—

CLARA. Nay, but thou must some moments tarry—

My cousin Theodore would ill be pleased
That you should steal away, like one condemned.

CAM. My just design she will approve

When 'tis regarded in the faithful glass
Which reason shall hold up.

CLARA. Thy parting hence abrupt—the end concealed—

All circumstance of just respect o'erlooked,
Must needs give some offence.

CAM. To reign the monarch of a little world,

I would not brave her just displeasure.

CLARA. Give but a moment's pause, and I predict

Some subtle argument she will devise
To shake thy present resolution.

CAM. 'Twere weakness to give countenance to doubts

Which might unsettle my resolve.

CLARA. I've known a look undo more sage resolves

Than thou hast courage to conceive,
Or grace to execute.

CAM. 'Tis therefore I avoid her—

The path of honour lies exposed before me;

And no relapse of passion shall unhinge
My fixed intent.

CLARA. But why so sudden thy departure?

CAM. I go to serve my country with my sword—
I go, that those most dear may free enjoy
That blest repose 'tis not my fate to share.

CLARA. We must not, with officious zeal, prescribe
Alike to all the cordial which we prize—
This is the dangerous Empiric's craft—
To thee 'tis health—to her it may impart
A deadly poison—
We cannot shape the course
Which others should pursue to happiness.

CAM. That power whose searching glance pervades all space,
Who sees the secret movements of the soul,
Knows that I tender Theodora's peace
Beyond all earthly good—
Some touch of grief I may bear hence,
But none would leave behind.
Farewell! and may those angels who protect the good
Spread their celestial wings, and guard from harm,
The dear, the cherished objects whom I leave,
To whom I bid a painful, long adieu!

[*Exit CAMOENS.*

CLARA. Farewell! but yet, I shrewdly do surmise,
A sigh, a breath may call thee back
To happiness and love.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Street or Walk in Goa.

Enter FERDINAND.

FERD. 'Tis done ! and would it were not done !

Those omens do portend some fatal issue—

A speckled snake lay basking in the sun,

And crossed my path !

Thrice did I stumble ere I reached the gate !

Thrice did the murky owlets shriek aloud

From yon grey dome which darkly frowns

O'er fierce Ignatio's cell !—

But Camoens I see approach—

Shall I avoid him ?

Enter CAMOENS.

CAM. Well met, my Ferdinand !

Once more I wished to greet a brother,

Ere hostile seas and threatening skies

Spread a dark veil between us.

FERD. What dost thou mean ?

Have I betrayed our friendship ?

CAM. No, by my life, thou hast approved thyself

A friend beyond compare—a model true

Of that perfection which we read and dream of ;—

Thou hast endured a rival in thy love,

Unmoved by jealousy or envious hate—

He who, like thee, the little tyrant's self
Can thus subdue, in my esteem stands proudly raised
Above the conqueror of regions !

FERD. This were a balm, if fairly earned ! (*Aside.*)

But praise misplaced, proves to the heart
Not callous grown, a burning cautery !

CAM. And now thou hast obtained thy just reward,
The hand of Theodore—a prize more rich
Than fortune e'er presented as the stake,
For which contending potentates have drawn
Their guilty swords ;
Wear then the precious gem with that true grace
With which 'twas won.

FERD. If that accursed paper has denounced him,
How shall I meet his eye ! (*Aside.*)

CAM. Thou art disturbed ! I see the generous feeling
Which swells within thy bosom—
Thou wouldst not pain a rival !

FERD. This is too much ! Oh ! Camoens, refrain !
Thy friends are false—fly from a secret enemy.

CAM. I ne'er have shunned an enemy—
I tell thee, Ferdinand, when Afric's sons
Came sweeping o'er the plain, a moving cloud,
And threatened to o'erwhelm our feeble host,
(Not such the rude tornado's desolating rage !)
Albeit some moment's tremour seized my frame,
No thought of dastard flight e'er stained my cheek—
And though my youthful sword, then newly girded,

As yet had drank not in the stream of life,
'Twas faithful to my hand—I saw the glorious Cross!
And rushing on the foe, pierced the deep mass,
And grappled with the fiercest infidels!
But it should shame me thus to steal from time
The nothings which lie buried.

FERD. Fly, fly, again I say, this place of danger.

CAM. Though I had thought to-morrow's sun
Had seen me from this shore removed,
I will not go to leave behind
An enemy unsatisfied.

FERD. If thou in act or thought hast given offence,
And roused the guardians of our holy faith,
Depart in haste and save thyself.

CAM. In act I cannot charge myself with aught
Which might offend against our blessed religion.
Our thoughts are not our slavish prisoners,
And mine have oft-times wandercd.—
From early youth I loved the paths of knowledge,
And to the shrine of science undertook
A weary pilgrimage. In every study,
Truth was the haven sought—reason the star
I wished to steer by, when those heavenly lights,
To man revealed, shone dimly, or denied
Their guiding influence.
The man who in those circling worlds around us—
Those vast stupendous works of fair creation,
With all its exquisite machinery,

Sees not a God, all-wise, omnipotent,
Is dead to sense ! And he who will not see
In all the fitness of created things—
Their aptitude for use—their just proportion—
Beauty—order—wonderful design,
All formed to charm and elevate the soul !
In these who will not see the source divine
Of infinite beneficence and love,
Is sunk in hopeless ignorance !
That Providence, with reverential awe,
With love and gratitude I have adored !
His sacred ministers I hold revered ;
But zeal intolerant—religious hate—
Hypocrisy that wears the mask of holiness—
Dark superstition—and fanatic rage,
Which quench the charities of human life,
I hold abhorrent, and have freely censured.

FERD. Thou hast condemned thyself!—

What was the destined voyage thy hints e'en now disclosed
That thou didst meditate ?

CAM. I purposed to embark some hours hence
On board the gallant fleet, sent forth to curb
The barbarous pirates who infest the seas,
Enslave or massacre our citizens,
And fright our peaceful commerce from its haunts.

FERD. I will go with thee.

I blush to think my sword is yet unstained !
This is a righteous cause—the temper of my mind—

The time and circumstances all agree—
I will embark and share thy dangers !

CAM. This cannot be !—

Thou hast more urgent duties to perform—
How ! go forth a bridegroom to be slaughtered !
Thou art betrothed, and Theodora claims
Thy future care—Francisco, too, demands
A just obedience to a father's will.
With me, this earth is but an empty desert,
Which I may traverse still, by all unheeded !
I ne'er have known a father's cheering smile,
A father's guiding hand !
My sword is all the fortune I may boast ;
My life my sole possession,
And that I owe my country !

FERD. By Heaven and all the saints I swear,
I will be thy companion in these dangers !
My father will not long oppose my wish,
And Theodore is a reluctant bride !

CAM. This grieves me much !

But first Francisco's free assent obtain—
Our preparation shall not wear the time—
A soldier's wants are few ! Farewell—
At evening I will meet thee at the port.

FERD. I will attend thee there—

Till then, farewell !

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the Viceroy's Palace.

Enter THEODORA and CLARA, meeting.

CLARA. Why hast thou shunned me, dearest Theodore?

THEOD. I shun the serpent which would sting me—

I loath all falsehood and ingratitude!

CLARA. These words are harsh, to one who loves thee.

THEOD. I do disclaim thy love, as I abhor deceit!

CLARA. This is a cruel taunt! I ne'er have wronged
Our constant friendship.

THEOD. Away! I cannot bear thy sight!

CLARA. Unjust, unkind, an orphan thus to wound!

What have I done? I swear thou art deceived—

Unkindness easily may drive me hence;

But thou too soon shalt know thy own injustice!

THEOD. An orphan! when has Theodora sought

To force the tear into an orphan's eye?

I loved thee as my sister.

CLARA. And so thou must do still—

I know the spring of this unkindness—

In me of late thou hast perversely seen

A rival in thy love—but much you wrong me;

For Camoens no interest I own

Which thou wouldst not approve—I've told thee oft,

And told thee true, if one on earth I e'er preferred

Beyond all other men, 'twas Ferdinand.

THEOD. Would that I might believe thee true !

CLARA. And wherefore doubt my truth ?

If Camoens some strange fantastic dress,
To please an idle fancy hath put on,
What share had Clara in the grave offence ?
'Twas but a slight caprice—a fleeting dream,
Which his awakened sense at once dispelled—
He loves thee, Theodore, with passion loves thee.
I can attest his truth.

THEOD. If he be true, what have I done !

CLARA. If he a cold and measured port hath borne,
To cloak the feelings which his heart avows,
'Twas honour urged the change.—
His suit thy parents would not countenance,
And he, reluctant, hath resigned in thee
His fond, his dearest hope.

THEOD. Wretch that I am ! Oh, guilty Theodora !

CLARA. And ere the day decline, he will embark
On that proud fleet, whose streamers float aloft
In silken waves, o'ershadowing the crowded haven.
He goes to meet a savage enemy,
With purpose never to return—

To thee he bade me bear a long, a last farewell !

THEOD. This darts like lightning through my brain !

What have I done ! haste, haste to save him !

They will not dare attempt his precious life !

My father's hand shall snatch him from their grasp—
Fly, fly to Ferdinand—and bid him hold

His fatal hand—Give me the eagle's wing !
Oh ! save my Camoens, and rescue Theodore
From quick destruction !

CLARA. What means this sudden gust of passion ?
Explain thyself, dear Theodore,
And Clara will lay down her life to serve thee.

THEOD. Kind, kind and matchless Clara !
The time will not allow for words—
Haste thou to Ferdinand, and bid him pause—
The paper that I gave him, all is false—
Most false and mischievous—
I fly to stern Ignatio—
If he to glut his rage a victim claim,
That victim be the wretched Theodore.

[*Exit THEODORA.*

CLARA. Poor frantic Theodora !
How much I pity thy distraction !
Unhappy Camoens ! Thy virtues bloom,
But scattered loosely o'er a soil ingrate,
This storm shall blast them ere mature the fruit !
So fades the gorgeous flower which blows in darkness,
Ere yet the sun pour forth his flood of light
To give full lustre to its beauties—
I must away to Ferdinand.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

An Apartment in Francisco's House.

Enter FRANCISCO and FERDINAND.

FRAN. Come hither, Ferdinand—

I would with thee some private converse—
Thou art, my boy, advancing fast to manhood,
And knowledge should complete the perfect man—
'Tis knowledge marks the true distinctive line
Between the peasant and the gentleman—
And knowledge must be sought in foreign travel.
'Tis fit we view the minds of other men ;
Explore new regions—and behold the scenes
Which Nature, ever lavish and profuse,
Incessant offers to the wandering eye.
With knowledge fraught of other men and things,
Thou shalt return with better relish to enjoy
Thy own dear country !
Without more preface, then, I have resolved
That thou, for some short season, leave thy home,
To gain that last best polish
Which travel should bestow.

FERD. Most happy chance ! this hits the very mark
At which my arrow aimed ! Most gracious Sir,
It was my true intention to implore
Thy kind permission to enlist
In that brave armament, now setting forth
To quell the Corsairs who insult our flag,

And wage ferocious war 'gainst every people—
 Whom to subdue and humble were a triumph
 Worthy our country's fame and greatness.
 It shames me much that I, a soldier's son,
 Ne'er yet have drawn my sluggish sword.
 With gallant Camoens I will embark,
 And if the fates decree that I return,
 I will return more worthy of my father.

FRAN. Heyday ! If he is thus so very keen to go,
 Then wherefore should I send him ? (*Aside.*)
 With gallant Camoens embark, forsooth !
 The rogue, I do believe, will steal away
 And carry off my poem !
 Well, well—I will deliberately weigh
 Thy present scheme, since the intent is good—
 But if thou shouldst engage in angry fight,
 Remember that thou art my only son—
 'Tis prudence which should stamp the officer—
 Be wary and discreet, not seeking danger ;
 And let the crazy populace go first
 To stem the tide of battle—
 'Tis their vocation and just privilege—
 Those men to whom a lucky cannon ball
 Is the sure harbinger of fortune—
 Stand not between them and promotion.

FERD. My father, in this counsel to his son,
 Has done himself a notable injustice—
 I know that he has borne most honourable wounds.

FRAN. Yes ! yes ! my wounds were dearly bought,
But no impeachment of my prudence—
Hear how I gained those honourable scars.
As once I stood aloof, to watch with care
The progress of the battle, then begun,
Intending to come forth with fresher spirits,
To grace, by some decisive act, its close,
Some treacherous Moors, who lay in ambush near,
Sprung sudden from the thicket which concealed them ;
And, grim and black as devils in human form,
With brandished swords surrounded me.
I fought 'gainst desperate odds for life and limb ;
And but—but for the virtues of my horse,
This head, clean severed from the trunk, had graced
The walls of some accursed seraglio !

FERD. The time is scanty for our preparation—
I must in haste embark—but first I crave
A father's blessing on my head—*(Kneels.)*
And may the Heavens protect and bless
That father in my absence !

FRAN. Plague on this foolish mistiness
Which steals across my eyes—
I cannot see the boy !*(Aside.)*

FERD. I must in haste away.

FRAN. How now ! thou must not hastily depart,
Thus bare and unprovided ;
The son of Lopez shall set forth
With all appointments suited to his rank—

I love the rich appurtenance of war !
The towering helm erect—the nodding plumes—
The ample buckler, curiously embossed—
The burnished corselet—and the golden spur—
With costly trappings—rare embroidery—
And all the proud caparison of Mars !
Come, come—I will expose my armoury,
And thou shalt choose a tried and trusty sword,
Will keep at bay the boldest infidels.

FERD. The fleet is ready, and a short delay
Will quite defeat our purpose.

FRAN. The fleet shall wait our pleasure—
Come, come—I will accoutre thee
In gallant fashion, and thy equipage
Shall to all eyes proclaim the son of Lopez.

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Apartment of Camoens.

FIDELIO, writing.

Enter to him PEREIRA and RODRIQUES.

FID. What is your business here?

PER. Where is the Signor Camoens?

FID. He is not here—he is abroad.

PER. Thy word shall not suffice—

We'll search and satisfy ourselves—

Where are his papers? (They search.)FID. Oh! how horribly they look! (Aside.)

PER. Here are rich treasures, I suspect.

(Taking out papers.)

FID. Oh! do not touch those papers—

My master prizes them most dearly.

PER. And we shall prize them nothing less.

FID. They frighten me—what shall I say? (Aside.)

Sirs, if ye knew how much our country's fame

Rests on those precious monuments of genius,

You would respect them.

ROD. A pretty monument indeed !

They'll burn, no doubt, and so may well their master—
He's lucky if he 'scape the flames.

FID. Oh ! murderous, unfeeling man ! (Aside.)

Sirs, though to you they are most worthless,
They constitute my master's sole possession,
Which cost him many an hour of weary toil,
When night brought sleep and rest to other men.

ROD. It had been better if his hand had hewn

Huge stones from the deep quarry.

FID. If ever you have felt or known
The charms of poetry, his verse
You would revere.

ROD. Curse on his jingling poetry !

It sets my teeth on edge, and jars my nerves
Worse than the scraping of an empty plate
When I am sickening with an empty stomach.

FID. I see him coming ! I'll away and stop him.

(Aside, going.)

ROD. Whither so fast, young gentleman ? (Stops him.)

PER. Stand aside ! our prey is running to the net.

Enter CAMOENS.

ROD. You are our prisoner.

CAM. What mean ye?—whence is your authority ?

PER. We serve the Holy Office.

CAM. Shew your commission.

PER. To those entitled to demand it.

CAM. I do suspect some strange mistake.

PER. None, none—we are assured—

Thou must go with us hence.

CAM. I do respect the laws, and am prepared
To shew obedience even to their mistakes.

PER. There's no mistake.

FID. Oh! do not go with them—

It never yet was known that one who chanced
To pass the gate of that ill-omened place,
Came forth again uninjured.

Sirs, I do implore you—here I kneel. (*Kneels.*)

CAM. Kneel but to thy God, Fidelio—

Some little space, perchance, may be allowed

(*To PERIERA.*)

That I may give these poor effects of mine
To other custody.

PER. We hold them in safe custody.

CAM. My papers, if allowed, I would arrange,
And hastily dispose.

PER. They are attached, and must be lodged
In other hands.

CAM. I do submit me—

Come, Sirs, proceed, and I will follow you.

ROD. Not so—we go together, an' it please you.

FID. Oh! do not—do not go—give some delay—

I will bring those who shall attest
His innocence.

ROD. Off! off! young master—

Come, Sir, we must away.

CAM. Farewell, Fidelio!

FID. Oh! cruel man, let me go with him—

He will require my service.

ROD. Off! off! I say.

CAM. Be gentle with the youth!

'Tis not a crime in him to love his only friend—

Farewell, kind boy! [Exeunt, FIDELIO following.]

S C E N E II.

Apartment of Ignatio.

IGNATIO *solas.*

IGN. I wonder what detains Pereira thus!

His head shall suffer for the least neglect!

This victim long by me has been desired.

Those doctrines, falsely termed philosophy,

Which he audaciously propounds,

Corrupt the minds of men; and if allowed

A wider scope, would quickly undermine

The sacred fabric of our office—

But soft! what vision do I see!

Enter THEODORA

THEOD. Where is the holy father?

IGN. Thy will, fair daughter?

THEOD. Oh ! I have much to say—much to repent !
 Much which it grieves and shames me to confess—
 The paper which accused the noble Camoens
 Was false, perfidious, and unjust.—
 If it already have thy ear abused,
 Let every trace indignantly be spurned
 From thy most pure and virtuous thought—
 And if a culprit must atone the deed,
 As mine the guilt, be mine the punishment.

IGN. My eyes have ne'er beheld so fair a creature ! (*Aside.*)

THEOD. Oh ! speak some comfort—say you do forgive—
 Say that no harm shall spring from my offence—
 Oh ! quick relieve me from this agony !

IGN. Th' offence is grave, and may not be discharged
 On circumstance so lightly grounded.

THEOD. Th' offence is mine ; and justice will decide
 That I alone should suffer.

IGN. Be comforted, fair daughter—
 Thou only didst corroborate the guilt,
 Which we too long have known and suffered.

THEOD. Comfort ! what comfort do ye offer ?
 The noble Camoens is innocent—
 Much slandered and abused by one, who knows,
 And dares assert his rectitude—
 Guilt never yet had place in his unspotted mind !

IGN. Be pacified, fair daughter !

Enter PEREIRA.

IGN. Where is thy prisoner ? (*They speak apart.*)

PER. At hand, in custody—

Where wouldst thou have him lodged?

IGN. In that dark cell where late young Osmond died.

PER. And how bestowed?

IGN. In chains.

PER. It shall be done.

IGN. His papers?

PER. All, all secured and safe.

IGN. 'Tis well—bestow thy prisoner—

Begone! I will hear more at leisure.

[*Exit PEREIRA.*]

THEOD. That ruffian's countenance disturbs me,

And makes the blood run cold within me— (*Aside.*)

Would that his errand may not ought portend

Of mischief to the injured Camoens!

Say, father, that thou wilt be merciful.

IGN. This crime we will not hastily condemn;

Nor yet acquit 'gainst fact and circumstance,

Which strongly bend us to the harsher judgment—

All things we will dispassionately weigh,

With that cool wisdom which becomes our office.

THEOD. Oh! that the blood would rush through every vein,

And warm thy languid heart to feeling,

As now it mounts into my fevered brain—

Then wouldst thou know an hour of keen remorse

Is anguish past endurance.

IGN. 'Twere scarcely safe for thee, if my warm blood (*Aside.*)

Held still this desperate course

THEOD. Hast thou pronounced his pardon ?

How sweet would be that sound !

If thou hadst ever known the sweet delight

Which glows within us when dispensing mercy,

Thou wouldest be merciful !

Thy God is merciful to all his creatures—

Mercy his noblest attribute !

'Tis sweet to wipe the tear of sorrow from the eye !

Oh, enviable privilege !

Who, that had sense to feel, would e'er forego

The exquisite delight !

IGN. Be calm, dear lady—

Too much of passion mixes in this suit—

We must proceed with just deliberation.

To-morrow shall decide the fate of Camoens—

Till then, exert a wholesome patience.

THEOD. To-morrow is a term we ne'er may reach !

Wilt tell the drowning wretch who sinks and dies,

The tide will ebb to-morrow ?

Who dares with confidence pronounce

The sun will rise to-morrow ?

No instant comes too soon for sacred justice ;

Mercy delayed but robs the feeling heart

Of moments precious to humanity !

IGN. We cannot run the race of youthful passion—

Justice with steady hand must hold the balance,

To neither side inclining—

To-morrow we shall lend such favourable ear
 As shall comport with our high function—
 But now withdraw, for other cares of weight
 Press heavily upon our time.

THEOD. Ha ! Have I then sued in vain ?

Glut thy insatiate pride, unfeeling man,
 And see De Gama's daughter at thy feet.— (*kneels.*)
 She stoops to ask, and will account a boon
 That justice which 'twere impious to withhold.

IGN. Rise, noble lady—

This humble posture ill becomes thy state.

THEOD. Say, then, his pardon is pronounced—

Swear by this holy rood.

IGN. It may not be.

THEOD. It may not be ! how say'st thou ?

Has Theodora knelt in vain ?

Now, by the blessed saints I swear,
 This hour shall see the injured Camoens free,
 Or on thy head a dreadful vengeance fall.
 Thy blood, drained to the dregs, shall flow ;
 But ne'er atone one drop of that pure stream
 Which warms the heart of Camoens—
 Here is my hope !—here my sure refuge near !

(*Draws a dagger.*)

Hark ! hark ! I hear the distant groan—
 I must be prompt—I feel the burning flame !
 I fly to rescue thee, oh Camoens,
 Or plunge into the ruin which unites us.

[*Exit THEODORA.*

IGN. This fair and passionate seductress
Hath left my senses in disorder—
Her frantic threats we must not disregard ;
Nor yet from our own weakness lend them force,
To overrule our purpose—
I'll sift those papers, which I know contain
Most ample matter to approve our judgment.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

An Apartment in Francisco's House.

Enter FRANCISCO and FERDINAND.

FERD. I do beseech thee, dearest father, that you use
Your utmost efforts to relieve
Th' imprisoned Camoens.

FRAN. The Holy Office has been strangely placed
Beyond our jurisdiction !
It were more fitting that the civil powers
Were all held subject and subordinate
Unto the power military—
Our discipline is suited to control
Those who the state direct, not less than those
Who stand in need of government.

FERD. Severe Ignatio is our cousin—
Thy word with him will more effect
Than a command from others.

FRAN. Aye, truly ; this our cousin, I suspect,
Would cheat thee of my fair estate.

FERD. And Camoens has ever been thy friend—
Thou canst not bear to see him suffer.

FRAN. I tell thee, Ferdinand, a moralist has said,
And truly said, as my experience tells,
There's something which enables us to bear
The worst misfortunes of our dearest friends
With wonderful philosophy !

FERD. This is a truth I would not seek to learn.
If Camoens, our country's pride, should fall,
The star of Lusitania sets for ever ;

FRAN. There thou art wrong again—
For Nature is prolific, just, and bountiful,
And will not leave the world in darkness.
If this star fall, another soon will rise.—
There never was a man so perfect formed,
In worth so far exceeding his compeers,
So fitted to direct th' affairs of man,
That this our world could not go on without him.
Were it not so arranged, whene'er he died,
As die he must, the world and its concerns
Would all run headlong to confusion.
Why, I myself must die (a fearful thought !)
And that high station, which I long have held,
Must fall to meaner hands.

FERD. Oh ! reason with the proud Ignatio,
Thy argument, perchance, will save my friend.

F R A N . How ! reason with a priest ? thou 'rt mad, my boy !

Didst ever hear an answer given to the pulpit ?
I can command, and well direct and point
The thundering artillery of reason ;
But reason shot against authority,
Falls a blank cartridge.

F E R D . Then Camoens must die—neglected perish !

The beauteous Theodora bade me say,
If thou wouldest save him from this peril,
She would be bound to thee for ever.

F R A N . What ? “ bound to me for ever ? ”

’Twill be a match then after all, I see ! (*Aside.*)

This far exceeds my utmost hopes !
Well, I will try to rescue this our friend :
The enterprize is hard and perilous—
Ignatio basely covets my estate !

It is a haughty priest !—I love him not.

When yet a boy, he played the little tyrant !
His strength was great—he ever loved to fight
Much more than hit my fancy.—

I must be wary, shrewd, and circumspect,
For ’tis a delicate and ticklish office
To meddle with the hand which holds the rod.

We have a slippery rock to clamber up—
But come, my boy, and I will ponder well
How we may scale the castle of this giant,
To give thy friend his liberty.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Entrance to the Prison of the Inquisition.

Enter FIDELIO.

FID. I'll try once more to gain admittance. (Knocks.)

Enter RODRIQUES.

ROD. Who knocks? What, here again!

Why dost thou thus disturb this holy place?

FID. Oh! pardon me—I would again entreat
To see the Signor Camoens.

ROD. It cannot be—the doors are barred;
All access is forbidden.

FID. But I can do no harm—I am too young;
I wish but once again to see him.

ROD. It is impossible—perchance he undergoes
The question.

FID. What question—what is it they will do?

ROD. If he confess, the fire will purge his sins;
If he be obdurate, the rack must be applied
To force him to repentance.

FID. The rack! Oh, Heavens forbid!
Once more I do conjure thee—
Once more but let me see him ere he die.
Here is a ring—a jewel very rare:
Keep it—wear it—give me but admission—

(Gives the ring.)

ROD. Thou little urchin ! thou hast stolen it—

This ne'er was thine by any honest course.

FID. I swear 'tis justly mine—I scorn a theft—

A noble lady gave it.

Were gems more precious strewed before my feet,

And not my own, I would not stoop to reach them.

ROD. Well, well—'tis safer in my hands,

And I'll preserve it.

FID. But you will not deny my boon—

Hast thou a son ? I see thou hast—

I see it in thine eye—

A father ne'er was hard at heart.

ROD. Thou art a little crafty knave,

And hast too truly guessed my weakness.

Well, I will try to bring thee to thy master—

In this, great hazard I encounter,

And thou must be discreet and silent.

FID. As silent as the dead ;

The saints reward thee !

[*Ereunt.*

S C E N E V.

A Cell in the Prison of the Inquisition.

CAMOENS (in chains) rising from a Pallet.

CAM. Who calls ?—'tis strange that I should sleep so sound.

Thrice welcome sleep, sweet solace of the wretched !

It steals me from myself, and wafts my soul
 To realms of bliss ! How dark this cell !
 The glorious orb of day for me may rise no more !
 The free elastic air no more may breathe upon me,
 Imparting health and lightness to the spirits !
 The birds, which wing their giddy flight on high
 And live their little day, I envy !
 Why should the spirits sicken in confinement ?
 The mind is free, can range through boundless space,
 By walls and fetters unrestrained.
 Yet so it is—possessed of every good,
 But liberty denied, man lives unblessed !
 And nature freely, bounteously bestowed
 On all the precious gift of freedom ;
 But man, a guilty suicide, hath crushed
 The germ of his existence.
 This earth was all created fair—
 Fair to behold, and fruitful of all good ;
 But man, with sacriligeous hand,
 Hath wantonly defaced the blameless work !

Enter RODRIQUES and FIDELIO.

FID. My dearest master ! *(Embraces.)*
 CAM. My kind Fidelio !
 ROD. I'll leave thee for some moments here,
 And watch without. *[Exit RODRIQUES.]*
 FID. Oh ! day of misery, of horror and despair !
 CAM. Never distrust the just designs of Providence.

FID. This loathsome cell ! these cold dark passages !

The massy doors which creak and jar upon their hinges !
Those bolts and bars of adamant, which seem
To shut us from the living world !

CAM. These are the spectres which affright
The youthful fancy, or the mind enfeebled—
They hurt us not.

FID. Those hands were never made for chains !

CAM. These chains bring no dishonour—
'Tis guilt alone should shame us.

That Power which raised the Firmament !
At his least breath, these chains would fall—

FID. What if some dreadful punishment await thee ?
CAM. It must be borne—

E'en death is not an evil to be feared,
For mortal man must die—
We must give place to others, or this earth,
O'ercharged, would swarm with self-destroying numbers !

FID. 'Tis hard to die so young !

CAM. This life, prolonged to weakness and fatuity,
Is a worse doom—the pains of age are great,
Its pleasures few—and life prolonged
Becomes a dreary solitude,
All kindly ties dissevered.

FID. Oh ! thinkst thou we shall meet in other worlds ?

CAM. The future state of man is not revealed ;
But we may well believe the good are happy—
That friends may meet again, and join the throng

Of angels !
Hast thou no wish, Fidelio,
To see the sages of antiquity ?
To hear the subtle Stagirite—
The moral Socrates—or Rome's great orator—
And Plato the divine ?
Wouldst thou not wish to meet those valiant men,
To whom thy country owes its high renown—
Its rank among the nations—
And that which far excels all martial fame,
Its conquest o'er the angry elements ?

FID. Oh ! think how to escape this danger—
My cloak will sure disguise thee.

CAM. Not so, Fidelio—
Think of the shame of a detected fraud.

FID. Thou surely wilt escape detection.

CAM. He bears the shame who bears
The consciousness of wrong.

FID. Oh ! this will make me mad—
Put on the gown, I do conjure thee—

(*Takes off his scholar's gown and cap.*)

Thy life is precious—me they will not harm—
Rodriques is merciful—
A little money will secure his friendship.

CAM. Thou dost forget thyself.

Who bribes an officer, corrupts,
And is corrupted.

FID. I must insist.— (Offering the gown.)

Enter RODRIQUES.

Rod. How now, young gentleman !

Thou hast been here too long.

I see thy foolish artifice--

Thou art too young for mischief--

Come, come—we must away.

Fid. Oh ! let him go, and let me stay behind.

Rod. Thou art perverse and foolish, boy—

Away, or I must force thee.

Cam. Farewell,

Obey the officer—thou must submit.

Fid. I swear I will not go.

Rod. I swear thou shalt, and speedily—

Come, foolish boy.

(*Drags him off.*)

Cam. Be patient with him, friend—

He knows not to offend.

Farewell, Fidelio.

(*Follows to the door.*)

SCENE VI.

Apartement of IGNATIO.

IGNATIO reading Papers.

Enter FRANCISCO.

FRAN. Good morrow, holy father !

IGN. Signor Francisco, salve !

FRAN. I come to sue thee for a special grace.

IGN. 'Tis granted, if it well become

Thy state and my true dignity.

FRAN. The life and liberty of Camoens.

IGN. Saint Dominic forbid !

A noted heretic !

FRAN. A noted heretic ?

Oh ! I abhor all heretics.

IGN. A false philosopher.

FRAN. Defend me from philosophers !

I hate them worse than Moorish infidels !

But he's a brave and worthy soldier—

We have a gallant armament on foot,

And I will send him forth to buy repentance

With forfeit of his life.

IGN. It cannot be—he is a citizen most mischievous.

FRAN. Why, let the mischief fall upon the enemy !

I'll deal with him as he deserves—

In the dark catalogue of death,

He'll fill a place as well as better men.

IGN. We lose the profit of example.

FRAN. It matters not—leave that to me—

I'll put him forth a mark

The Corsair cannot miss.

IGN. Thou dost but trifle with a grave offence.

FRAN. No, by my life—my wit is sober—

'Twas ever of a grave and serious cast.

Thou dost remember, when a boy

I was much given to grave and sober thought.

IGN. Beware ! I hold at hand some foolish lines,
Which stamp thee a notorious trifler.

FRAN. Now, by my faith I swear, the lines are good ! (*Aside.*)
The Muse's call, you know, must be obeyed—
Wit, if confined beneath a mountain's weight,
Will burst the ponderous mass of Caucasus,
And fly to heaven !

IGN. This trifling may, perchance, lop off
A limb of thy estate.

FRAN. How so, most holy father !
For all my paltry acres and estates,
I would not dare offend thee.

IGN. But for the blood of Lopez, which I own
In thy degenerate veins, those impious lines
Had sent thee to a fearful dungeon,
Companion to the worthless Camoens.

FRAN. I wish I were away ! (*Aside.*)
What put me on this office !
Father, forgive the grave offence.

IGN. Begone, and study to amend—
Some wholesome penance, at our better leisure,
Shall be imposed to wipe away the sin—
Till then, if thou appear abroad
To shame us with thy presence,
Expect the vengeance of the holy office.

[*Exit IGNATIO.*

FRAN. Oh ! let me feel if I am safe—
That voice still hangs upon my ear,

And sinks into my inmost soul!

I think we have escaped this time unscathed,
Though tremours strangely seize me.

'Tis said the wind a shot engenders,
The bare percussion of the air
Hath made a hero fall !

Where then's the shame that we should tremble ?

Though I to honours born and high estate,
And he base offspring of an unknown mother,
Yet was he still my dread in early youth—
I could not meet his steadfast eye ;
And his stern look hath often damped
My bravest spirits.

Well, well, if I e'er meddle with this Cyclops,
If I again e'er plead a friend's distress,
At risk to make that friend's distress my own,

Then, good Ignatio, freely may you hurl
The thunderbolt against me.

[*Exit.*

A C T V.

S C E N E I

An Apartment in the Viceroy's Palace.

Enter PASCAL and BIANCA.

BIAN. Go, Pascal, search the city round—

Find every doctor whom the walls encompass,
And bring the whole profession to the palace.

PASCAL. Art mad ? wouldest kill the garrison ?

I never yet, with my own will, did trust them—
They do but cobble, or put out of place
Those things which Nature has made excellent.

BIAN. Go, man, I say—thy dear young mistress,
'Tis thought, is at extremity.

PASCAL. I'd give my head to save her, dearest lady !

BIAN. I know thou wouldest ; but 'twill not serve the turn—
'Tis but a sorry head at best.

PASCAL. Whate'er it be, my good Bianca,

Thou once didst think far otherwise.

This head has made full many a heart ache,
And thine among the rest.

BIAN. I was a child, and loved thy comfits ;

But I must not forget my errand—

This letter must be sent to old Ignatio

With all convenient speed.

PASCAL. And wherefore, good Bianca ?

I like to know the reason of an order.

BIAN. What boots it thee to know the reason ?

They say our dear young lady did fall sick

For love of Camoens.

PASCAL. Ah ! I know it well !

Many who loved me in my youth

Were sorely pressed with this distemper !

But how will old Ignatio work the cure ?

'Twere wiser far to write to Camoens—

He's young, and trust me, an expert physician !

BIAN. Thou art a fool—he is a prisoner.

This letter from my Lord Antonio

Must be despatched to order his release.

PASCAL. How, Camoens a prisoner, and I not know it !

Who dared then place him in arrest ?

There's not a better soldier in our garrison.

You know, Bianca, I have been a soldier,

And though I love not to proclaim my feats,

A good one too, as many a wound can tell.

Now this brave youth, while fighting at my side,

I once saw kill some dozen infidels.

BIAN. And thou didst eat, I'll warrant me,

As many as ye killed between you—

But there's no time for trifling—
 Bestir thyself, and bring some dozen doctors.
 The letter, too, must be dispatched
 With all expedient haste,
 For good Antonio seems impatient of delay.

[*Exit BIANCA.*

PASCAL. Well, well—it shall be done.
 What ho ! Mendezibal ! Velasquez !
 Ye lazy rogues—Haste, haste,
 Thy sweet young mistress needs our zealous service.

Enter SERVANT.

PASCAL. Take thou this letter to my Lord Francisco—
 And say it is to order the release
 Of Signor Camoens—it will not bide delay—
 Away, and bring him with thee—
 His presence here is wanted in all haste.

SERV. I'll go as you desire. [*Exit SERVANT.*

PASCAL. My poor young fellow-soldier !
 I'll catch a shoal of doctors first ;
 And then, if that old foolish commandant
 Refuse to grant thee full enlargement,
 I will myself assist to break thy prison.
 This the best service I can rende
 To my own dear young lady. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Francisco's House.

FRANCISCO *solas.*

This cankers and corrodes my spirits,
And must, perforce, bring on some malady !
I dare not brave Ignatio !
But I will try what money can effect,
For 'tis most monstrous that an officer
Of high command should linger here in durance,
And at the will of an encroaching monk,
Whose youth was nurtured by my father's bounty !

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Thy son, my young Lord Ferdinand,
Attends without, and craves admittance.

FRAN. Say I am sick, and cannot see him—
That matters of great weight engage me.

SERV. I will convey as much. [Exit SERVANT.

FRAN. He knows that I have tried in vain
To move Ignatio's stubborn will;
That Camoens must be condemned
To undergo the rack, or in the flames
To purify his mighty spirit—
A notable lustration, truly !

I wonder why the villain Gomez
Should loiter thus ! who waits without ?

Enter GOMEZ.

FRAN. Hast thou conveyed my letter ?

GOMEZ. The lady Theodore is ill,

And could not be disturbed.

FRAN. Where is the letter then ?

GOMEZ. I gave it to my Lord Antonio.

FRAN. Thou most incorrigible !

And how did he bestow it ?

GOMEZ. He broke the seal, observing that it might contain

Some news of Signor Camoens.

FRAN. Thou worthless knave ! what said he ?

GOMEZ. He seemed to start and marvel at the reading,

As one who just had seen a ghost !

FRAN. Oh ! thou most pitiful of slaves !

Did he restore the letter ?

GOMEZ. No—no—he tore it in a thousand pieces,

And bade me say, his daughter should not wed

With rampant age, which forfeits its own dignity

In mimicking the foolery of youth !

FRAN. Most insolent ! away, thou slave ! [Exit GOMEZ.

This insult cannot, must not be endured.

Enter SERVANT.

FRAN. How now !

SERV. A letter from my Lord Antonio,

Which he commends to thy most urgent heed.

[Exit SERVANT.

FRAN. What, what!—an answer, or a challenge?

I'll know the worst!

(Opens the letter.)

Well, well—I see that all is safe.

This is some blunder of the officer—

The letter is addressed to old Ignatio;

But I've been taught by his example

To wave all ceremony—

Shall I despatch this order to the priest?

'Tis peremptory; but I greatly err

If he do yield obedience—

But if he should, why then my own offence,

Which shews but lightly in the scale,

Must needs escape all further visitation.

I'll send the letter in all haste—

Why, how now! who comes here,

So little in the mood of ceremony?

Enter PEREIRA.

PER. Father Ignatio sends his benediction.

FRAN. My good Pereira,

This is an unexpected visit—

How fares our holy father?

How is our gracious cousin?

His health, I hope, as we would wish?

PER. His health is good; but he is vexed in spirit.

FRAN. Oh! say not so—it grieves me sorely—

Some cursed mischief, I foresee!

(Aside.)

PER. He grieves to see his own dear blood rebellious—

He grieves to find that he must use the rod
To chasten those he loves.

FRAN. Plague on such courtesy ! *(Aside.)*

PER. To snatch thee from thy dangerous state,
He hath ordained that thou do give in alms
Piastres twice five hundred to the poor.

FRAN. A thousand good piastres !

Why, man, I shall be ruined !
The poor, I say, are well, content, and happy,
As all philosophers agree—besides,
I give my mite as well as other men.

PER. Thou must give more to have their special prayer
In this thy great offending.

FRAN. Well, this is all, thou sayst ; I'll think of it.

PER. One thousand more our college shall require
To furnish forth some meet repair.

FRAN. Curse on thy college !

What boots it me if its dark mouldering walls
Were toppled down to-morrow !

PER. This answer shall I then report ?

FRAN. Nay, good Pereira, be not over hasty—
I will consider well the matter.

I now am vexed—my humour is irascible.

PER. One thousand more for masses for thy soul.

FRAN. Zounds, man, my soul is in its own right place !
Keep those thy masses till I give it up :
'Twill then be time enough to think
Of paying for such passports.

PER. Thy case is desperate, I see.

No sign of true repentance !

One thousand more to save the soul of Camoens.

FRAN. The soul of Camoens ! Why, flesh and blood,
I say the man must save himself—

Must I become for souls the universal chapman ?

PER. Thou hast seduced him from the paths of truth :
'Tis fit thou pay for his return.

FRAN. *I* seduce him, truly—*I* was his scholar :

From him I learnt the art poetical !

PER. But he is poor withal, and cannot pay.

FRAN. This is a most notorious fallacy—

Our laws declare that he, who with his *purse*
His debt cannot atone, must pay it with his *person*.

PER. 'Twas so of old, but we reformed the rule,
And now we judge it better that he pay with both—
Thy friend endures the question.

FRAN. How, Camoens condemned to bear the rack !

This makes the marrow creep within my bones !

Poor Camoens, I pity thee !

How did he bear the torture ?

PER. Most like a Christian and a man—

Like one who knows that castigation here
Will purchase ease hereafter.

FRAN. Oh ! I would rather wait and take my chance !

PER. What answer shall I bear ?

FRAN. 'Tis ruin—ruin—past recovery !

I am not rich—speak thou in my behalf—

I tell thee, good Pereira, 'tis unjust—
Say, I will give the half.

PER. In all four thousand true piastres,
Of weight and purity assured,
With something for my pains.

FRAN. Oh ! oh ! such pains I could dispense with !

Here for thyself. *(Gives a purse.)*
Tell my good cousin I will do my utmost
To give him satisfaction.

PER. I will assure him of thy duty. [Exit PEREIRA.]

FRAN. Confound the whole fraternity !

Re-enter PEREIRA.

PER. One thing I did forget—some cordials from thy cellar
Are needful to our sick.

Our patients on the wheel shall crave
Some potent cordial to sustain their spirits.

FRAN. No doubt—no doubt—I'll think of it. [Exit PEREIRA.]

These locusts will devour me !
The dainty rogues must quaff my oldest wine
To give them meekness and humility—
Now, if the state would own the mighty service,
I'd poison all the breed ; nor leave behind
One cloistered rat alive.

Four thousand true piastres !
Oh, monstrous stretch of tyranny and fraud !
What makes man bear this rank oppression ?
Cheated and plundered by a priest !
Crossed in my love ! ashamed to find myself a dupe !

My son—my only hope—staff of my age—
I ne'er may see again !

This world was made not for the wise and honest !

Bold knaves still prosper, and push out the good !

The strong oppress the weak ! Why, what a world is this !

And what a wretch am I !

I'll straight go hang myself.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III

An Apartment in the Viceroy's Palace.

Enter FERDINAND.

FERD. My father sick, or ill at ease, and wanting power
To serve us in this great emergence !
I fear some dread catastrophe !

Enter CLARA.

FERD. What news of Theodora ?

CLARA. Let thy imagination paint the worst,
And it will not outstrip the sad reality.

FERD. Is she not more composed ?

CLARA. The fever rages in the brain,
And has put on all forms of frantic woe.
Some intervals of short repose have soothed
The angry malady, or else, 'tis feared,
Nature ere this had sunk exhausted.

FERD. The blessed saints protect and save her !
How do her parents, in this fearful hour,
Support the keen affliction ?

CLARA. Oh, it harrows up my soul to think of them.

The good Ambrosia kneeling at her couch,
Bathing with silent tears her burning hand,
Raising her piteous eyes to Heaven for mercy,
I cannot look upon her misery !
Antonio, too, that venerable man,
Runs wild and furious through the palace,
Tearing his silver locks—upbraiding every saint !
No words can tell his desolation !

FERD. Oh, bitter anguish !—can no hope be found ?

CLARA. E'en now, Antonio, by his guards attended,
Hath issued forth on some wild enterprize—
'Tis thought he will by force release
Th' imprisoned Camoens, whose hapless fate,
It is believed, has preyed upon her mind,
And caused this wild distraction.

FERD. The heavens prosper the attempt !

But yet I dread the stern Ignatio—
His heart is obdurate—his will perverse.
He will not bend to violence.

CLARA. Though brave De Gama's blood run gently on,
Unruffled, when no wrongs insult his meekness,
Yet roused, it swells and warms a lion's heart ;
And when inflamed, he can exert a force
Which spurns all opposition.
It is decided that, if Theodore
Escape impending death, her hand and fortune,
To gallant Camoens consigned,

Shall recompence his sufferings—
Ambrosia will no longer interpose
To cross her daughter's inclinations.

FERD. 'Tis just it should be so, though mine the sacrifice !
Does her physician countenance the hope,
That seeing Camoens, her reason will return ?

CLARA. It seems yet doubtful—
His name she seldom utters,
And then 'tis agony and mad despair !
Once with a sudden start and desperate bound,
She flew from her surprised attendants,
And with a strength surpassing human force,
Mocked all restraint, and would have fled the palace—
The conflict o'er, she fell a lifeless form
In good Antonio's arms.

FERD. Oh ! what a trial for a father !
Say, gentle Clara, has my hateful name
E'er passed the lips of our distracted Theodore ?

CLARA. She rails at all in turn ; and in her rage
Thy name has been remembered—
I know thee true and loyal, Ferdinand,
But she upbraids thee with a secret treason.

FERD. It is most true—thou seest a wretched man—
Lost for a smile—a glimmering hope of bliss !
Disloyal to his friend, and lost for ever !

CLARA. I never will believe it—
Thou hast approved thyself of spotless honour !
Could I thy faith but for an instant doubt,

No word of Theodora's frantic raving
 Had e'er escaped me—
 'Twas nothing more than incoherent sounds,
 Which sprung from a disordered fancy.

FERD. Thy charity would plead where justice must be silent—
 This scene will pass away !
 The day must close, and welcome cheerless night !

CLARA. It is unmanly to despair—

Thy services are wanted.

Just Heaven may yet avert this misery,
 And change to smiles our present tears.
 Oh ! Ferdinand, absorbed in our own grief,
 We little think what others suffer !

But stay—where will my folly lead me ! (*Aside.*)
 Come with me, for our watchful cares
 Must all be used to save th' unhappy sufferers !
 Too long the precious moments we have wasted.

FERD. I follow thee—but bear a weight of sadness,
 Which bends me to the earth. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Ignatio's Apartment.

IGNATIO *solus (reading a Letter.)*

IGN. This partly staggers my resolve :
 The proof is slight—th' offence not grave—
 His friends are many—and his merit known !

His death would rouse the public voice,
And generate perchance some peril—
Shall I release him on conditions ?
Or give him liberty with such free grace
As shall for ever fix a friend ?
But then the heresy is dangerous,
And may not thus be winked at—
I will pursue the middle course of safety—
His death shall be announced ; and if it stir
No threatening storm, why then he safely dies—
And if it rouse the warring elements,
He is at hand, and may compose the tempest !
What ho ! Pereira !

Enter PEREIRA.

PER. Thy pleasure ?

IGN. How fares thy prisoner ?

PER. Right well, I think, in health and spirits.

IGN. And how demeans himself ?

PER. Most nobly—meek patience seems to vie
With manly fortitude.

IGN. Hath he confessed ?

PER. Nothing as yet, I think.

IGN. Didst shew the rack ?

PER. I did, as you had ordered.

IGN. How seemed he ?

PER. Undaunted !—

I never yet beheld a stouter heart—

He viewed each part with eye inquisitive,

As he would measure with an enemy :
 And though some drops o'erspread his manly brow,
 He yet did smile—and those his smiles appeared
 Like sunbeams playing in a shower !
 I do believe, had he a dozen limbs,
 And every sinew stretched and vibrating,
 We should not discompose a feature.

IGN. Well, well ! it should be ever thus—
 What says Francisco ?

PER. I left him in a state of hopefulness—
 The crucible is skilfully prepared —
 He fumes and melts already—
 More gold I will extract before he cools,
 Than e'er the art of alchymy brought forth.

IGN. 'Tis well—thou hast done well.

PER. What further order shall I take ?

IGN. If any should enquire for Camoens,
 Say he is dead.

PER. 'Tis near the truth, since surely he is buried.

IGN. Say that he died of grief—of terror—or despair—
 That, with a frantic hand, he worked
 His own destruction.

PER. 'Twill not be difficult to gain belief,
 For this we all have known before.

IGN. Go, then, unto thy post. [*Exit PEREIRA.*
IGNATIO *solus.*

IGN. This heavenly vision haunts me in my dreams !
 I marvel that she comes not !

I would once more just look upon that countenance.
'Tis long since I have felt the magic power
Of female loveliness, for time has chilled
The current in my veins ; but yet there's something
In the fresh atmosphere of glowing youth,
Breathing all sweetness, which instils new life—
The fragrant rose, but newly gathered
In all its freshness, thus revives and charms
The languid sense—'tis sweet and healthful !

(*Noise without.*)

What rude disturbance there ?

Enter PEREIRA.

PER. The Viceroy, attended by his guard,
Would force the gate.

IGN. Give him admittance—
What means this stormy visit ?

[*DON ANTONIO without.*

ANT. Dead, say ye ! base slave, thou liest !

Enter ANTONIO with Guards

ANT. I say he shall not die.
The wretch who dares but frown upon him,
Shall feel the vengeance of De Gama's sword.

IGN. Who dares insult this sanctuary ?

ANT. I dare insult the place and thee—
I know thee well, Ignatio !

Give me the injured Camoens—

His life I hold more dear than all the tribe of saints
That swell thy calendar.

IGN. This boldness long will not be borne.

ANT. Bear it thou shalt—release thy prisoner :

If dead, his death was foul, and thou shalt answer it.
Produce the body.

IGN. This insolence is past endurance.

ANT. Call up my guards—beat down the walls—

I will expose the base atrocious murder,
And will avenge it !

IGN. Be temperate, old man ;

Take heed how thou advance—

The place is sacred, and a power supreme
Defends it from thy violence.

ANT. Ha ! tell a grieved father to be temperate !

Command the bellowing winds ! bid the vexed ocean
Quick compose itself !

Thou ne'er hast felt the yearnings of a father !

Inhuman man ! thou hast not—

Else hadst thou never plunged thy dagger
In my loved Theodora's breast.

IGN. In Theodora's breast !

I am amazed—the saints protect her !

He lives : no hair of Camoens is touched !

ANT. Say but that word again ! Say it again !

Nay, do not mock my weakness ;

Thou hast not seen De Gama weep before—

These tears are for my child—
Say that he lives, and I will worship thee.

IGN. Though justly for his great offence condemned,
He lives; and if sufficient guaranty be given
To guard against relapse, and future sin,
His liberty shall be restored.

ANT. Quick, quick, deliver him—
I pledge the honour of De Gama's name,
Which never bore a stain.

IGN. 'Tis well—our prudence shall direct
What further steps should be pursued
To warrant his enlargement.

ANT. Be prompt! the fever rages in her brain,
And will not bear delay.

IGN. I will such haste employ as shall comport
With just discretion—
Immediate order shall be given
For his release—Proceed.

ANT. I follow thee as lightsome as the air of spring.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

The Apartment of Camoens.

FIDELIO *solus.*

FID. I've prayed to every saint, in vain!
I've carried offerings to the holy altar!

I've given all I have—but no relief !
 Where shall I go ? what shall I do ?
 This little cross which my poor master gave me,
 Is all I've left—and that I cannot part with !
 He pitied me—was ever kind and good ;
 But who will now protect a friendless boy ?
 They've carried every thing away,
 And tell me I must seek some other shelter—
 All, all alone, and friendless !
 Where can I go ? few love to see the wretched !
 I'd go and throw myself into the sea ;
 But that we know is wicked—
 Some say 'tis cowardly to kill oneself—
 That cannot be, for I do feel
 It needs a world of courage thus to die—
 But I must die, if none will succour me—
 'Tis best to die in peace, and then we're happy

ANTONIO without.

ANT. Come on, brave Camoens—

I'll land thee safe in harbour !

FID. What do I see ! Oh, Heavens ! my master !

Enter ANTONIO and CAMOENS.

CAM. My good Fidelio !

FID. Oh ! say that thou art safe—

What angel rescued thee ?

CAM. I told thee never to distrust

The ways of Providence.

FID. Hast thou sustained no injury ?

CAM. None—none.

FID. The saints be praised !

I see they heard my prayer, tho' I believed it not.

ANT. Well, as I said, my worthy Camoens,

Thou shalt espouse my daughter in all haste ;

And with her I will freely give

A portion worthy of De Gama—

To tell thee true, it ever was my wish

That Theodora should reward thy merit ;

But we must sometimes yield to circumstance.

CAM. This were a destiny, far far beyond

My most aspiring hopes—

I dare not yet indulge so sweet a dream !

'Twere happiness enough to find

The lovely Theodore restored

To health and peace.

ANT. We now have nothing more to fear—

Thy presence will restore her—

I know these maidens well—

And in my day I could have cured

A score of damsels labouring with such sickness.

But I must hasten with the joyful tidings !

The day is nearly spent, and night comes on—

I will expect thee at the palace—

Remember that to fail—one moment fail,

In an appointment made by love,

Were treason to thy mistress.

Farewell, for some short hour—

We'll meet again anon.

[*Exit ANTONIO.*

CAM. Gracious Antonio, I will follow thee—

FID. This is, indeed, a joyful hour !

I never thought to see thee more !

CAM. I have been mercifully spared !

How hast thou fared, my good Fidelio ?

FID. Indifferent well ; but they have plundered thee of all.

CAM. What, have they carried off my poor effects ?

FID. They were resolved, they said, with fire to burn
The goods of such a heretic.

CAM. We must submit to strong necessity—

These are but sorry trappings for a bridegroom !

They will bespeak more haste than ceremony—

We must contrive to mend our shattered sails,

As time and circumstance permit,

And hasten to the palace.

The meanest ship, when safely moored in port,

Is worth a thousand gallant vessels foundering !

Thou shalt assist, Fidelio, in the work,

And Theodora's smiles will best reward thee.

FID. Oh ! gladly will I give my service—

And I again will pray the saints

To bless thee and thy happy bride.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Vestibule of the Viceroy's Palace.

Enter FERDINAND.

FERD. Ill try to catch the passing sounds—

This night, 'tis said, her fate must be decided—

This night ! a few short hours hence !

'Tis fearful thus to stand upon the brink,

And see beneath a boundless void,

A dread eternity !

Yon silver crescent scarce has swelled its horns

Since she appeared in perfect loveliness—

Possessed of all which gives to life its charm—

Friends, fortune, rank, the grace of youth—

The buoyant spirit born of jocund health !

High seated on that lofty eminence,

The lowering clouds of winter seemed to roll

Beneath her feet, their fury spending harmless !

This brilliant meteor then must pass away ;

Nor leave a trace behind—all human hopes

Thus gleam a momentary light,

And sink in endless darkness !

Yes ! to this end we all advance, unconscious !

I must not think of it !—

Ere this I had expected Camoens,

And wonder that he comes not—

I will confess my underservings—

The injury he suffered at my hands—
The brave—the good are ready to forgive ;
But 'tis more difficult to earn
Our own forgiveness !

Enter CLARA.

CLARA She sleeps !

And all our hopes revive—
Angelic smiles, which Heaven itself imprints,
Play on her lovely countenance—
Her looks are all serene as sleeping innocence !
This change is more than we dared hope—
Ambrosia has retired, o'ercome with care—
I have persuaded her to leave her charge,
And seek some short repose—
The good Antonio, too, with hope elate,
Has left his post, at my entreaty.
Watch thou the doors—
If Camoens come, he must not be admitted;
She must not be disturbed ;
To-morrow may confirm our hopes,
And prove auspicious to his wishes.
I will go hence to give some necessary charge,
And quick return. I would, too, lull the fears
Which still may agitate a mother's bosom.
Keep thou the guard the while, that no rude noise
May chance to break her slumbers. [Exit CLARA.]

FERD. Oh ! may those placid slumbers prove
Sure harbingers of health and peace !

May reason soon in that distempered mind
Resume her wonted seat !

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. My lord, your noble father
Would see you in all haste—
He would embrace his gallant son
For the last time.

FIRD. Ha ! What sayest thou !
My father at extremity !

Enter second SERVANT.

2d SERVANT. My gracious master sends his last blessing,
His earnest prayer for his dear son ;
And did commission me withal
To give this good and trusty sword,
Which Ferdinand shall use against the Infidel,
(For so he did express himself,)
To seal his father's peace in heaven.

FIRD. 'Tis aptly come, and shall be used
To sever soon a worthless thread.

My father lost !—my only parent gone !
Last of his race.

Oh, had I known a mother !
Fate ! what more ?—Thou hast exhausted now
The fount of human ill !
Ha ! what do I see ! the suffering Theodora, all dis-
hevelled !

Enter THEODORA, with a dagger in her hand.

BIANCA, *following.*

THEOD. Come down from heaven, ye vengeful fires !

Are ye endued with sense of human wrong ?

With quick perception of the guilt concealed ?

Then dart your angry shafts !

Strike, strike the guilty Theodore—

Here undismayed she stands—

Strike, strike th' avenging blow !

FERD. Unhappy Theodora ! More wretched Ferdinand !

BIAN. Speak softly, lest you rouse her !

Return, dear mistress—

Night breathes its noxious vapours,

Which may not thus be braved.

FERD. Return, most gracious lady.

THEOD. Who speaks ?—Who calls on Theodora ?

Who dares profane the place ?

What bold intruder thus insults our presence ?

Avaunt, presumptuous man !

FERD. We must not leave her thus—

Retire, retire, dear lady.

THEOD. Who art thou ?—Slave, take off thy hands—

Dost thou not see I am a bride—

Dost thou not see this spotless robe ?

Where is my husband ?

Oh ! Camoens !

BIAN. She will again be desperate—

Thou must beware—

Take, take the dagger from her.

FERD. Let me conduct thee hence—

THEOD. Stand off !

Who dares insult the wife of Camoens !

He shall protect her honour !

Who art thou ?—speak !

FERD. Thou seest the wretched Ferdinand—

Oh ! do not look upon me thus.

THEOD. Ha ! Ferdinand !

Thou hast recalled a name !

It brings some dreadful recollections !

'Twas he who basely did betray my husband !

Go, wretched man ! bring back the murdered Camoens !

Go, make thy peace. *(She stabs him.)*

BIAN. Oh ! help !

FERD. I bless the hand that gave the wound !

Thou hast redeemed me from a deadly sin,

Or mortal suffering !

Farewell beloved, unhappy Theodora !

Guard her, ye pitying angels ! *(Dies.)*

THEOD. Where am I ?

What have I done ?

I have some strange impression of a dream—

A fearful dream of death !

Young Ferdinand, who loved me !

Dead—dead—and by this desperate hand !

Enter CLARA.

CLARA. Oh, horror, past all human woe !

Dear murdered Ferdinand !

THEOD. Support me, good Bianca, ere I faint !
 My strength is ebbing fast.
 Ah, dearest, kindest Clara !
 This dagger, too, has pierced thy bleeding heart !
 My friend !—my sister !—Oh, forgive me !
 Console my honoured father—
 Speak comfort to Ambrosia.
 I leave thee, dearest Clara—
 Pray for my soul !—'Twas madness gave the wound !
 The Heavens are merciful, and will forgive.
 I faint—my eyes are dim—what spectres flit before me !
 I die !—Farewell !—Oh, Camoens ! (*Dies.*)

Enter CAMOENS.

CLARA. She swoons—she's gone ! Support me, Heaven !
 Help—haste—help—help—whoe'er thou art !
 CAM. What spectacle is here !
 Young Ferdinand, my friend !
 Fallen by his own hand !
 Oh, rash, unfortunate young man !
 My Theodora !—Just God of Mercy !
 What am I doomed to suffer !

Enter ANTONIO with Attendants.

ANT. What noise was that ?
 CLARA. Farewell, my Theodore—
 Cold, cold, and lifeless—
 She's gone for ever from us !

ANT. Who dares now say she's gone !
My darling Theodore !—My child !
Who murdered thee ?
Who says she's dead—she shall not die !

CAM. This agony 'tis not in man to bear !
Oh, Theodora ;—My only love !
I follow thee ! (*Draws his sword.*)

CLARA. Stay thy coward hand, unthinking man !
Wilt thou desert us in our misery ?

ANT. Give me the sword—
Why dost thou hesitate ?

I'll make more manly use of it—
I'll follow Theodora.—She is my child !

CAM. This must be borne, tho' it hath rent
The very chord which bound me to existence !
And left me desolate ! (*Throws away the sword*)
Thou childless, wretched, good old man !
What comfort can I speak to thee ?
Thou art beyond the reach of consolation.

ANT. Give me the sword, I say—
He is a coward, and afraid to strike—
Unhand me, ruffians !
Were now this arm as it was wont to be !
I will avenge my Theodora !

CLARA. Oh, support thy courage, kind De Gama !
Thy daughter sues—thy Clara now implores thee.
ANT. My daughter, say ye !—Where is she ?
I'd give the universe for one sweet look.

Inhuman slaves, restore her to my arms,
Or let me follow her.

CAM. Bear off the bodies from his sight—
They stir up madness in his brain !

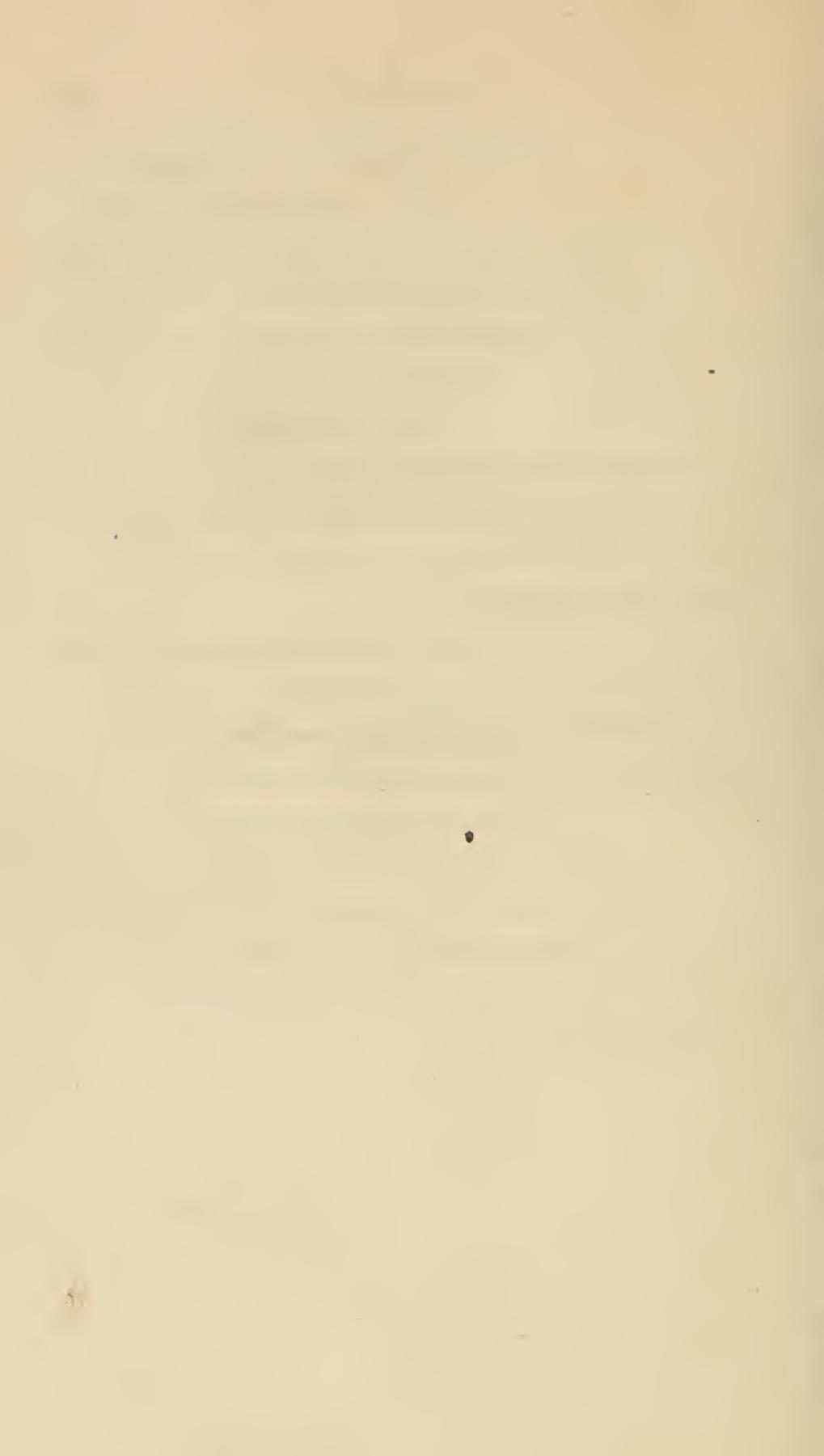
ANT. We will not part—no—never, never—
I've lived too long, my Theodora !
Thy grave shall be my home !
Yes—yes—my child ! thou'rt gone—for ever gone !
How couldst thou leave thy wretched father thus ?
But see, he follows thee, he comes, my child.

(Throws himself on the body.)

CAM. Thou sad unfortunate old man,
I'll be the son of thy affliction !
Extend thy all-protecting arm,
O ! Thou, whose awful judgment bows us to the dust !
Stretch forth thy hand to raise us !
O ! let thy spirit elevate my soul ;
And in the effort to support and soothe
A wretched father's grief, I'll hope to find
The strength and fortitude to bear my own.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

LONDON :
Printed by J. L. Cox and Sons, 75, Great Queen Street,
Lincoln's-Inn Fields.



Original Poems,

AND

A P L A Y.

BY CHARLOTTE NOOTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, & BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1815.

E. Blackader, Printer,
Took's Court, Chancery Lane, London.

TO

His Royal Highness

THE DUKE OF KENT,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME,

WHICH HAS BEEN HONOURED BY THE PATRONAGE OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, GRACIOUSLY BESTOWED IN TES-
TIMONY OF ESTEEM FOR HER FATHER, LATE SURGEON
TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THE MOST GRATEFUL AND OBEDIENT SERVANT OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

CHARLOTTE NOOTH.

PREFACE.

THE Writer of the following pages could only account for their having been collected into a Volume, by relating a tale of domestic sorrow, which would sadden the humane, and weary the attention of the indifferent Reader. The poetical attempts now offered to the protection of the Public were, however, all written previous to the circumstances which may excuse the form of their publication, and while Hope, and the frequent gratification of the social feeling, among persons of taste and vivacity, gave wings to the fancy, and buoyancy to the mind.

The feelings of gratitude for the generous patronage which this little Book has already received, are too deeply felt and too intimately connected with a recent affliction, to allow of the ornaments of verse.

Should the charge of presumption be affixed to the undertaking, it may perhaps be admitted in mitigation of the severity of judgment, that as this is the *first*, so, should encouragement be withheld, it will certainly be the *last* trespass upon the attention of the Public.

Original Poems.

THE MELO-DRAME.

WHAT have we here !—half solemn and half gay,
Not quite a Pantomime—nor quite a Play,
This something—nothing—full of noise and shew,
Anomalous display of Mirth and Woe,
Full of Confusion, bustle and surprises,
Escapes, encounters, blunders and disguises !
Is this a Comedy ! where lies the wit ?
In vain I've watched to catch one lucky hit.
A Tragedy ! Say where is pathos shewn ?
Can the spectator make the grief his own,
Hang with mute earnestness on ev'ry line
And own the touch of Sympathy divine ?
Feel virtuous Indignation fire his breast,
And his cheek glow for Innocence opprest;
Does he one moment steal from self away,
And lend his whole existence to the Play ?

Such was the scene, “when o'er her barb'rous foes”
By “Learning's triumph” first the stage arose,

Her empire o'er the polished world when gain'd,
The Tragic and the Comic Muse maintain'd;
Enchanting sisters ! as by Reynolds' art
Pourtray'd, so graven on each feeling heart,
Each with attraction all her own, is fair,
And Garrick stands suspended 'twixt the pair,
With doubting face he seems to pause between,
Yet wins them both, like Shakespeare and like KEAN:

But who is she, with pompous air and gait,
And dwarfish stature clad in mimic state ?
She sings—she dances—and she speaks—but hark !
Ere you the meaning of her words can mark,
Trumpets and neighing steeds her accents drown,
And who is she—the fav'rite of the town ?

Enquire not of her pedigree or race—
Some likeness to her sisters you may trace ;
But such a kindred as she dares not claim,
Degen'rate branch—and MELO-DRAME her name.

THE WALTZ.

Addressed to a Gentleman who severely reprobated the Introduction of this Dance into private Parties of Friends.

FORBEAR the Waltz if in your mind
You but one spark of frailty find,
Forbear the Waltz if in your heart
One lurking devil plays his part,
Forbear the Waltz if you would shrink
From telling all you feel and think ;
But if the bosom's closest fold
Might be to honour'd eyes unroll'd,
Nor blushes tinge the guilty cheek
Could Conscience find a tongue to speak,
Then ask confiding Beauty's arm,
(Who not deserving, fears no harm)
Then yield the prop by Nature meant
For woman's weaker fabric lent,
Then pace the room with agile bound,
Or whirl in rapid mazes round,
Then fearlessly the Waltz begin,
Nor harmless pastime link with Sin.

IRREGULAR LINES,

Addressed to the Baronne de Staël-Holstein.

LADY, though rival France may boast thy birth,
Yet not to France alone confin'd
The treasure of thy mighty mind,
A glorious gift from Nature to the World.
'Tis not a Country nor an Age
Which claims alone thy precious page ;
For Genius when he deigns to visit Earth,
Beams upon ev'ry clime his ray,
And pours the intellectual day,
More wide than Faction's brand was ever hurl'd.

Lady, thy Tuscan lyre has caus'd the tear,
For woman's sorrows oft' to flow
In all the luxury of Woe ;
All see Corinne as Nelvil saw her first,
'Ere by Inconstancy's foul Dæmon curst,
The slave to Habit, Prejudice and Pride,
Too late he wept upon her sable bier,
Whence from her Car triumphal he had brought
Her, who to him resigning ev'ry thought,
For him alone had lived, and loved — and died !
Lady, thy magic pen has lov'd to trace
In many a rich and glowing line,
The land where still in fitful shine

The embers of a sinking state are strew'd,
Where marble ruins scatter'd wide,
The vines in purple clusters hide ;
And Silence, and Oblivion rule the place
Where once the voice of Tully spoke ;—
—Now crush'd beneath a tyrant yoke,
Art dies on Nature's lap, and all again is rude.

Lady, to thee Germania's sons shall owe
The moral hist'ry of their state,
By thee they live — by thee are great,
And “ De l'Allemagne” shall rouse full many a sage,
Their brilliant fictions to explore,
And revel in Teutonic lore,
To soar with Klopstock, melt o'er Goëthe's page,
But wilt thou not *another wreath* bestow ?
Lives there not yet a nation which may claim
Thy pen, to trace the records of its Fame ?
To bid it's glories live at thy command,
And veil its errors with indulgent hand ?
Is there not yet a People bold and free,
Worthy of Immortality and thee !
A People prompt to ev'ry gen'rous deed,
At home to cherish, and abroad, to bleed !
Oh ! let this favour'd land thy notice share ;
And give th' expecting world “ DE L'ANGLETERRE.”

BEAUTY.

WHAT call we Beauty ? not the hue
Which in the gaudy rose we view,
More delicately rare ;
For when was ever cheek of snow
Ting'd with so exquisite a glow
As blooms in the parterre ?

And when were ever “ lids of light,”
So pure, so elegantly bright,
When gemm'd with pearly tears ;
As lilies bending on the stem,
The dew-drops clear bespangling them
When morning first appears ?

Thus in a frail and fleeting flower
The God of Beauty shews his power,
In ev'ry tint and shade ;
Nor yet the most minute defect
Can Science with her glass detect
In all that Hand has made.

But spare the microscopic gaze
On her whose loveliness we praise,
It will not stand the test;
Where then is Beauty, if it fly
From too exact a scrutiny,
In angry blushes drest ?

'Tis in the eye which glist'ning tells
How much of Mind within it dwells,
(No matter black or gray)
'Tis in the cheek whose mantling hue
From feelings warm its colour drew,
And *must* those feelings say.

'Tis in the brows that meekly bend,
'Tis in the lips that mute attend,
When honour'd voices praise ;
'Tis in the cheek which turns to hide
The blush of modesty or pride,
And by that turn betrays.

Nor is it Grace which wins the eye
To dwell on it in ecstacy,
And deem it half divine ;
The form the same,—the passion fled,
The soul of admiration dead,
In vain may Beauty shine.

'Tis like the bow which paints the sky,
Seen various by each varying eye,
Tho' all its presence own ;
For while we gaze—the charm we make,
The dear illusion that we take
We owe to self alone.

VERSES

*Addressed to the Rev. Dr. Valpy, on Occasion of his
Birth-day. Dec. 10, 1807.*

THOUGH much too late to grace the natal day
The tribute of this humble verse I pay,
And dare in strains unpolish'd, but sincere,
Wish ev'ry good, to one I much revere ;
Long be that life on which so many rest,
Clear be that head, and undisturb'd that breast !
Long be remembrance grateful to that mind
Which inward turn'd, such treasur'd stores may find,
Which can with honest pride its course renew,
Look back approving, and with Hope pursue !
And till all human glories fade and cease,
Its well-earn'd fame may each new year encrease !

Long may that nervous voice assist the cause
Of Freedom, Learning, Wisdom, Virtue, Laws!—
Long may that hand for future ages write,
For unborn readers treasure up delight,
And gratify by many a learned task
Our claim, where much is granted, much we ask !
Long may those spirits live whose steady flow
No art can imitate, no skill bestow !
Long may that patience last which stoops to read
These tuneless lays, which from the heart proceed!

SONNET

To Miss Nooth, who presented some elegant Verses to the Author, on his Birth-day.*

WHEN the hoarse blasts of wild commotion roar,
And steep whole nations in their children's blood,
When a fell Tyrant bars each subject shore,
From Helle's strait to Scandinavia's flood:

* This epithet is preserved not from vanity in the person to whose attempt it is applied, but from gratitude for the indulgent partiality of so eminent a judge of literary composition: If it provoke in the reader a smile, let it be one of complacency.

When Danger's forms on every side arise,
 And party feuds fair Union's ties unbind ;
 When Bigotry her numbing power applies,
 Invites Invasion and enchains the mind,
 Say, Charlotte, what can soothe the sense of care,
 Bid Terror cease, and every fear allay ?—
 Thou, thou canst chace the phantoms of despair,
 And from life's roses tear the thorns away :
 Thy strains diffuse the balsam of Relief,
 Trim hope's expiring lamp, and smooth the brow of grief.

Forbury, Dec. 11, 1807.

R. V.

LINKS

Written after being shewn the Magdalen. Drawn by
Samuel Cousins†.*

YE sons of Art, whose bold unerring line
 The product of laborious years must shine,
 Who by slow steps to eminence must reach,
 Matured in all the graphic schools can teach !

* Correctly copied from the engraving from an Italian master, and executed in pencil with great delicacy and spirit: this drawing obtained a prize from the Society of Arts.

† This interesting boy, at the time these lines were written (Sept. 1814), had not attained his twelfth year, nor received any instruction in the art in which he promises to excel.

Look from your hard-earn'd heights of tardy Fame,
And own with gen'rous zeal, a brother's claim !

Not his the Tyro's hesitating hand,
The faint attempt, by frequent measure scann'd,
No learn'd professor bade his pencil trace,
Correct, revise, renew, and then——efface :
No classic studies gave his Fancy play,
Or Science beam'd upon his early day,
Dark is his humble dwelling, cold and drear,
Perplex'd with sounds to vex the studious ear :
The House of squalid Poverty supplies
Few forms of Grace to charm a painter's eyes ;
No harmonies of Sister Arts befriend
The struggling spark, and inspiration lend,
Nor by *reflection* could one ray be shed
Of Taste, on his unnotic'd, unknown head ;
Yet 'neath the shade of Penury and Toil,
The seeds of Genius find a kindred soil,
High with spontaneous vegetation climb,
And hang their blossoms on the fane of Time :
Still, must their bright luxuriance fall and fade,
Without some friendly prop, some shelt'ring aid,
That hand which guides the crayon with such skill,
Debas'd by Want, the stubborn clod must till ;
Or to mechanic toil, inglorious chain'd,
Forego the praise its early efforts gain'd.
Forbid it, Sons of Opulence your care
Another Opie to the World may spare,

Oh ! bid your well-directed bounty flow !
Some portion of that precious wealth bestow,
Whose magic touch unlocks the gates of Art,
Bids lofty Science all her stores impart,
Lifts the free mind above the cares of life,
Low calculations, petty, sordid strife ;
And gives th' aspiring thought to range at will
Unfetter'd by the chains of selfish Ill.

STANZAS

*To the Memory of Doctor Henry Moyes, the Blind
Philosopher.*

WHAT ! and not one to pour the plaintive lay,
To tell of Worth departed, Learning fled,
To sing the Sage too early call'd away,
Shall MOYES then rest among " th' unhonour'd dead ! "

Beats there no heart with fond desire to tell
How proudly once it claim'd in MOYES a friend !
How from his lips sublimest Wisdom fell,
With how much grace his lofty mind could bend.

Though firm himself, indulgent to the weak,
His precepts mended while his converse cheer'd,
E'en prattling childhood hush'd to hear him speak,
He fix'd the *light*, the *feeling* heart endear'd.

In narrow bounds, for us his chemic skill
Condens'd the treasur'd lore of many an age,
'Twas his with just pursuits our minds to fill,
Prompt the quick thought, and point the learned page.

"How charming is divine philosophy,"
Each would to each exclaim, while bright and clear,
His glowing diction bade our Reason see
Through Nature's works the Guiding hand appear.

Charm'd by his words, e'en female hearts aspir'd
From Science' torch some glimm'ring light to catch,
With zeal for intellectual pleasures fir'd,
Our ready pens each passing lesson snatch.

Once, and but once he made himself his theme,
With voice that almost trembled spoke on *light*,
In alter'd tones explained the solar beam,
And mourn'd but not bewail'd his loss of sight,

Thee, Milton, then he quoted, still I hear
Th' impressive lines in solemn cadence flow;
Still Memory brings that passage to my ear,
Sublime in sorrow, eloquent in woe.

I see him still—his slender cane precedes
His guarded step,—his face compos'd in thought,
With head erect he cautiously proceeds.—
—One guiding hand the sole support he sought.

I hear him still awake the trembling string,
 To Burns' wild muse, or Ramsay's plaintive strain,
 O'er his dark hours a gleam of gladness fling,
 And drown in jocund notes the voice of pain.

Remembrance still retraces many a kind
 And salutary lesson taught by him,
 To earn his valued praise my childish mind,
 Oft' left th' unfinish'd game ; the puerile whini.

But whither strays my pen !———Ye chosen few
 Who shared his converse, 'tis to you I plead
 Forgive that *self* intrudes while thus I strew
 Some wild flowers o'er the sod where MOYES is laid.

February 8, 1810.

SONG.

IF Ellen, we indeed must part,
 I wish we ne'er had met,
 For well I know, this throbbing heart,
 Can ne'er our loves forget.

My thoughts will ever rest on thee,
 On happy moments fled ;
 And I the sole example be
 Of Love when hope is dead.

How much less wretched are the blind,
 Who never knew the light,
 Than those who on a sudden find
 Their Day obscured in Night!

LOVE AND CHEMISTRY.

AH! not to those who *light* and vain
 Dare Love's *phænomena* to feign;
 My Ellen, turn thy list'ning ear,
 But read it's rationalè here ;
 My heart, of metal *pure* and true,
 Was *fus'd* by one bright glance from you,
 And by your lineaments imprest,
 On the *reverse* your name exprest :
 While Hope *amalgamates* the mass,
 For Cupid's coin may current pass.

Alternate *strata* fill my mind,
 Of tender words, and words unkind,
 Yet oft' a vein of true delight
 Pervades with Love's effulgence bright.
 Thou brilliant as the diamond art,
 But *not inflammable* thy heart.
 Yet still I breathe in Hope to see
 Thy pride *evaporate* from thee,

Sublim'd to ether ev'ry thought,
Which so much woe to me has wrought.
Thy breath as vital air I own,
Azote is in thy killing frown,—
Galvanic combinations rise
Whene'er I meet thy beaming eyes.
To thee *connected*, all my days
Would pass in happiness and praise,
Oh! may'st thou *insulated* be
From ev'ry other one but me;
To none beside *attraction* give,
And I thy sole *conductor* live!

PHOSPHOR.

VERSES

Suggested by seeing an Engraving from a Picture by Raffaelle, representing a dying Pope, surrounded by Mendicants and Cripples, who crowd to the Bed to touch him in his last Agonies.

WHOE'ER thou art, who o'er this tablet bend,
Thy serious thought, thy calm attention lend,
Not for ideal forms of fancied grace,
This transcript from the mighty Raffaelle trace;
His pencil, scorning all the tricks of Art,
Bids not one figure from the canvas start,

With o'erstrain'd muscles in a flood of light,
Glare on the view, and pain the aching sight;
No artificial grouping here displays
The pyramidal boast of later days,
Not *this* to *that* part, too subservient made,
Nor one to gild another cast in shade.

The women, not like rose-fed nymphs appear,
Nor all the men dark-featur'd and severe,
Antinous' sweeping brow, with lavish hand
Is not bestow'd on one and all the band.

No studied pathos o'er the scene is shed,
No weeping relatives surround the bed,
And tell, in varied attitudes of woe,
What buskin'd heroes only *seek to show*,
For with fictitious woes to melt the heart
An actor must exaggerate his part,
Something beyond what *real life* affords
We ask, as well in action as in words.

How few like SIDDONS can by mute despair,
Wring ev'ry nerve, each finer feeling tear!
When Beverley's lost wife nor moves nor speaks,
Entranc'd we gaze, nor breathe until she shrieks.

No individual scene from Hist'ry's page
Or Fiction's lore, can here the mind engage,
A nameless prelate, stretch'd upon his bier,
Wakes no remembrance, claims no pitying tear.
Yet, on the wreck of Humankind to gaze,
Must fill our thoughts, our hopes or terrors raise,

Nor profitless can observation fall,
On *Death* who comes with viewless strides to all ;
A few short moments past, th' immortal soul
Spoke from those lips, did from those eye-balls roll.

Now, that clos'd mouth, what eager hand profanes ?
Who grasps with iron touch the stiff'ning veins ?
What motley groupe infests the House of Death,
With barb'rous haste, disturbs the parting breath,
And hears each groan that dissolution wrings ?—
—This mortifying bevy greatness brings.—

How much more blest the poor man parts with life,
Sooth'd by the cares of a beloved wife !
While no cold list'ner marks each feeble tone,
And querulous lament we blush to own,
For call it dignity, or call it pride,
Our pangs, our weaknesses we strive to hide ;
The lofty mind at common pity spurns,
And but to one fond breast confiding turns.
But in those “ charities” that mend the heart
The papish clergy are denied a part.
Can, when the heart in isolation chills,
And broods alone o'er un-imparted ills,
The pride of sanctity supply the void
Of all the ties of kindred un-enjoy'd ?
No,—but when Superstition fires the soul
She can each feeling and each thought controul.

See, from his home the weary cripple brought,
Urg'd by the tale of former wonders wrought,

By the cold corpse of him who living wore
A Pontiff's robes,—Altho' his reign be o'er,
Still on his death-damp brows the mitre bound
Gleams as the hallow'd tapers blaze around.
Oh ! Vanity,—which decks the mould'ring clay
With emblems of departed Pow'r and sway!
Oh ! Vanity ! which to the *creature* lends
That healing aid, which but from God descends !

A MANKS ELEGY.

ALONE at even', to the sea-beat shore,
Where ancient Mona's craggy mountains rise,
Young Edward pac'd the sandy margin o'er,
While tow'rd the east he gaz'd with gushing eyes.

Far in the offing, dimly seen, a bark
For England swiftly steer'd before the wind,
With mixt emotions, Edward pauz'd to mark
Her course, then spoke the feelings of his mind.

“ Ah, happy bark ! ah, happy ye who sail
“ By fav'ring breezes wafted o'er the main !
“ Soon the blue land at distance ye will hail,
“ And soon your native homes will see again,

“ Some hope of friendly greeting warms each breast,
“ Some scenes belov’d await each eager eye,
“ These, long from perils past to be at rest,
“ Those, nerv’d with vigour other plans to try.

“ But I, forlorn and sad must here remain,
“ Nor dare I venture once to leave the shore,
“ Life I consume, but no experience gain,
“ I just preserve existence, and no more.

“ The coarse companions of my exile try
“ In rosy wine to drown intrusive thought,
“ But ever from the noisy groupe I fly
“ To this lone beach, for silent musing sought.

“ Here oft’ Remorse brings all my faults to view,
“ Of fatal projects, mad profuseness tells,
“ Too late I find the rigid maxims true
“ Which ardent Youth from hoary Age repels.

“ Where now the flatt’rers whom my folly fed ?
“ Where now the friends whose hearts I held my own ?
“ The tribe of needy parasites is fled,
“ And I to sad Repentance left alone.

“ E’en She whom more than light or life I priz’d,
“ Whose image in this heart unchang’d remains——
“ ——Perhaps by her (avert it Heav’n !) despis’d,
“ Cold Pity all the feeling she retains.

“ Perhaps when first my ruin reach’d her ear,
 “ Some tender recollections caus’d a sigh,
 “ ’Twas not perhaps too much to shed a tear,
 “ Then send me from her thoughts as one gone bye,”

“ Injurious Edward,” from behind, a sound
 Thrill’d to the mourning exile’s beating heart ;
 He turn’d,—his Mary——all he lov’d, he found,
 They met in rapture, never more to part.

She came with faithful love to share his fate,
 Content with him mid’ boorish Manks to dwell,
 Nor e'er in after times she thought too great
 The sacrifice for one who lov’d so well.

MEDITATION ON A GUINEA,

“ *Poderoso Señor es Don Dinero.*” QUEVEDO.

OH! money! thou the bane to Virtue nam’d,
 In ev’ry nation worshipp’d, tho’ defam’d!
 Thou, on whom all the joys of life depend,
 Whose pow’r with social laws alone can end!
 Thou lamp to Genius, in whose splendour drest,
 Words, thoughts, and actions shine and shew the best.

Oh ! be thou ever mine ! of thee bereft,
 What but contempt, and sad privation's left ?
 When did the poor man look or move with ease ?
 When did his wit, his sportive sallies please ?
 When did his presence spread enjoyment round ?
 Where was he yet a favour'd inmate found ?
 Though full conviction flash from ev'ry speech,
 When will his words the ear of Affluence reach ?
 Though from his lips sublimest Wisdom flow,
 Who dares the well-earn'd meed of praise bestow ?

No, 'tis in thee, thou pictur'd coin to give
 Fame, friendship, learning, all for which we live.
 Sole test of Merit ! thy possession tells
 Where all we cherish, all we covet dwells,
 And where the loftiest pile of gold is found,
There honour, genius, wisdom, wit abound.

GAIETY.

" Ce n'est pas etre bien aise que de rire." ST. EVREMOND.

You think my friend, my heart is gay
 Because I laugh, and talk, and play,
 And seem I to be well at ease
 Because I have the wish to please,
 Because I've learnt to trifle well,
 With careless air a story tell,

To suit my carriage to the place,
And deck with ready smiles my face,
You think that all within is right,
Ah Mary! —— at the hour of night,
When no exertions can avail,
My pow'rs decline, my spirits fail,
I court in vain the aid of sleep,
And oft' in tears my pillow steep,
Recal each happy moment fled,
And brood o'er joys for ever dead;
Look backward on departed days,
And meet with more to blame than praise;
Then anguish fills my heart, and sighs
That seem to rend my bosom rise,
Then fev'rish dreams oppress my brain,
And ev'ry sense and nerve is pain,
Yet I, the veriest wretch alive,
With morning can again revive,
Can play again the jocund part,
Nor heed my lacerated heart,
Can hush th' imperious voice of woe,
And bid the tide of laughter flow.

A PORTRAIT.

"Dove-feather'd raven! fiend angelical!"

ROMEO AND JULIET.

SABINA's slender form is fair,
And meek her azure eye,
Light gleam her locks of silver hair,
And seems her polish'd cheek to share
The rose and lily's dye.

No frown deforms her seraph brow,
Of pure and perfect white,
Her words in dulcet accents flow,
And seems her timid glance to show
A mind as pure, as bright.

But oh! 'tis deep deception all,
She bears a specious form,
That heart is steep'd in bitt'rest gall,
That voice inflames the noisy brawl,
That eye provokes the storm.

Those locks in frantic fury torn
The wind deriding bears,
That face no smiling loves adorn,
But all convuls'd with rage and scorn
A fiend-like aspect wears.

These eyes the wond'rous change have seen,
And swift have seen restor'd.
Her well-dissembled angel-mien,
And men have hail'd her Beauty's queen,
Have trembled and ador'd.

SONG.



Yes Arthur, I smil'd in your absence 'tis true,
But then it was only when thinking of you,
Yes, pleas'd with Orlando's discourse I might seem,
But then it was only when you were his theme.

Then hush your suspicions, dismiss all your fears,
Each moment of absence your image endears,
For the heart once possess'd by affection like mine
May in fondness encrease, but can never decline.

LINES

Occasioned by the Loss of a Spy-glass, by a Friend of the Writer, while walking through a Hay-field.

Oh ! ye whose hearts are cast in Pity's mould,
Give ear unto the saddest tale e'er told,
A tale which might draw tears from marble eyes,
And call from brazen bosoms, breathing sighs :

Time was, in former days, supremely blest,
When *three* bright eyes my luckless friend possest,
Two in his head for ornament were plac'd,
The more important *third* a ribband grac'd ;
Whene'er a distant object rose to view,
Their union prov'd the social compact true,
These strain'd in vain the right contour to find,
Till *this* one help'd, for " clearer ken" design'd,
And this its telescopic pow'r to try,
Without it's brethren, prov'd a sightless eye.
Thus intellectual vision oft supplies,
And makes amends for dim or poring eyes.

Ye muses !——no, ye mowers ! lend your aid,
Ah ! search the fields where pensive Damon stray'd,
With anxious heed, look thro' the tufted grass,
To catch the argent beam, the lucid glass,
Oh ! *this* one, may no pond'rous footstep bend,
Nor *that* the tranchant scythe to shivers send !

Oh ! may.....but see, through yonder cloud, what light
Breaks on my startled eyes, serenely bright ?
What constellation till this hour unseen,
Fair Berenice's tresses, gleams between ?
Say, can it be !.....its form, its silver hue,
(Away the clouds)....the glass, the glass I view !

Some nymph unseen, perceiv'd the glitt'ring prize,
Caught 'ere it fell, and bore it to the skies,
High mid' the burnish'd zone her treasure plac'd,
And then with graceful arm its orbit trac'd.
And bade it shine for ever as a mark,
For wand'ring youths bewilder'd in the dark.

THE JARVEY.*

OH ! ye to whom the God of wealth has giv'n,
To be at ease in your own chariots driv'n !
Little ye know the sorrows that await
Those, who (perchance with minds as delicate)
With feelings as refin'd, as nice a sense
Of taste, and comfort, neatness, opulence,

* It may be expedient to inform such readers as are happily removed from the *slang* of the metropolis, that the word Jarvey is used to denote a hackney-coach.

Are doom'd to wade thro' mire the weary street,
Or in a Jarvey rest their aching feet,
A Jarvey! sound abhorrent! with what care
To pass unnotic'd, mounts the sulky *fare*!
How, while the coach draws up, you stiffly stand
Nor dare to cast your eyes on either hand,
'Lest some acquaintance should untimely greet,
Or well-known equipage drive thro' the street,
And see,——Oh! most calamitous event!
The *waterman* his tatter'd arm present,
Hold by the step while you collect your pence,
While swings the open portal, *no defence*,
Then, with Stentorian lungs proclaim the place,
Where you intend to finish your disgrace.

These ill attend your entrance, but when *in*,
What greater ills, what mightier griefs begin!
The greasy lining glistens black with dirt,
You sit erect, (by practice made expert)
And tho' the posture puts you on the rack,
You dare not touch the filthy sides or back,
One window *won't draw up*, the other shakes,
The shatter'd step a ceaseless clatter makes,
The ill-clos'd door admits the rain or sleet,
And deep in musty straw you plunge your feet.

The coachman drives you wrong, you seek in vain,
To pull the check-string and his course restrain,
In vain each blacken'd corner you explore,
Where *was* a string, is now a string no more,

You see indeed the hole thro' which it past,
But long 'ere this the string had pull'd its last.
One only mean remains, you sink the glass,
And half your person thro' the op'ning pass ;
Three times perchance you're doom'd to bawl in vain,
Ere you succeed your meaning to explain,
Then, as you inward draw your luckless head,
You see,—Oh ! sight of agony and dread !
Some booted beau, some captain in the guards;
Who all acquaintance with your face discards,
Or gives a condescending nod at most,
—This fatal chance has an admirer lost ;—
Sunk to the level of the vulgar herd,
To call you *now* an Angel were absurd,
And in whatever place you may approach,
You still will bring to mind the hackney-coach.

Since fretting in this case avails you nought,
From the lost captain to divert your thought,
Suppose you turn your fancy to the past,
And guess who occupied your Jarvey last,
You have not far to seek,—the squalid wight
Who drives you, rested in the coach last night,
Pillow'd his drowsy head upon the seat,
While dangled from the open door his feet ;
Here have Virginia's smoky volumes roll'd,
Here has the frequent dram repell'd the cold.

Here wrapt in blankets oft' perchance is laid,
The fever'd wretch, thus are the dead convey'd.

Oft 'neath the mantle of concealing night,
The buried corse is brought again to light,
The rifled sepulchres give up their dead,
And fails the hop'd security of lead,
A hideous gang, of Galen's sons the slaves,
With ruthless weapons violate the graves,
And give what once had feeling, once had life,
Remorseless to th' unsparing surgeon's knife.

Perchance this coach to prison has convey'd
Some ruin'd man, by other's guilt betray'd,
Some surety for a false, perfidious friend,
Who within Newgate walls his life must end ;
Here were his bitter tears of anguish shed,
Here heav'd his sighs for hopes for ever fled.
Here may the moping maniac have been pent,
His rage exhausted, and his fury spent,
Consign'd to that tall house of aspect drear,
Whence frequent shrieks assail the passing ear,
Where oft' the massy doors for ever close
On the sad victim of inflicted woes,
Where never voice of Pity !——but no more
The cells of hopeless anguish I explore,
Nor think there needs another trait to shew
We may worse ills than dirt or meanness know,
That want of comfort is not real pain,
Nor should we dare our destinies t' arraign,
Or load our wayward fates with loud reproaches,
E'en tho' through life condemn'd to ride in hackney-coaches.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE,

At Garston, near Liverpool.

MERSEY, I love to rove thy banks along,
And watch thy swelling tide's encreasing flow,
To form unheard, unseen, my artless song,
To taste the fresh'ning breeze thy waves bestow.

To see the Cestrian hills of vivid green
Shine in the fervid ray of noon-day light,
And Cambria's lofty mountains dimly seen,
That rise sublime, and bound the verge of sight.

And as thy yielding sands, my feet impress
With silent tread, no sound invades my ear,
Save that the various notes of birds express,
Their joy in Spring, and rippling waves I hear.

Ah Mersey! long may Commerce bless thy shore,
Success attend the barks that leave thy stream!
And may it oft be mine thy banks t' explore,
And lose the past, in Hope's delicious dream!

SONNET,

On the Death of a Young Nobleman.

FAIR smil'd the morn on Edwy's op'ning day,
Ancestral honours deck'd his ancient name,
Genius illum'd him with his fervid ray,
And just Ambition mark'd each noble aim.

Ah ! that so bright a promise should decay,
'Ere Time matured the kindly sparks to flame,
Ah ! that his valued life should pass away,
'Ere yet his virtues their reward could claim.

The sluggish idiot oft' his date extends
E'en to th' extremest verge to man assign'd,
Till bow'd by Age his torpid life he ends.

But when with gen'rous feeling glows the mind,
Too soon the vital principle it spends,
And the gem burns the casket which enshrined.

SONNET,

Written in the Bay of Dublin, on leaving Ireland.

FAREWELL green Erin! to thy shores adieu!

Thy shores which never guest could joy to leave,

Farewell!—the wand’rer’s parting wish receive,

May Art and Commerce Erin’s fame renew.

May Peace internal bless thy fertile plains!

Dark Superstition’s shades be chac’d away,

Bright beam the Sun of intellectual day,

And Truth and Reason guide Hibernian swains!

What tho’ thine ardent sons to error prone!

Yet native Honour glows in ev’ry breast,

Wit turns each phrase, in ev’ry glance exprest,

And prompt good-nature makes each ill it’s own.

Thy daughters, gay and artless, fair and free,

Long may they live, and live to smile on me!—

TO CONTRADICTION.

DEAR Contradiction ! oh ! thou best resource
To waken into life the dull discourse !
When vapid Conversation seems to flag,
When words move slowly, when ideas lag,
Thou, with electric force canst rouze the mind,
New energies provok'd by thee we find,
Our fancy warms, our rapid diction glows,
And the full tide of talk impetuous flows.

Thou giv'st a scope for reas'nings just and clear,
For eloquence that charms th' attentive ear,
The pointed raillery, the mirthful jest,
The argument well turn'd, and well exprest :
How dull, monotonous and tame were life
Without some sprinkling of this civil strife !
How wearisome is the assent, the smile,
Of those who think you erring all the while !
Yet too politely servile to oppose
Those words, which in your absence they expose,
Perhaps pervert their meaning, or invent,
Some circumstance which changes their intent,

Then all your tones and gestures mimick'd o'er,
They make their jest of what they prais'd before.
For ever hated be th' insidious ear
Whose malice is restrain'd alone by fear,
Which lurks th' unguarded sally to detect,
Lives to revile, and glotes upon defect.

Give me the friend whose frank, ingenuous mind,
Stamp'd on each honest accent I may find,
Who, slave to no mean prejudice dares *think*,
Nor from a free avowal e'er will shrink,
But firm to sacred Truth will never bend
To be that thing, a tame, subservient friend,
One, who to suit th' occasion forms the phrase,
And as his patron wills, can blame or praise.

Among the bland assentors are my foes,
He loves me best who ventures to oppose,
Corrects my erring judgement, mends my mind,
And in well-meant severity is kind,
Tells me my faults, 'ere yet too rooted grown,
And holds my fame as precious as his own,
Who loves the germ of virtue to observe,
Joys to commend, but blames without reserve.

A DISH OF TEA!

OF all the ills that Fate can hurl at me,
This most I dread, *a friendly dish of tea*,
Think not a meeting of true friends is meant,
To those they hate, the self-same words are sent,
And Friendship (heav'nly goddess) never yet
Was found among the gossip-making set;
Sinks my sad heart when I prepare to dress,
And murmurs at my fate I scarce suppress;
The early hour enjoin'd, augments the wrong,
The penance is not only sharp but long;
For e'er the rites of dinner are complete
The formal trains of ancient madams meet,
Their choice of seats the first half-hour employs,
The window here, and there the door annoys,
Then frequent repetitions tire the ear
Of meanless speeches, dull and insincere.
Enquiries made by those who little heed,
And, in the tedious answer, *judg'd indeed*;
Though for their neighbour's health none care a pin,
They ask, not knowing else how to begin.
In all the pride of idleness, sedate,
They sit erect,—in stiff and stupid state,

Her company demeanour each assumes,
Folds down her lace, and smooths her gauzy plumes.

Then each her stock of public news details,
Woe to the absent, when that topic fails !
Yet I remain in philosophic doubt,
If those can suffer less who *hear them out*,
Then dull Ill-nature deals the leaden death,
And slander kills with pestilential breath ;
No sportive satire glances bright and keen,
Amusive Fancy shuns the courts of Spleen,
Insulted Truth the room indignant flies,
Faint with repeated wounds, poor Grammar dies.
E'en Common Sense, of firm and sturdy frame,
Is chac'd by Cunning, who assumes his name,
Dullness with flagging wing the groupe o'ershades,
And the fair form of Social Pleasure fades.

At length arrives the equipage of tea,
Oh ! welcome sound of clatt'ring cups to me !
All interruption I must deem a treat,
And for employment merely sip and eat.
I care not if *imperial* or *souchong*,
It serves to help the weary hours along,
For time on crutches seems to move while I
Am doom'd in noisy solitude to sigh,
While oft' the wordy torrent sweeps away
The fairy fabric Fancy form'd so gay.

The tea withdrawn, a solemn pause ensues,
Portentous Silence reigns.———J sit and muse

What great event the hand of Time prepares,
When lo ! the mighty Pow'r of frauds and cares,
Important Whist, with furrow'd brow stalks in !
His eager worshippers their rites begin,
The hostess brings the talismanic card,
By chance the willing votaries are pair'd.

Now ev'ry passion, sense of joy or pain
Is lost in one, the anxious hope of gain,
Hence the shrill voice in eager scolding sounds,
And hence the rude retort or sneer abounds.
Oh ! sad the fate of those who list'ning sit
Where vulgar pertness holds the place of wit!
Sad, when so short our date of life assign'd,
To prove so dire a waste of Genius, Heart and Mind.

LARNE WATER.*

'TWAS night, and busy Larne was hush'd in sleep,
And dark and undefin'd each mountain rose,
Faintly the moon-beams ting'd the tranquil deep,
And Nature seem'd to pause in calm repose.

* These lines were written in the summer of the year 1806, and sent to —— Farrell, Esq. of Larne (a sea-port town on the romantic coast of

When from the Curran point, my startled eyes,
A lofty form of human shape beheld,
Slowly from out the sea majestic rise
Then half-reveal'd recline, by waves upheld.

Thus spake the Spirit of the Sea, “ what hand
“ Shall dare to fix my limits, or confine
“ My range of waters, o'er th' accustom'd strand,
“ Wash'd by my tides, from time primæval mine !

“ Shall new-made banks my murmur'ring waves oppose !
“ Shall clay-rais'd mounds wild Ocean's force restrain !
“ No, aided by the Winds, tho' walls enclose
“ The rescued land, I'll prove the barrier vain.

“ With equinoctial fury soon I'll rush
“ And sweep with swelling surge the cultur'd ground,
“ The paltry works of human Art I'll crush,
“ And Ruin spread, and Desolation round.”

Antrim) on the occasion of that gentleman having formed a plan to rescue a hundred-and-seventy acres of ground from the sea, enclosing all within the Curran, (which is a semi-circular strip of land, stretching out into the bay, and has its name from the resemblance it bears to a reaping-hook). Mr. Farrel also proposed when the land was secure and fit for culture, to cut a canal through it, that vessels of burthen might come up close to the town.

He ceas'd,—a deep and hollow blast began,
And curl'd with whit'ning foam each breaking wave,
When on the new-made fields, in shape a man,
A wond'rous figure stood erect and grave.

Quick was his piercing eye, and firm his tone,
As thus his speech began ; “ Too long this land
“ A dreary waste remain'd, with wrack o'ergrown—
“ A profitless extent of barren sand.

“ Here, where unwholesome swamps extended wide,
“ Come forth in jocund crowds the young and old,
“ Gay groupes of busy faces edge the tide,
“ Some tend the garden's produce, some the fold.

“ Rich pastures now, and smiling harvests crown
“ My bold attempt, and full reward bestow
“ For all my pains, and thro' the thriving town,
“ Diffusing wealth, the streams of Commerce flow,

“ Here the tall bark thro' verdant meadows glides,
“ Float the light pennants waving on the breeze,
“ While graze the lowing herds the flow'ry sides,
And shines the white sail passing thro' the trees.

“ Say, whence the widen'd street, th' extended range
“ Of ample dwellings, whence the altered view
“ Of ancient Larne ? To Me the wond'rous change,
“ To Me the merit, thanks, and praise are due.

“ My name is ENTERPRISE, whate'er is great,
“ Whate'er is grand or useful springs from me ;
“ Let others tamely rest in adverse fate,
“ This arm can burst the bonds of Custom free.

“ Nor toil, nor danger o'er his heart prevail
“ Whom I inspire, with constant zeal he tries
“ Still to succeed, dismay'd not should he fail,
“ By Perseverance nerv'd at length to rise.

“ What have not human skill and labour wrought !
“ What will not well-turn'd energies effect !
“ What cannot Patience do, by Science taught,
“ When the strong arm of force, strong minds direct ?

“ Hence, murmur'ring Spirit ! hence to caves and rocks !
“ Nor wake with billowy roar the sons of toil,
“ Hence to thy fishy people ! herds and flocks,
“ Shall now possess, and now retain the soil,”

He ceas'd——nor answer made th' offended sprite,
But sank in sullen silence 'neath the sea,
And all again was hush'd in stillest night,
Save Fancy's voice which spoke alone to me.

CONSOLATION.

SOPHRONOR, why that sombrous air ?
And why that wrinkled brow of care ?
Why such solicitude bestow
Your future lot of life to know ?
Why spend the present hour in pain
For that you never may attain ?
Why let anxiety oppress ?
Why sink the victim of distress ?
Not all this waste of sighs and tears,
Not all these earnest hopes and fears,
Can move the first decrees of Fate
Or change one atom of your state ;
Necessity's imperious law
Must have it's course, and to withdraw
One link from the eternal chain,
Is all the pow'r of mortals vain ;
Events must have their course assign'd,
And all their due succession find,
When destiny impels.....

SOPHRONOR.

Ah ! cease,
My friend, when sick, when ill at ease,
In vain you urge with sophist art
The stoic moralizer's part,

What solace can my sorrows find,
By hearing they were all assign'd
By Fate's immutable decree
Long 'ere existence dawn'd on me ?
It is because I seek in vain
To alter Fate, that I complain,
The future still more dread appears
When certain, and these gushing tears
Your arguments but tend to shew
For woes inevitable flow.

THE STUDENT.

“ *Ciencia es locura*
“ *Se buen senso no lo cura.*”

O H! spare my friend, the midnight oil,
Nor thus consume your nights in toil,
No more these dusty volumes scan,
Fair Pleasure flies the bookish man ;
Whatever pains you may bestow,
With *certainty* you little know ;
Why wander thro' the paths of doubt
To seek——what you were well without ?

Why spend the jocund days of youth
 In search of philosophic truth ?
 While you the *laws* of Nature scan,
 I follow her extensive *plan* ;
 I snatch at bliss where'er 'tis found,
 And love to emanate it round,
 And think the wisest man is he
 Who can with all his race agree ;
 In harmless pleasure spend his days,
 And lift at night his voice in praise.

VERGISS MEIN NICHT*.

Forget me not.

WHEN friends who could have lov'd for ever,
 Are doom'd too suddenly to sever,
 And see dispers'd the dreams of joy
 Which did their mutual hours employ,

* The Writer is aware that, to the nice ear of a German student, not any word in the English language can *exactly* echo to the guttural sound of *nicht*; but if slight verbal inaccuracies were to be allowed as an exclusion to any of these metrical attempts, few of them might perhaps be admitted.

What words can then of consolation tell,
In all the bitter anguish of “ farewell ! ”

Then this, and this alone is sweet,
The parting, fond request,—VERGISS MEIN NICHT.

When stands the widow'd bride deplored,
Near the dark wave of Ocean roaring,
These waves her hero once controll'd,
But now wash o'er his relics cold,
What thought can soothe the madness of Despair ?
What hope beyond the grave, still promise fair ?

Oh ! this,—that they again shall meet
To part no more and cry—VERGISS MEIN NICHT.

What brings that stain of crimson over
The brow of the perfidious lover ?
What stops his pulses healthful beating,
And wrings his heart at friendly greeting ?
These, writ by Shame, and with a burning brand,
These letters ineffacable shall stand ;
And wheresoe'er shall rove his feet,
His mind's-eye still shall read—VERGISS MEIN NICHT.

Oh woman ! ready at believing,
Too soon each tender tale receiving,
With quick perceptions never wise,
And seeing with Affection's eyes,

Would you from disappointment safely steer,

Avoid regret, and no repentance fear:

Oh ! never let your lips repeat

The claim so seldom kept—VERGISS MEIN NICHT.

THE POOR MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

OH, Poverty ! thy chilling hand destroys
All, all my hopes, and withers all my joys,
Palsies my heart, must ev'ry wish control,
And blasts each gen'rous purpose of my soul,
Checks ev'ry glowing impulse, bids me live
Without the pow'r to bless, the means to give,
To turn from asking Want the gushing eye,
Spare a scant' boon, then from the conflict fly,
And when I view the gulph of Mis'ry, think
Perhaps my steps but tremble on the brink.
Soon may't the niggard gift my hands assign,
To ask with tears and not obtain, be mine ;
To bend beneath the frown of monied Pride,
And sink by sure degrees to ills untried.

WRITTEN AT SEA,

Off the Isle of Man.

I SEE the white waves that dash over the prow,
I hear the sails shiver, and rend from the mast;
Once my bosom knew fear, but I heed it not now—
I have said “ Farewell Emma,” that look was the last.

I see danger menace from each darkened brow,
I hear all alarm’d that the gale freshens fast,
Once I dreaded the mariner’s warning, but now——
I have said “ Farewell Emma,” that look was the last.

I feel the ship labour and rock in the sea,
And I list to the breakers, and loud-rushing blast,
Once the voice of the tempest had terrors for me——
I have said “ Farewell Emma” that look was the last.

Let others in plans for their safety agree,
My time of heart-piercing solicitude’s past,
What I am, I enjoy not, nor care what to be,
I have said “ Farewell Emma” that look was the last.

ELLA.

FAREWELL the brilliant hopes my fancy fed,
Farewell the air-built castles I have rear'd,
Farewell the gleam that fond illusion shed,
When ting'd with radiance future days appear'd.

Now the dark night of disappointment lours,
Now walk the gloomy ghosts of murder'd joys,
Now the chill dews of grief benumb my pow'rs
And mute Oblivion ev'ry trace destroys.

My pleasures are departed, and their knell
Was Ella's parting word; their silent grave
This heart which lov'd and trusted but too well,
Which ev'ry pledge of Faith and Honour gave.

I lov'd without suspicion, nor believed
That Av'rice lurk'd beneath a form so fair,
My ignorance how happy, while deceiv'd!
Too soon came sad discernment and despair.

My richer rival now beholds those eyes
Beam the return of fondness due to me,
She smiles! ——nor heeds the desp'rate man who flies
Where Ella chang'd, his eyes may never see.

Her voice——that voice of fascinating tone
 Which oft' my throbbing heart has thrill'd to hear,
That voice which murmur'd love to me alone,
 In softest accents feeds his greedy ear.

In tender musings oft' I lose my pain,
 Live o'er my former days, new pleasures find,
 Till madd'ning anguish stings in ev'ry vein,
 As dread conviction flashes on my mind.

Yet may those eyes which turn'd from me with scorn,
 Ne'er shed the scalding tears of deep regret,
 Nor that hard heart by keen remorse be torn,
 No,— let her, if she can, our loves forget !

ADDRESS TO TIME.

OH Time! thy feather'd feet I prithee stay,
 Arrest thy course and pause with me awhile,
 Now, while I bask in Fortune's sunny smile,
 But should her frowns return, then speed in haste away.

While doom'd the weary hill of Want to climb,
 How seem'd thy pace by leaden Sloth delay'd!
 How long the ling'ring hours Impatience made!
 How oft by toil opprest, I rail'd at lazy Time!

But now, when Pleasure's soft enticing charms
Shed their mild lustre o'er my down-hill way,
And Wealth and Honours gild my closing day,
I dread thy length'ning stride, thy sounding scythe alarms.

Oh! for a moment rest thy rapid flight!
'Twixt me and Death a moment make thy stand,
Ah! not so swiftly urge the ebbing sand!
Nor shroud my Sun of life so soon in thickest Night!

Translations.

STANZAS,

From the Spanish of QUEVEDO.

SINCE I tine angel face have seen,
All other things have changed been;
The sun n^o longer brings me day,
Nor roses do I seek in May.

Aurora need not blush for me,
Since it has been my lot to see
A tint tha makes her colour pale,
And beam that o'er her light prevail.

Let others thro' the silent night
To mark the glitt'ring stars delight,
I gather from Orinda's eyes
The dear astronomy I prize.

Let others dig the orient mine
Where undetected metals shine ;
The gold of my Orinda's hair
Is all my treasure, all my care.

For me the wonder-hiding deep
Its pearls eternally may keep ;
Since pearls more precious far than those
My charmer's op'ning lips disclose.

Both Time and Fortune are to me
As nothing, Love has set me free ;
Since one can ne'er an ill impart,
Nor can the other change my heart

E'en Death is vanquish'd by thy charms,
And, sighing renders up his arms ;
Thy smile can bid us ever live,
Thy frown annihilation give.

Dissentions must for ever cease,
And all the world adore in peace ;
Since even heretics agree
With one accord to worship thee.

SONNET,

*On the Statue of Moses, sculptured by Buonaroti, from the
Italian of Zappi. “Chi è costui,” &c.*

WHAT form is this, that of majestic size
And mien august, in sculptured marble stands ?
Whose lips seem prompt to speak, and eye commands,
Where Art surpassing Nature seems to rise ?

’Tis Moses, by the flowing beard I know
The rev’rend chief, and by the parted ray,
’Tis he, when from the Mount he bent his way,
With more than mortal radiance on his brow.

Thus look’d he when with holy ardour fir’d,
When by the present Deity inspir’d,
The host he led, from Egypt’s land retir’d.

’Twas thus in sacred dignity array’d
He stood sublime, while Pharoah’s heart dismay’d,
Cold as this marble, felt it’s force decay’d.

LINES FROM THE FRENCH,

“Quand le Temps aura sillonné.”

WHEN Time shall have furrow'd that fair polish'd brow,
When those locks shall be silver'd by Age,
Thy spirits will sink, tho' their buoyancy now
Seems for years of delight to engage.

When tow'r'd the cold tomb man with sorrow descends,
How by griefs does he number his days !
He begins life in weeping, In weeping he ends,
And the debt of mortality pays.

Make friends then, my son, bring to Sorrow relief,
Chace the tears from Affliction's dim eye ;
To relieve it, seek Woe, be familiar with Grief,
And the paths of Benevolence try.

If a father's fond name soothe thine ear with delight,
Ah ! become thy son's guardian and friend ;
The love of fair Fame in his bosom excite,
And his mind to true excellence bend.

These resources will mild resignation bestow,
These pursuits thine affections engage,
When Time shall have furrow'd that fair polish'd brow,
When those locks shall be silver'd by Age.

HALLER'S ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE,

From the French Translation.

BELOVED wife ! to thee my song of woe
Warm from the heart, in tuneless grief I pour,
Oft' check'd by tears, my broken numbers flow,
And strains unsought my heart-felt loss deplore.

Yet shall I not my bosom's pain encrease
While I retrace my joys for ever fled ?
This bleeding heart it's anguish ne'er can cease,
Which lov'd thee living, which adores thee dead.

But when I call thy virtues all to mind,
Thy charms, thy graces, I must ever sigh ;
Some solace for my grief in tears I find,
Tears which the hand of Time can never dry.

For while in plaintive notes I tell my pain,
 Thy form, my best belov'd, I seem to see,
 The dear illusion oft' attends my strain,
 The only good that life has left for me.

Ah ! yet I see thee in that awful hour
 When to thy bed with shudd'ring haste I drew,
 Thine eyelids feebly rais'd with all thy pow'r,
 While thy brow glisten'd with a death-like dew.

My arm sustain'd thy dear, thy honour'd head,
 (Thy dying look e'en now I seem to see)
 My rising sobs I hush'd, no tears I shed,
 Faintly these words were then pronounc'd by thee :

“ Oh Haller ! thou by bounteous Heav'n bestow'd
 “ To bless my youth, my pride, my good supreme !
 “ 'Tis past, the tide of life so fast that flow'd
 “ Now ebbs, I sink, and ends my happy dream.

“ Yet throbs my heart with gratitude to find
 “ Thy tenderness can soothe the pangs of Death,
 “ Still in this hour of anguish Fate is kind,
 Since in thy arms exhales my parting breath.

“ Oh ! best beloved, adieu ! the light of day
 “ Pains the dim eyes that see thy form no more ;
 “ No longer thine, Death beckons me away,
 “ A mortal numbness steals my senses o'er.——”

Where shall I fly!—here all distracts my sight,
This house of mourning,—once my Anna's home,—
Her tomb——ah! shroud me, shades of thickest night,
Her children,——Wretch! ah! whither can I roam!—

Their infant charms a father's fondness claim,
Their tender age requires a parent's care;
But when they smile and lisp their mother's name——
From their faint hold I burst in wild Despair.

Not all the tears these widow'd eyes can pour,
Thy life of tender cares can e'er requite;
My happiness was thine, and treasur'd more
Than all beside, thy children, thy delight.

And when I ask'd thy hand with anxious fear,
(For low my fortunes, far beneath thy own)
My richer rival sought in vain thine ear,
Thou gav'st thyself to me, and me alone.

For grateful Mem'ry still the scene recals
When to a stranger clime thy steps I led,
Far from thine earliest friends, thy native walls,
When in thine arms a sister's tears were shed.

To me thy voice these cherish'd words addrest,
“ Oh Haller! all I priz'd I leave for thee,
“ No fears alarm, no sorrows swell my breast,
“ In thee I trust, thy love is all to me.”

No, this oppressive sadness ne'er can cease,
This heart can never beat to joy again,
For while I muse, my deep regrets encrease,
And fond remembrance sharpens ev'ry pain.

For to thy loss eternal tears are due,
The mournful hommage fills up all my mind,
And when to gloomy shades remote from view,
Unheard I plain, my sole relief I find.

Dear object ever present to these eyes,
Thou who beneath thee seest the planets roll,
Oh ! from thy throne supernal hear my sighs,
And let my sorrows touch thy sainted soul.

I see thee now,—thy seraph smiles invite,
Thou bidst me leave this house of mortal clay ;
I come,—with thee to taste unmix'd delight,
Mid' heav'nly choirs, in everlasting day.

THE FAREWELL.

From METASTASIO. “Ecco quel’ fier’ istante!”

I.

THE fatal hour is come, my heart
To thee must say—adieu !
Dear Ellen, forc’d from thee to part,
What charm has life in view !
No bliss my absent hours can know,
My joys will fly with thee,
And thou——Say, wilt thou e’er bestow
One sigh, one thought on me ?

II.

On thee my thoughts will ever rest,
And shape their course by thine,
That path thy footsteps love the best
Shall in idea be mine ;
My fancy still with thee shall go,
And thine attendant be,
But thou——Say wilt thou e’er bestow
One sigh, one thought on me ?

III.

Thro' silent shades my weary frame
 I drag, from thee away,
 And oft' to sullen rocks exclaim—
 Oh ! where does Ellen stray !
 From dawn to dawn, forlorn and slow
 I rove and ask for thee,
 And thou——Say, wilt thou e'er bestow
 One sigh, one tear on me ?

IV.

How oft' the fields by thee endear'd
 My steps will fondly trace !
 How sweet with thee each scene appear'd !
 How alter'd now the place !
 My tears at ev'ry vestige flow
 Of happy love and thee,
 And thou——Say, dost thou e'er bestow
 One sigh, one tear on me ?

V.

Here, at this crystal fount (I'll say)
 Thy cheek with anger burn'd,
 But with thine offer'd hand, a ray
 Of hope to me return'd.
 Here did our hearts in rapture glow
 In each our world to see ;
 But wilt thou ever now bestow
 One sigh, one thought on me ?

VI.

How many blest with happier fates
May now thy dwelling seek !
What crowds of suitors round thy gates,
Of faith, of love will speak !
Oh ! Heav'n ! while each with zeal shall show
A heart enslav'd by thee,
Say,—can thy constant mind bestow
One sigh, one thought on me ?

VII.

Think Ellen, on the barbed dart
My bleeding bosom bears ;
And Ellen think how pines my heart
With unrequited cares :
Then think of this severest blow,
This leave I take of thee,
And think——but wilt thou e'er bestow
One sigh, one thought on me !

SONNET.

From the Spanish of QUEVEDO.

How long, oh, Love! will last thy cruel reign?
Scarce had my childhood fled on hasty wing,
'Ere I began of Lisa's charms to sing,
'Ere I in fault'ring accents spoke my pain.

In ardent youth, thou Love, wast still my bane,
Thou o'er my mind romantic hues didst fling,
Thou bad'st me to the dear perdition cling,
No thought had I, nor voice but to complain.

In age maturer, still thy potent spell
Cast o'er my heart the charm of willing woe,
Thy chains I felt, but lov'd them still too well.

E'en now, in life's cold winter, still I glow,
And tho' white locks my lengthen'd being tell,
Still beats a heart of fire beneath their snow.

SONNET.

From the Spanish of QUEVEDO.

O H ! thou bright maid to whom Orlando sighs !
Oh ! thou on whom his fine eyes fondly turn !
Believe him not, there's treach'ry in those eyes,
Nor heed that tender tone of deep concern.

His voice, his looks, his words are all disguise,
Nor does a love sincere his bosom burn ;
Yield not thy heart, his fleeting passion's prize ;
Reject his vows, his perjur'd homage spurn.

Not yet a month has pass'd, since at my feet
Orlando lay, and vow'd unchanging love,
And I believ'd the tale nor fear'd deceit ;
But soon his fickle fancy long'd to rove,
And for the first fair face he chanc'd to meet,
This heart he left where love and anger strove.

LES RIENS.

QUAND ou aime rien n'est frivole,
Un rien sert ou nuit au bonheur,
Un rien afflige, un rien console,
Il n'est point de rien pour le cœur,
Un rien peut aigrir la souffrance,
Un rien l'adoucit de moitié,
Tout n'est rien pour l'indifférence,
Un rien est tout pour l'amitié.

IMITATION.

To a heart loving truly can trifles be known !
Half our sorrows arise but from trifles alone ;
A mere trifle may grieve us, a trifle console,
For that cannot be trifling which touches the soul ;
A trifle may keenest anxiety raise,
A trifle a sweet consolation betrays,
To th' indifferent trifles are trifles indeed,
But in friendship a trifle may make the heart bleed.

SONNET.

From the Spanish of QUEVEDO.

YES Anna, you're obey'd, this voice no more
Shall tell my tale of sorrow to your ear,
From me, of sleepless nights, no more you'll hear ;
My sighs are hush'd, and all my 'plainings o'er,
Not now for words of pity shall implore ;
The timid glance that spoke my bosom's fear,
My altered form, wan face, and starting tear
No more your heart's cold rigour shall deplore.

Long time I hop'd that heart which feels for none
Would feel for me, a weary pilgrimage
I long endur'd, 'ere this repose was won.
What time, what absence, loss of charms, what age
Could not effect, your chill disdain has done ;
My suit I cease, my faith I disengage.

FROM METASTASIO.

Giuseppe riconosciuto. Parte Prima.

SE a ciascun l'interno affanno
 Si leggesse in fronte scritto,
 Quanti mai, che invidia fanno,
 Ci farebbero pietà !

Si vedria che i lor nemici
 Anno in seno ; e si reduce
 Nel parere a noi felici
 Ogni lor felicità.

TRANSLATION.

IF ev'ry man's internal care
 Were written on his brow,
 How many would our pity share,
 Who raise our envy now !

The fatal secret when reveal'd
 Of ev'ry aching breast,
 Would shew that only when conceal'd,
 Their lot appear'd the best.

THE RESTLESS LOVER.

From QUEVEDO. "Està la ave en el aire."

AIR is allotted to the feather'd race,
The jocund tenants of etherial space,
Fish dwell in waters, and the vivid flame
Their own the frigid salamanders claim ;
While man, creation's lord, on earth alone
Presiding dwells, yet calls the globe his own :
But I, the most unhappy of my kind,
Myself in ev'ry element can find ;
Air, is the breath of my incessant sighs,
Water, the gushing torrent of my eyes,
O'er earth my wretched body wanders wide,
With scorching flames my glowing heart is dried.

Irish Ballads.

*Written during a Residence of some Months in the Counties
of Down and Antrim, in the Summer of the Year 1807,
and in the Dialect spoken by the lower Classes of People
in the northern Parts of Ireland.*

THADY O'CONNOR.

Thou wert false to thy king ! oh ! my Thady O'Connor,
But ever most true and most tender to me ;
And was I not thy choice, when thy choice was an honour ?
So my heart, my fond heart must be ever with thee.

Sure 'twas Folly not Vice that impell'd thee to Error,
By the phantom of Freedom seduc'd to thy fate ;
Now betray'd and subdu'd, the pale victim of Terror,
The illusion thou find'st, but thou find'st it too late.

Yet that heart whose mad pulses inflam'd thee to Treason,
Oft' with Pity has melted——oft' Friendship inspir'd ;
Ah then ! had but it's feelings been govern'd by Reason,
How all Erin had wept when my Thady expir'd !

On thy corse deck'd with flow'rs, then a parent's tears flowing
Had embalm'd thee, their treasure, their glory, their pride;
At the thought of thy virtues, their hearts had been glowing,
For then lov'd and lamented their soldier had died.

But oh ! now——thy old father weigh'd down by distresses,
 Sits silent in shame 'till Death comes to relieve him,
 His heart-gnawing cares to no friend he confesses,
 But bids them by signs to pass on and to leave him.

Thy mother !———how lov'd and how loving a mother !
 She died———and her lips left no blessing for thee——
 From a home render'd wretched, away ran thy brother,
 And oh, Thady !——no friend now remains thee but me.

But I'll not forsake thee, my Thady O'Connor,
 Thou repentest——and all is forgotten with me ;
 In this world thou could'st never find comfort nor honour,
 But the God of all mercies has pardon for thee.

POOR BARBARA.

I.

“ **O**H ! Barbara, tell me, where is it thou'rt going,
 “ In such haste o'er the shingle and wrack ?
 “ Why o'er thy wan face are thy tresses loose flowing,
 “ Why dost thou not heed the cold winter-blast blowing,
 “ And the tide that gains over the track ?”

II.

At the sound of a voice the poor wanderer started,

And look'd round her in fearful distress,

Then the long locks that hung o'er her dark eyes she parted,
And in accents low, hurried, with tones broken-hearted,

She began her heart's woe to express.

III.

“ They'll shut me up fast, and with cords they will bind me,

“ If they hear from the cabin I'm flown;

“ And Dennis ! I never will hope more to find thee ;

“ Oh Lady ! a friend to the wretched and kind be,

“ Don't be saying you met me alone.

IV.

“ Here oft' have I waited his net while 'twas hauling,

“ By the rocks where the barnacles build,

“ And hark ! 'tis his voice, o'er the strand loudly calling,

“ He bade me come here when the night it was falling,

“ ——'Twas his voice——but how sudden it still'd !

V.

“ Oh Dennis ! once more to poor Barbara speaking,

“ The dear sound let me hear 'ere I die !

“ Ah ! no, 'tis in vain that my lover I'm seeking,

“ No sound meets my ear save the curlieu's loud shrieking,

“ And the sea-gull's sharp, wearisome cry.

VI.

“ I was fond to believe that my Dennis could call me,

“ Don’t I know he lies under the wave !

“ Then I’ll go back with thee, and no harm shall befall thee,

“ I will not be frantic nor wild to appal thee,

“ I’ll be silent and calm as the grave.”

ROSE MAGEE.

GOOD* luck to you, said Rose Magee,

Ah ! go you till† the hills of Morne ! †

Ah ! bid my Barney come till me,

And tell him Rose is all forlorn.

I cannot want § his eyes so bright,

I cannot want his voice of love ;

I cannot want his precious sight,

Oh ! why did Barney honey rove !

* A common salutation among the Irish.

† The word *till* is generally used instead of *to*.

‡ A chain of mountains in the county of Down, perhaps some of the highest ground in Ireland.

§ I cannot *want* means I cannot do without. Je ne puis me passer de

If till the hills of Morne you go,
 Ah! bear me with you on your car,
 But don't be letting us be slow,
 For I'm in haste, the way is far.

They tell me I've been lying long, *
 They tell me I am wild and mad,
 But I will be both stout and strong
 When I will be at ease and glad.

I've set † my cabin, sold my cow,
 Nor childer ‡ but this bairn § have I ;
 And who is after thinking now
 To bury Rose, if she should die ? ||

Then let the thanks of Rose Magee
 Go with you till the hills of Morne,
 And Barney life shall bless with me .
 The day your honour's grace was born.

* *Lying* in this sense means *bed-ridden*.

† The word *set* instead of *let* is universally in use.

‡ Children.

§ This Scotticism is very frequent.

|| The peasants of Ulster are very superstitious and solicitous about the place and manner of their burial.

DENNIS M'KIRTIE.

I.

“ Och ! Dennis M'Kirtie,
 “ Your brogues are so dirty,
 “ You can never come into the hall ;”
 Sure, Judy O'Grady
 I'll *speak* to my lady,
 Will I stand in the lobby and bawl !

II.

Barring * whiskey and whey,
 I've ate nothing to-day,
 No gossoon † in the land could go faster.
 No man, bairn or *baist*
 Could be making more haste,
 If he ran to the wake ‡ of his master.

* *Barring* signifies *except*.

† *Gossoon*, errand-boy ; from the French *garçon*.

‡ *Wake*, funeral, which it is considered a great piece of disrespect to fail attending.

III.

Now, to tell you my case,
Clane and out o' the face,*
A small accident happen'd me now,
To make no more bother,
I've *kilt* † my own brother,
And I'd best hide away from the *row*.

IV.

“ Poor *cratur!* and did ye ?
“ Who was it that bid ye ?
“ Ah ? now Dennis, you've not kilt him dead ?”
Sure myself ‡ does not know,
’Twas the deuce of a blow,
And it somehow fell right on his head.

V.

“ How came ye to fight?
“ Ye were friends t'other night,”
Och ! sure I can't tell you my honey,
One wordbrought another,
Then came such a bother,
Murtagh bother'd like mad for his money.

* From beginning to end.

† *Kilt* signifies bruised or wounded, sometimes to death.

‡ *Myselv* for *I* is very common.

VI.

Sure (said I) be *contint*,
 The thirteens are all *spint*,
 And, bad luck to me, * laugh'd in his face ;
 So he out's with his knife,
 And I thought on my life,
 He'd have left me for dead on the place.

VII.

By the holy † 'tis true,
 So then what could I do !
 Shillela soon bade him be quiet ;
 So I thought it my best,
 To come here without rest,
 And be hiding away from the riot.

VIII.

So Judy O'Grady
 I'll *spake* to my lady,
Swate soul ! she was nurst by my mother,
 And she'll make me to stay
 Till it's all done away,
 Don't she know I'm her own foster-brother.

* *Bad luck to me* is synonymous with the English phrase of *More fool I.*

† *The holy poker of Hell*, see the “Essay on Irish Bulls.”

PADDY AHMUTY.

COME live on potatoes, swate lady wi' me
 (Cried the poor Irish lad who was crazy)
 How blest but to lie at thy feet should I be !
 Sure an egg-shell * of whiskey were nectar wi' thee !
 In a cabin wi' thee I'd be *aisy*.

I I.

I've been round by the bog, at the porter-house waiting,
 All to catch but a beam of thy beauty,
 And I've said ten Ave-Maries to gain but a *mating*
 Ah ! feel how my heart, my poor heart it is *bating*
 Don't be killing poor Paddy Ahmuty !

III.

Och ! bright is the sun when it shines in the morning,
 And awakes my poor eyelids to sorrow,
 Far brighter the locks your fair forehead adorning,
 But grief turns them gray, look on mine for a warning,
 It was done 'twixt the night and the morrow.

* The Irish cotters generally contrive to procure whiskey, though they may not be able to make the purchase of a cup.

We were eight, and there's not one, save me, that is living,
 'Twas the Orange-boys kill'd all my brothers,
And the deaths of that day I can ne'er be forgiving,
I ne'er see a soldier without some misgiving,
 They've destroy'd all the sons of our mothers.

V.

Bad luck to the man who first wrong'd our *swate* nation,
 And bad luck to the great London traders !
Since the Union was past, we've found nought but vexation,
We're crush'd down by the weight of a cruel taxation,
 And the land is ate up by invaders.

VI.

When I think on our wrongs, my poor brain it is burning,
 Were I quiet, the dead would accuse me ;
Och ! ne'er will I see Erin's glory returning,
There's no comfort for Paddy whichever way turning,
 Och ! then do not thy pity refuse me !

SIR DENNIS AND THE BANSHEE.*

IT was night, and Sir Dennis was sate in his hall,
And his pointers were sleeping around,
When a strange voice was heard at his portal to call,
And Sir Dennis arose at the sound.

He gaz'd with attention, no form met his eye,
But the portal was shrouded in shade,
He heard not the words, but the wind it was high,
And the branches a loud rustling made.

* The Banshee is a female spirit, remarkable for her attachment to the descendants of the ancient Irish, and her melancholy wailings, which presage death or misfortune to the families she attends: she most frequently appears in the figure of a little old woman in a red mantle, with long silver hair, which floats in the wind, and falls over her face, which since she comes to announce calamity is bathed in tears. If it be objected to the above ballad, that it is "a tale full of noise and fury, signifying nothing," the writer's apology must be, that it is not invented by her, but merely versified from oral tradition, and she hopes that consciousness of its deficiency of connection may prove that it is not "told by an idiot." The colouring only is hers; the outline was supplied by a County-Down Sybil, an old woman of Newtown-Ardes, who seemed to hold every circumstance of at least equal authenticity with her creed.

“ O stranger, come tell me your tidings I pray,”
 Cried Sir Dennis, “ And sit by my fire.”
 He paus’d, and he listen’d in anxious delay,
 And again did an answer require.

The strange voice repeated his name, but no more,
 Nor replied to his courteous request ;
 But Sir Dennis impatient the court to explore,
 Went to rouse his attendants from rest.

“ Come Ryan, Gommel, Murphy, Patrick, O’Niel,”
 He repeated, but not one would wake,
 He shook them, he sounded his horn, blew a peal,
 But their slumbers no efforts could break.

“ Are they drunk ?” quoth Sir Dennis, “ When morning appears,
 “ They shall rue the return of the light,
 “ But my pointers, I trust, still have voices and ears,
 “ They shall ’tend me as servants to-night.”

He calls, and he whistles each favourite dog,
 But not one makes an effort to stir,
 Each lies by the fire like a motionless log,
 And the lash sounds in vain on each cur.

“ By St. Patrick ’tis strange,” quoth Sir Dennis, “ Ill try
 “ If my horses are fast lock’d in sleep,
 “ Even then I’ll the force of enchantment defy,
 “ And alone issue forth from the keep.”

He op'd the wide door, when a palfrey appear'd,
 And he vaulted in haste on his back,
 He travers'd the court whence the voice he had heard,
 And he glimps'd a dim form on the track.

“ ‘Tis the stranger” Sir Dennis exclaim'd, “ I will hear
 “ All the tidings he came to impart ;
 “ Now my eyes shall behold him, and not till my ear
 “ Is inform'd will I let him depart.”

His horse galopp'd well, and he soon brought him nigh
 To the figure he long'd to behold,
 When a woman's pale visage astonish'd his eye,
 She was meagre, and wither'd, and old.

Her mantle was red, and her long silver hair
 Wav'd wildly, as borne by the wind,
 Her eyes swam in tears, and her brow mark'd by care,
 Seem'd a warning to Dennis design'd.

Her voice froze his blood, as these accents she spake,
 “ Oh Sir Dennis ! thy terrors I see,
 “ But cannot my child of adoption forsake,
 “ For behold thine attendant—BANSHEE.

“ My office to warn thee from ill it has been,
 “ From the day of thy birth to this hour,
 “ I have guided thy steps, tho' by thee never seen,
 “ And have shielded thy life with my power.

“ Obey me, Sir Dennis, I must not disclose
 “ What I see in the dim verge of Time,
“ But follow my footsteps, nor dare to oppose
 “ What I order, for doubt is a crime.

“ Hast thou faith ? I will lead thee and watch thee from harm,
 “ And direct thee to safety and rest,
“ But falter, or shew but the slightest alarm,
 “ And I hurl thee from east to the west.”

“ Mysterious protectress !” Sir Dennis exclaim’d,
 “ I will follow where’er thou shalt lead,
“ My ancestors all were for enterprize fam’d,
 “ And I dare the most desperate deed.”

“ Then follow me now” quoth the beldame, and fast
 O’er the furze-cover’d mountain she ran,
With a speed more than human, as borne by the blast,
 And close follow’d the resolute man.

She led him thro’ ditches, thro’ hedges and lanes,
 Down a steep rocky fall, to the sea,
Nor the breaker’s white surf her mad purpose restrains
 ——She plung’d in, and cried out “ Follow me.”

Sir Dennis’ heart fail’d as he stood on the brink,
 But he thought on his forefather’s fame,
He plung’d in the wave, arm’d with courage to sink,
 ‘Ere disgrace the O’Callaghan name.

But his horse swam with ease, and he soon gain'd an isle,
Where appear'd his attendant BANSHEE,
Her hand wav'd in triumph, her face wore a smile,
And she said, thou art worthy of me.

“ Here rest thee till morn, when day' breaks thou shalt find
“ A safe bark to conduct thee to shore,
“ But when thou return'st to thy home, bear in mind
The wide waste that thy steps travers'd o'er.

“ And observe the same path, now Sir Dennis, farewell,”
And a white mist involv'd her from sight,
While Sir Dennis amazed, on the brink, scarce could tell
If his heart beat with wonder or fright.

But he watch'd there till morning, and gaz'd on the tide,
When a boat drifted close to the shore,
First plung'd in his horse, then he sprang by his side,
And with transport he seiz'd on the oar.

He landed, he mounted, he rode on in haste,
And he travers'd his way back again,
He trac'd the same path, thro' the wood and the waste,
Thro' the wild rocky pass and the plain.

At length the white keep of his castle appear'd,
Dimly seen on the edge of the moor,
At the sight of his home was Sir Dennis' heart cheer'd,
And he now thought his hopes were secure.

When he reach'd the wide portal, what sight met his eye !
 His attendants lay stretch'd on the ground,
 Pale in death were their faces, their weapons lay nigh,
 And the blood gush'd from each gaping wound.

What dismay smote his heart ! he rush'd forward to find
 If the foe held possession within,
 But 'twas silent and desolate all, and his mind
 Was oppress'd by the fate of his kin.

“ O Patrick ! had I been at hand to preserve,
 “ Thou had'st not thus ingloriously died,
 “ O Gommel,” he exclaim'd, but he paus'd to observe
 That Gommel heav'd him up on his side.

“ O Sir Dennis,” the dying man faintly began,
 “ Do I see then thy sweet face once more !
 “ Thy kindred were true, for we fought man to man,
 “ And Sir Phelim repuls'd o'er and o'er.

“ But our efforts were vain——for by numbers o'ercome——
 “ —— O Sir Dennis——oh ! pray for my soul——
 “ Blessed Jesus receive me !”—he ceas'd, and was dumb,
 And his eyes did in agony roll.

He gasp'd, and he struggled, then gave up his breath,
 And Sir Dennis hung o'er him in grief,
 Then gaz'd on the court, spread with carnage and death,
 And a full flood of tears gave relief.

Then he rous'd, and by Fate and St. Patrick he swore
That Sir Phelim should die by his hand,
That their plunder his free-booting clan should restore,
And their blood should empurple the strand.

CLARA;

OR,

THE NUNS OF CHARITY.

A TRAGIC PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

CLARA;
OR,
THE NUNS OF CHARITY:
A TRAGIC PLAY,
IN FIVE ACTS.

This Play is founded on the story of the “Siege de Rochelle,” a novel written by Madame de Genlis, but with the introduction of several original characters, and some alterations, to bring the various incidents into the compass of five acts.

The time supposed to pass during the representation, is one evening, and the entire day succeeding. During the two first acts the scene is in the Castle of Valmonson: it changes afterwards to a prison, a convent, and part of the woods of Valmonson.

The scene is laid in France, on the banks of the Rhone, and the period of time supposed to be the sixteenth century.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE COUNT OF VALMONSOR.

THE COUNT OF ROHAN.

BARON MONTALBAN.

FATHER ANSELMO.

MOREL.

WALTER,

HOFFMAN.

JAILOR.

JAILOR'S SERVANT.

SOLDIERS, SERVANTS, AND PEASANTS.

JULIO (A CHILD.)

COUNTESS AMELIA.

CLARA.

SISTER ISABEL.

NUNS.

FEMALE PEASANTS.

ANNETTE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Scene represents a Room in the Castle of Valmonson.*

[Enter MOREL and ANNENETTE.]

Annette. Well, Mr. Morel, it is all very true that you say, and you are quite in the right of it, to speak up for your master, and I am sure I have nothing to say against him, he is a fine young gentleman, that is the truth of it; and he has behaved himself very genteely to me; I am sure I should be sorry to say any thing to the prejudice of a gentleman who has such a pretty fancy in rings (*shews her finger*) and gives away a purse so genteely (*shewing a purse*) but all that I say is *this*, my young lady might have *done better*.

Morel. What! you mean she might have married some prince or a duke, I suppose, and had a little court of her own, and guards and maids of honour, and been called “Your Serene Highness” at every word—I think “My Lady the Countess” sounds every bit as well.—

Annette. Aye, aye, but she might have *done better*.

Morel. *Done better!* That is just as people *think*, you know; every one to his fancy; why, when I tell people that *you* and *I* are going to make a match of it, every body tells me that I might *do better*.

Annette. You do better indeed! Fine assurance, truly!

Morel. That is just what I tell them. Look you, says I, it is not because I am a fine young fellow, with a good purse of sequins in my pocket; and it is not because my father was a musqueteer, and my mother own woman to the first

lady of the bedchamber to the Princess of Bavaria ; and it is not because my relations have made some figure in the world, not to say a word of my own talents and qualifications, that I am to give myself airs, and look down upon a good little girl who is so very fond of me.

Annette. I fond of you !

Morel. To be sure you are.

Annette. Not I, believe me.

Morel. No ! Then you are not the sensible girl I took you for.

Annette. Why, to be sure, Mr. Morel, I do not pretend to more sense than my neighbours ; but then the best of me is, that I have not a bit of pride.

Morel. I wonder at that, when you have had *me* for your humble servant so long ; and I am sure that is honour enough to puff up the pride and vanity of any little girl in the province.

Annette. Ah ! but for all that, I am not a bit proud ; for I always say, when my Lady, or the Count, or the General, or any of the great people say to me “ Annette, why do you throw yourself away upon that silly fellow Morel ? ” —

Morel. What ! Do they call me *silly fellow* ?

Annette. To be sure they do. “ Annette, why do you throw yourself away upon that silly fellow Morel ? ” That is what they say.

Morel. Silly fellow ! — Ah ! that must be for want of knowing me better.

Annette. I don’t think it is, I have known you for five years now ; — but then, when they say that, I always make answer, “ To be sure your Excellency,” or “ To be sure your Lordship,” or “ To be sure your Ladyship,” just as it happens to be, you know, it is not, but that I have much better offers, for not to mention the scores and scores of letters that I have sent back, without ever so much as breaking the seal,

Morel. Ah ! but you peep'd in at the sides.

Annette. Without so much as breaking the seal. There was the Duke of Parma's head-man, and there was the first violin in my lord's band, Mr. Oh ! dear ! I can't think of his name.

Morel. Never mind his name.

Annette. Oh ! Lord, I must remember his name, or else I shall stick here for ever,—can never get on without it.

Morel. Well, well—I know his name—it was Angiolini, or Diavolini,—or some such thing.

Annette. Angiolini——No, I did not mean Angiolini, though he was in love with me too ; he was very near shooting himself, because I would not have him.

Morel. Really now——what a silly fellow !

Annette. What ! because he liked me ?

Morel. No, no, I must not say *that*, lest I should hit myself a slap in the face over this Mr. Angiolini's shoulder ; but I must needs say, he was a very silly fellow, to think of posting *out* of the world—while such a sweet girl as you remained in it.

Annette. La ! Mr. Morel—you are so complaisant!—Well, really, if you always kip in the same mind, I won't be sure that I could do better.

Morel. No, to be sure not, nor your lady neither.

Annette. Oh ! yes, my *lady* might, for between you and me, your master is no great fortune.

Morel. The more shame for his father, the old Count that is gone, for he took offence that his son should marry his first wife, without asking his consent, and left all his estates to his grandson, little Julio.

Annette. Ah ! that was a shame, but Julio is a sweet boy ; I dare say his father had rather have him than all the money.

Morel. To be sure he would ; but since children do die sometimes, it is some comfort to know, if any thing happened to Julio, he would get all his estates back again.

Annette. And the title.—He can't be a Marquis unless he gets the land.

Morel. And then, over and above all that, to make the matter worse, what does the other old Don, my first lady's father do ! but take amiss some nonsense that his daughter put in his head, and then do just the very same, and leave every thing to the boy, and not one livre to the Count !—

Annette. Well, to be sure, that *is* strange ; why this child seems to be a sort of *elder brother* to his father, for he comes in between him and all the good things.

Morel. Aye, but his father thinks him the best thing of all, for he loves the very ground he walks upon.

Annette. And my young lady too, she takes to him as if he were her own son. Here he comes, sweet fellow !

[Enter JULIO.]

Julio. Annette, where is my mamma ?

Annette. Your mamma, my love ! and who is she ?

Julio. My mamma Clara. Papa and mamma will be married to-morrow, and I am to go to church, and then we are all to go in a coach, and see the soldiers, and hear the guns go—bang !—bang !—

Morel. Aye, it is a hard thing for a man to go fighting, just after he is married.

[CLARA speaks behind the scenes.]

Clara. Julio !

Julio. That's my mamma.

(Runs out.)

Annette. Here comes my lady.

Morel. Well, I will stay and have one look at her ; I know she likes to see me, because I put her in mind of my master.

Annette. Very like she may, just as I like to see your monkey, because he puts me in mind of you.

Morel. Monkey truly !—however, you have us both in a chain, so let it pass.

[Enter CLARA, holding the hand of JULIO.]

Clara. Annette, bring me my veil; I must go out with Julio. [Exit Annette.]

Is there no one in the hall, Morel?

Morel. No, my lady; my master bade me say he could not come home till a late hour.

Clara. Has he arms with him?

Morel. Yes, my lady.

Clara. And attendants?—How many?

Julio. Oh! yes, papa has got *one, two, three, five* men with him.

Clara. (to *Morel.*) You may depart,—Stop! Did you not hear a carriage in the court? Fly and see who it is.

[Exit *Morel.*]

Surely it must be the Baron!—How awful is this meeting with a father whom I have never beheld since my infancy! While I remained in my convent, how did I languish from year to year, in expectation of seeing my only remaining parent! I am sure I shall love him; my heart throbs whenever I name him.—And yet, how singular has been his conduct! How oft, while his magnificent presents made me the envy of my companions, have I shed tears in secret at the coldness of his letters! Scarcely sometimes he owns the filial tie. Instead of “beloved daughter,” or “my daughter,” he addresses me with the cold formality of “Madam,” or “Lady Clara.”—Oh! if such be the fathers of the great world, would to Heaven that mine had been a peasant!

Julio. Don’t you love my papa?

Clara. My Julio! more than life I love him!—Dear child, in whom all our fondest mutual wishes center! Sweet boy! thou art the living portrait of Valmonsor; the same expression, the same features, more delicately touched,—thou art more dear to me than I have words to tell.

Julio. Oh! I hear somebody coming. Don’t let them see me; I want to frighten them.

[*Julio wraps himself in Clara's dress.*]

Clara. Merciful Heav'n ! it is my father !

Julio. Oh ! it is aunt Amelia ; hide me, hide me.

Clara. I breathe again.

[Enter COUNTESS AMELIA.]

Dearest Amelia !

Amelia. Clara, you are as much devoted to that child as if he were indeed your own ; but you must prepare for an important interview ; the Baron de Montalban is arrived.

Clara. My father ! Where is he ? I must fly to ask his blessing ; let me go, Julio.

Amelia. Stop, he is not yet at leisure.

Clara. Not at leisure to see his child !

Amelia. No ; he is shut up in the library, with the persons who conduct my brother's affairs, and is looking over the old Count's will.

Clara. Have you then seen him ?

Amelia. Yes, he was announced to me on his arrival.

Clara. You may go, Julio ; go and play, my love.

[Exit *Julio.*]

Did he not ask for me ?

Amelia. Certainly.

Clara. Oh ! tell me every thing—How did he look ?

Amelia. Why,—like a nobleman ;—he is very richly drest.

Clara. But his countenance.—Is he gracious ?—

Amelia. He is very polite.

Clara. Did he seem grave or merry ?

Amelia. Rather serious, than gay.

Clara. Did he speak much ?

Amelia. Yes, he asked many questions.

Clara. About me ?

Amelia. No, they were about my brother.

Clara. Happy subject to a sister whose every answer must delight a father ! Envy itself cannot find any thing to

blame in the character, the manners, the person of Valmonsor.

Amelia. The Baron did not speak of his character, or manners.

Clara. Of what then ?

Amelia. Of his fortune, of his expectations, of the deeds which give every thing to Julio.

Clara. Why should that grieve my father ? we have enough for comfort, and if pride must be gratified, will not the magnificence of our child beam a reflected splendour upon us ? I would not change our destiny for his, if I could do't by holding up a finger.

Amelia. Aye, but my brother soon must join his troop ; the Saxon force advances every hour, and should he fall—what then remains for you ?

Clara. Could wealth console me in a grief like that ! No ; in a cloister'd cell to weep my lord, I should have little use for worldly riches.

[Enter SERVANT to CLARA.]

Servant. Madam, the Baron begs to be admitted.

Clara. Tell my dear father I attend him here.

[Exit Servant.

[Enter MONTALBAN and HOFFMAN. CLARA falls on one knee, and kisses her father's hand.]

Mont. Rise, my daughter, that posture suits only slaves and criminals. (*To Amelia*) Madam, you will excuse the tenderness of a father ; my first hommage should have been to you ; it is to your care that I owe the graces and accomplishments of my daughter. However brilliant her career in life may prove, it is to you solely that I shall ascribe the merit.

Amelia. Rather Sir, to that Power whence flows every gift, which our weak endeavours can merely cultivate and improve.—I would not make a *Higher Name* familiar in my speech ; but allow me, Sir, to say, that from *Nature*,

your daughter has received a mind of the first order, and a feeling heart;—her person—

Mont. Is every thing I could desire.——I trace in her countenance the characteristic features of the family of Montalban; a house no less renowned for the beauty of its daughters, than the bravery of its sons.—It would be impossible for a moment to doubt of her descent.

Amelia. Yet Sir, her countenance bears no similitude to yours. —

Mont. The difference of age, of sex, of climate.—I have spent several years in the hot latitudes; yet, if I know myself, we are still very much alike. What say you, Hoffman?

Hoff. Oh! yes, my lord; very much alike indeed. — —

Mont. Yet, at the moment of re-union with a child deservedly so dear to me;—after a separation so cruel to my feelings, so contrary to my intentions, how can I part with her again! Nothing less than the high veneration I have for the House of Valmonsor, the personal respect I feel for your brother, Madam, could induce me to resign the rights of a parent over this beloved child, by giving her up to the authority of a husband.

Clara. Oh! Sir, if you knew Valmonsor, you would feel that your rights will not be diminished, they will be extended—they will not be lost, they will be doubled; you will not lose a daughter, but you will gain a son.

Amelia. When Sir, my brother first declared his love for Lady Clara, your consent to the alliance was openly demanded, and was freely given.—I cannot now suppose that the Baron de Montalban would wish to retract his promise.

Mont. With Montalban, Madam, to wish and to perform are always one; a mind determined in itself, and equal to any enterprize, neither finds, nor allows of obstacles. If I give my daughter to your brother I give her freely.

Clara. If!—Oh! my father! what mean those cruel words?

Mont. Why, nothing!—nothing!—what mean half the idle words we hear and speak, but nothing!—and to make something out of nothing is the fool's pleasure and the madman's privilege.

Clara. Sir,—are you angry?

Mont. I angry? Never was angry in my life; you never saw me angry, did you, Hoffman?

Hoff. Oh! no, my lord, never angry at any thing—never.

Mont. Why, Clara, you look heavily. Did you receive those presents I sent you; those gems, and the rich crucifix?

Clara. Oh, Sir! why have you robbed yourself, to shower profusion on your child? take back your jewels, they are too rich for me;—convert them into money for yourself.

Mont. Money for me!—Do you suppose I want it?

Clara. Forgive me, Sir, but busy tongues will talk.

Mont. Aye!—And what say they?

Clara. They say, Sir—but forgive me what I speak;—they say your ruined fortunes have compelled you to sell your lands, your castles,—nay, more—your very equipage—your horses, dismiss your followers, and obscurely dwell, with one poor servant 'neath a borrowed roof.

Mont. Say they no more?

Clara. More than I dare to utter.

Mont. Speak freely—this is sport to me—go on—

Clara. Ah! not to me;—my midnight pillow has been often steeped in tears this tale of grief wrung from me—almost unknown, Sir, as you were—I lov'd, I honour'd, and I pitied you.

Mont. I charge you on your duty to go on.

Clara. Sir, you command, and I am bound to obey. They say, Sir, that your debts threaten your safety; your *liberty*, I mean; that while you walk abroad fear and suspicion haunt your dangerous steps. Nay, that e'en now

Mont. Enough.—Now fix your eyes upon your father—Dare you speak truth?

Clara. Oh ! Sir ; since first I learned to lisp your honour'd name, *falsehood* has never dwelt upon these lips.

Mont. Then, as you fear an angry father's curse, answer me truly—Knows Valmonsor this ?

Clara. Sir, tho' displeasure darken on your brow, I must declare Valmonsor knows it all.

Mont. Why, then, he knows a *very idle tale* of one who cares not *what* the world says of him. We who stand high above the busy and the sordid crowd are but the loftier marks for Slander's bolts to aim at.—The *marvellous*, the *terrible*, the *strange*, women and children hear with fond delight ; but for the gallant Count Valmonsor !——I must something wonder that a soldier of his promise should lend his ear to such a gossip's tale.—Go, lady Clara, sort your bridal dresses ; look out your choicest jewels for to-morrow ; the hours move slowly till I see your bridegroom. Health and prosperity wait on your choice!——farewell !

[*Exeunt Montalban and Hoffman.*

Amelia. (*Comes forward.*) Is this a father !

Clara. Is he not mine ?

What have I done to cross him ? and yet sure
He left me in displeasure ; for tho' smiles
Play'd on his lip, and tho' his words were gay,
Yet angry scorn flash'd from his eyes, as tho'
He loath'd to see me.

Amelia. Perhaps he deems my brother not deserves you.

Clara. He not deserve me !—I have often wished
His name were less illustrious, or his genius
Not so o'ertopping to all other mens',
I am too far beneath his wond'rous merit ;
Yet, if to love can make equality,
Then only can I be Valmonsor's equal.

Amelia. See where he comes.

[Enter VALMONSOR and JULIO.]

Julio. Here is mamma.

Val. My life, my Clara, on the wings of love
Whose haste allows no pause, feels no fatigue ;
Breathless and eager I am come to greet you.

Clara. You have outstripped the wind ; what haste you made !

Val. I have brought one you will be glad to see.

Clara. Who then, my Lord ?

Val. Your father confessor.

Clara. The good Anselmo ! Peace is on his lips.

Val. Is not your father come ?

Clara. But now he left us.

Val. Where is he ? I must pay my duty to him.

Clara. I will conduct you to him—this way come.

Julio. Take me between you, for mamma loves Julio.

[*Exeunt VALMONSOR, CLARA, and JULIO.*]

Amelia. Montalban, I have mark'd thee well ;

There is a gloomy craft upon thy brow,

There is a silent sneer upon thy lip—

A smooth and studied manner in thy words :

No honest man will love, no wise man trust,

If right I spell the legend on thy face,

(For an experienced eye can read the soul

Writ on the table of the countenance.)

Treason and cruelty have rul'd thy mind ;

Cultur'd by low self-interest alone,

Till every finer feeling rooted out,

It spreads a frightful wilderness of guilt

Which bears to flow'r to Hope, no fruit to Heav'n.

Clara has ev'ry virtue, ev'ry charm ;

I love her as myself, and yet I wish

My brother had not match'd with a *Montalban*.

Too oft' the scion from a canker'd stem

Betrays the promise of its early bloom,
Fair tho' it seem, and lovely to the eye.

But let me not anticipate distress ;
'Tis Folly, and not Prudence, which impels us
To pierce Futurity, and o'er take Time.

[*Exit Amelia.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Time—the early Morning. Scene the same.*

[Enter CLARA and FATHER ANSELMO.]

Clara. I shall remember your instructions, Sir.

Fath. Let them sink deep into thy heart, my child;
Life opens fair upon thy early course,
Hope swells the canvas, Pleasure gives the gale ;
Let not Discretion slumber at the helm.
Full many a day which dawn'd as bright as thine,
After a noon of storms has clos'd in sorrow :
Give not thy soul to joy, without reserve.

Clara. Father, should sorrow come, I'll think on you,
And call your pious lessons to my mind.

Fath. Should sorrow come—ah ! then I know thou wilt ;
But I beseech thee to regard them *now*,
While thy full heart is buoyant with delight,
And ev'ry pulse beats high with Hope and Joy,
Now offer up a willing sacrifice.
Bring not to him who gave thee ev'ry good,
The meagre off'ring of a broken heart—
A spirit harass'd with the world's distresses.

Clara. Oh ! father ! guide me—tell me how to live.

Fath. This do :—When Conscience speaks, attend her voice,
Start at no sacrifice, however great,
Commit no willing sin, however small.
—And now let my paternal blessing guard thee,
Till I shall meet thee in that solemn hour,
When I shall join thy hand to thy Valmonson's.

[Exit Anselmo.

Clara. Thou excellent old man ! I love thee much ;
 Yet am I scarce deserving of thy cares ;
 For e'en while I attend thy admonitions,
 My rising spirits, only half subdued,
 Fling from my mind each thought of sombre hue,
 And give me all to Love and to Valmonsor.
 My father loves him too, he loves his child ;
 I saw him fondle Julio on his knee,
 Gaze on his little palm, and say it told
 Long life and happiness.—
 Why did I fear he would repine to know
 Julio had all the wealth, Valmonsor nothing ;
 He is too generous.—Sure I did him wrong ;
 Yet he has suffer'd from unfav'ring Fortune ;
 Only for him I mourn our straighten'd means.

[Enter SERVANT with a packet.]

What bring you here ?

Servant. Madam, from Germany. I think for you.

[Exit Servant.]

Clara. Oh ! 'tis from my mysterious unknown friend,
 Who sends me ev'ry year a precious gift ;
 How shall I cut these cords ? Oh ! now 'tis open,
 What have I here ! merciful Heav'ns ! a knife !

(Takes out a great knife, a rope ladder, and a silk-handkerchief.)

And this,—and this—what mean these horrid things !
 This handkerchief for me ! these ropes ! this knife !
 Are these the precious gifts I looked to see ?
 Stay,—once again to look upon the cover——
 What have I done ! it bears my father's name ;
 How shall I meet his anger ! how conceal
 My knowledge of this strange mysterious package.
 Ha ! some one comes ! No,—twas a fancied noise ;
 How cowardly must guilty creatures feel !
 When I, who do but fear I've made a fault,

Tremble and shake, and fear each passing sound !

It was not Fancy—Surely some one comes,—

Quick let me gather up these fearful things.

(*She collects them upon a table, and throws her veil over them. While she is doing this, Valmonson passes by the outside of the window, stops to observe her, and then speaks.*)

Val. Clara, my love, will you not come to me ?

Clara. Oh ! yes,—just now—immediately—not yet.

Val. Come, what detains you ? by a lover's watch,
Moments of expectation are as hours.

What have you there you seem to wrap, and fold, and
muffle in your veil ?

Clara. Why—nothing—but my veil—

Val. Aye, but beneath your veil ?

Clara. Why—there is nought
But my embroidery—that is all indeed.

Val. Well, I am answered.—Come without delay.

[*Exit Valmonson.*

Clara. What have I said ! a poor unworthy falsehood,
A pitiful, prevaricating lie,
And to Valmonson ! to that heart of Truth,
Without whose faith, life were a blank to me !
Oh ! father Anselmo ! truly might'st thou tell,
How storms may blast the fairest opening day,
Since Shame and Fear at once oppress my heart,
But now to lay these in my father's sight,
And close this odious package from all eyes.

[*Exit Clara, with the veil, &c. &c.*

SCENE II. *The Scene changes.*

[Enter MONTALBAN and AMELIA from opposite sides.]

Mont. Countess Amelia risen at this hour !

Is it your custom, lady ?

Amelia. No ; but last night sleep did not visit me.

Mont. Were you disturbed ?

Amelia. Only by thinking on that near event,
Which touches you more deeply than myself—
My brother's marriage with your daughter, Sir.

Mont. Have you no fear of robbers in this castle ?

Amelia. Oh ! no, for we are guarded by a bulwark.

Mont. Indeed ! where is it ?

Amelia. In our people's hearts.
No vassal train, no sordid band of slaves,
Writhing beneath the lawless iron rule
Of feudal Tyranny, surround our walls ;
Our peasants, free and happy, love their lords.
I pledge myself that ev'ry one of those
Brave, hardy mountaineers would risk his life,
For me, or for Valmonsor, or his child.

Mont. Oh ! that is fond enthusiasm on your part,——
Trust me, I know the world, and well I know
The rich are ever hated by the poor.

Amelia. And who is poor ? Not he who daily earns
His bread by daily toil, and reigns at night
The master of his shed. Not he, the man
Who carves his hardy fortune for himself,
Who asks no favor, and incurs no debt ;
What though his meal be coarse, his drink the stream ;
What tho' his rude, unfashionable garb,
Serve but to shelter and to clothe his limbs,
Yet is he independant,——he resists

The lash of Tyranny, however named,
 Stands firm against Oppression, nor is he
 So *mean*, so *abject*, or so *poor* a thing,
 To sell his thoughts, opinions, actions, words,
 To swell the party of a favor'd courtier.

Mont. You speak with warmth——

Amelia. I speak then as I feel,
 Yet hear me, and I'll tell you who is poor——
 The man who riots in luxurious waste,
 Who spends his lavish life amid a tribe
 Of thankless parasites, who crowd his board,
 Who flatter, play on, laugh at, and despise him ;
 He who with ceaseless vigilance must fly
 His lawful creditors.—Yet more than *they*,
 Than angry Justice, or the dungeon's gloom,
 He fears two enemies, his daily care
 Cannot destroy, his Conscience and his Time——
 We've no such poor men in Valmonsor Woods.

Mont. And never may you ! Live your vassals long,
 Wise and *contented*, *loyal*, *brave*, and *happy*.
 And lady, long live you to think them so !
 No more I tax them with last night's alarms.

Amelia. Alarms, my lord !

Mont. Aye, Madam, at the silent hour of night,
 When Nature seem'd to pause, and not a leaf
 Curl'd in the breeze, I heard a sullen sound
 Which seem'd as *feet* beneath my casement passed ;
 Soon voices too——in consultation deep,
 I thought perhaps, for such your state requires,
 You posted sentries on the terrace-walk ;
 I rose and called aloud——no voice return'd
 A friendly answer,—but in seeming terror,
 Quick they dispers'd.

Amelia. Why this is strange indeed !

Mont. (aside) What ! does it work !

Amelia. I'll to my brother, and relate your story.

Mont. Do so ; I will confirm it on my oath,

Amelia. Oh ! Sir—your *word*—your *word*, Sir, is enough ;
Oaths are for ordinary men, my lord. [Exit *Amelia*.]

Mont. Proud lady ! by no ordinary man
Your spirit shall be curb'd, your fears arous'd ;
You need no barrier but your people's love—
Their love shall not preserve that hated child
Who stands between me and the wealth I covet ;
Not on his baby brow shall fall the prize,
I for my own have mark'd thro' Clara's means.
He dies to-day——a well dissembled tale
Shall make it seem that ruffians bore him hence,
And drown'd him in the streams that wash the walls.
What if they seek him there !——the rapid Rhone
Runs too impetuous to detain his body ;
Then my last night's banditti shall be thought on,
And all be laid to their account and Fate.
Soon will their tears give way to bridal joy ;
I, with a ready face for either hue,
Improve the time, but seem to give it way,
Till the long-wish'd for wedding come at last,
And I'm restor'd to freedom and to favor,
My Princes' smiles, and all the world's delight. [Exit.]

[Enter HOFFMAN and ANNETTE.]

Hoff. I tell you that I don't know, and if I did know I would not tell you.

Annette. So then, you don't know any of your master's secrets ; Lord, what a shame to be so close and reserved, when he has such a civil, discreet young man for his valet !

Hoff. Ah ! very true, Mrs. Annette, but it is not every body who knows how to distinguish merit as you do.

Annette. Why, Lord bless me, only to see now ! as soon as ever you came into the house, I said to myself——

Mont. (from within) Hoffman ! what Hoffman !

Hoff. Hush ! there's my master calling.—

Annette. Well, and what then ! what has that to do with what I was saying ?

Mont. (*from within*) Hoffman !

Hoff. Oh ! Lord, I must be off.—I'll hear the rest another time. [Exit Hoffman.]

Annette. Go your ways for a stupid unmannerly dolt as you are. Well, if ever I demean myself to talk any more to a gentleman's gentleman, who has so little manners as to cut a lady off short in the middle of her speech !—I would as soon be cut off in the middle of my dinner, or lose deal with the game in my hand. Oh ! dear ! dear ! what will this world come to !— [Exit Annette.]

SCENE III. *Scene changes to a Gothic Pavilion, with high Windows.*

[Enter JULIO.]

Julio. I wonder where every body is ? nobody comes to play with me ; they are all going to be married, I suppose. Mamma promised to bring me some fruit, and now she does not come : I won't love her if she tells fibs. Oh ! here she is.

[Enter MONTALBAN from the Forest.]

Dear me ! who are you ? pray don't hurt me.

(*Montalban seizes him.*)

Ah ! pray don't pinch me so, I will be good—indeed, indeed, I will—oh ! pray—oh !—

Mont. (*Stops Julio's voice.*) Why, yes—your future sins I think I may take upon my own conscience. Ha ! some one comes.—Now Fortune be my own. [Exit with the child.]

[Enter CLARA, with a basket of fruit.]

Clara. Julio ! why, Julio ! ah ! he has hid himself, the little rogue ;—I'll serve him with a trick as good as his (*She puts the basket upon a table, and hides herself behind a canopy.*) Surely I hear his little feet approaching !—No, it was fancy ;—but he's not far off.—How will he smile and dimple when he sees me ! Ha ! now he comes.

(*She hides herself.*)

[Enter MONTALBAN.]

Mont. I could not kill him :—When his crimson blood First stain'd my blade, my foolish heart gave way, And Nature seem'd to plead for Infancy. I gave him to the waves, which hurried past, And mock'd his cries, more pitiless than I.— Thou evidence of ruffian feet, hang there, And give a lively colour to the deed.

(*Hangs the rope-ladder on the window.*)

Now to hide *these*, and I'm myself again.

(*Lifts the canopy which conceals Clara ; throws the knife, and handkerchief under it, and exit.*)

[CLARA comes forward.]

Clara. Merciful Powers ! was that my father's voice ! Or all a fearful dream of horrid things ! Did he not speak of murder, wounds, and waves ! Can he be mad ?—Or am I then so curst To have a lawless murd'rer for my father ? Sure 'twas a horrid dream which crept upon me, And some one waked me with a sudden shock !

(*Looks round her.*)

Was there not somewhat thrown at me ? Oh ! Heav'n ! A knife, a bloody knife, and see, oh ! horror ! Poor Julio's cloak——the fatal handkerchief.—— Oh ! for a sudden night to close my eyes ! My father murders Julio !——Curst Ambition ! This is thy work, these are thy bloody deeds.

Can I call Vengeance on the murd'rer down,
 And see it strike upon a father's head !
 Yet can I bow the knee, and ask a blessing,
 From hands yet reeking with an infant's gore ?
 Direct me Heaven.—I have no guide but thee.

(Falls on her knees, and prays silently ; the knife, little cloak, and handkerchief lying beside her.)

(Voices from within.) Sound the alarm-bell, fire the castle guns, go arm the peasants, and arrest all passengers ; go search the river, seek the forest round.

[Enter AMELIA.]

Amelia. What, Julio !—Julio !—oh ! distraction ! Julio !
 Clara, what mean you with these bloody spoils ?
 Know you the child is lost ?

(Clara hides her face.)

What have you done ?
 Your hands are stain'd with blood. Speak to me, Clara ;
 Have you not seen the child ? is the child killed ?

Clara. Oh ! that he were not !

Amelia. Clara, tell me all.
 How have you borne to see such horrid sight.

Clara. Ask me no questions, for I dare not speak.

Amelia. You dare not !—Horror has bereft your mind.

[Enter VALMONSOR and PEASANTS.]

Val. (To the Peasants.) None from the forest !—None without the walls !

Some one *within* the house ! accursed lie !—

Who in the house but lov'd the darling child,
 So lately here—but now a saint in Heav'n.

Oh ! gracious Power, by whose divine permission
 This bolt of wrath has fall'n upon my head !

Oh ! grant me strength to bear it, and direct
 Full on the criminal head the ray of swift detection !

Clara. Forbid it, Heav'n !

Val. What do I hear !—my life—thy tender spirits

Are all o'erwhelm'd by this too horrid scene,
Retire, and leave this gloomy hall of woe.

Mysterious Heav'n ! what mean these fatal signs ?

Amelia. What signs, my Lord ?

Val. Can I believe my eyes ? Can this be real ?

Amelia. Valmonsor !

Val. Oh ! let me die, 'ere full conviction come,
Which now breaks slowly on my stagger'd sense.

Amelia. Why do you gaze so earnestly on these ?
Can they give back our darling Julio's corse ?
Can they direct you to the murd'rer's haunt ?
Look to your wife, see Clara faints and dies.

Val. My wife ! who is my wife ?—I have no child.—

Annette. Oh ! my young master ! oh ! my precious babe !

Peasants. We hop'd he would have reigned over our sons,
And our grandchildren dress'd his honour'd grave.

Val. (*Coming to the front of the scene, and speaking low.*)
Did I not surely see them in her hands ?
Did she not seek to hide them from my sight ?
Did she not answer with a poor evasion ?
Why her voice falter'd, and her crimson'd brow
Shewed that a horrid secret fill'd her mind.

Peasants. 'Twas some one from within who threw this
ladder ;
Some one who knew the house has done this deed ;
Some one who knew the child would be alone
Just at this early hour.

Clara. My Lord, Valmonsor.

Val. Speak not to me, thou murdress of my child,
Thy hands still reeking with his innocent blood ;
Hence from my sight ! 'ere with this very arm,
Which would have brav'd the world in thy defence,
'Ere I knew thee, thou fiend ; for what thou art,
I send thee unrepenting to the shades.

Clara. Oh ! thou hast kill'd me with those cruel words ;
Hear me, in pity hear me.

Val. But one word ;
 Name but the wretch, and at thy feet I fall,
 To worship thee, and sue for thy forgiveness.
Peasants. Aye, tell us that, and you are cleared at once.
Amelia. Know you not then who shed this infant's blood ?
Annette. Oh ! my dear lady, speak, for Mercy's sake.
Clara. If you will kill me,—take my life at once ;—
 The author of this crime I cannot name ;
 I bow to your decree.

(*Peasants speak to one another.*)

Val. Prevaricating wretch ! thy curst Ambition
 Has lost me happiness, and lost thee Heav'n.—
 Oh ! what an angel-face conceals that heart,
 So black, and so perfidious ?—While I gaze,
 My spirit disavows this full conviction.—
Clara! beloved *Clara!* speak one word,—
 And I'll believe thee guiltless ;—do but look—
 Hold up thy hand, and thou art still a saint.

Peasants. She killed our young lord, the strange lady
 killed him :
 Away with her ! away with her ! a wicked stepmother ;
 Away with her !

[Enter MONTALBAN.]

Mont. What sounds of discord shake this happy house ?
 Is this a bridal train ! What mean you all ?
 Why do you fix your eager looks on me
 As you would read my soul ? What has been done ?
 Why stand you thus amaz'd ?

Val. Oh ! wretched father !

Amelia. Oh ! unhappy sire !

Annette. Speak for my lady, Sir,— you know her heart.

Peasants. Our young lord's kill'd, Sir ; see his bloody cloak,
 And see the wicked knife that did the deed !
 Our lord, our good lord's son, and that most wicked
 Woman must have done it.

Mont. Who dares assert it ! 'Twas the nightly crew
Of fell banditti who infest these shores.

Peasants. No, 'twas no robbers ; we kept constant watch,
to dress the country for our good lord's wedding ; all last
night and all this morning we have been in the woods ; no
thief could escape us, were he as swift as thought.

Amelia. Speak, Clara.

Clara. Hide me ; let me not see him.

Amelia. Who ?

Clara. My father ;—let me die, but not see him.

Val. Canst thou see me, whom thy detested crimes
Have rendered fatherless ! unhappy girl !

Disgrace to Nature ! horror to thy sex !

Clara. Oh ! father ! you can clear me ; speak in pity.

Mont. Call not on me, thou alien to my blood ;
Hence I renounce thee !

Val. Take her hence away !

Peasants. Away with her ! away with her !

Annette. Oh ! my dear lady, I will go with you.

Val. Stop,—Not to bands of angry vassals leave her.

Walter and Pierre,—I give her to your charge ;
Give her to Justice, and let none, except
Her Father Confessor have access to her.

(*Clara is led off, the Peasants shouting after her. Annette runs out ; Montalban hides his face.*)

Amelia. Sir,—I respect your sorrows ;—but my brother—
[*Montalban bows, and exit.*]

Val. Oh ! Julio ! hadst thou died by sudden sickness,
I could have hail'd thy early flight to Heav'n,
And shed the tears of soft affection o'er thee ;—
But thus to lose thee !—Soft !—How did he die ?
Who shed his blood ? oh ! speak !—am I not mad ?
Speak to me, sister, —tell me all the story.—
Stop,—not a word to harrow up my soul.—
Oh ! Clara, Clara, thou hast rent my heart. (*He flings away.*)

Amelia. Oh! from this hour let no one trust to hope!
Or say—This dawn begins a happy day!
I thought this hour t'have drest his bridal board,
With festive faces smiling by his side;
Now must I give his frantic sorrow way,
Or call him back to Reason which distracts him.

[*Exit Amelia.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Hall in Valmonson's Castle.*

[Enter AMELIA with a Letter, a Servant following her.]

Amelia. Why does my brother send these lines to me?

Servant. Madam, he sends this letter to inform you of his purpose.

Amelia. Did he attend the sad procession far?

Servant. Madam, he saw the lady Clara safe; Then, sudden turning with excessive haste, Spurred back his horse until he reach'd the wood; Then he dismounted, and to me alone Made signal to approach: I came in haste To hear his will, but not a word escap'd His lips, which seemed to quiver in despair; But from his bosom he those tablets took, And penn'd in eager haste what you will read.

[Exit Servant.]

Amelia. (*Reads.*) "The Count of Rohan leads the force

"against us,

"And 'ere to-morrow I must give him battle.

"I fear Montalban gave him some advice,

"Since he is known as his familiar friend."

(*Speaks.*) Time was I shudder'd at the sound of arms,

The clashing sabres made me pale with fear;

And 'ere my brother left me for the field,

I held him to my heart in speechless woe,

And rais'd my gushing eyes to Heav'n, in pray'r,

To shield the precious head so dear to me.

Have I forgot the perils of the field !
Or do I lightly prize a brother's life !
Ah, no ! but I am now grown old in grief,
Worn out by horrors deeper, nearer still ;
Death is familiar to my harass'd mind ;
The fiend of guilt glares hideous to my sight,
And sears the source of ordinary tears.
Thou couldst not speak Valmonsor !—ever thus
Man's stronger nature shuns the pitying voice,
While woman's weaker frame still clings for help,
And asks support in ev'ry trying hour.

What says he further ? (*Reads.*)

“ Sister, if I fall,
“ And you should find the body of my son,
“ Lay us together.—That unhappy girl,
“ Whose name my trembling hand forbids to write,
“ Do not neglect her ; should her life be spared,
“ Let her not know temptation by distress ;
“ Give masses for her sinful soul. If shame
“ Move her to penitence—say, I forgave her !”

There spoke the Christian and the soldier ! Live
My Valmonsor, guardian—brother—friend,
Sole object of my cares, my fondest love !
Dearer than ever, since poor Julio's death,
For sorrow ever doubles tenderness.
These lonely walls no longer own their lord.
I dare not seek thee—but would fly myself.

[*Exit Amelia.*

SCENE II. *Scene changes to an open Place.*

[Enter MOREL in Uniform, and Two other SERVANTS.]

1st Servant. Why, what's the meaning of all this, Morel ? Where are you going ?

Morel. Where am I going ? Why, to the wars, to be sure. Where is the Prince gone ? and where is my master gone ? And where ought you to be going, you clod-pate ?

[Strikes him.]

1st Servant. Oh, Lord ! Oh, Lord ! don't take me for the enemy.

2nd Servant. You would be safe enough, if he did, for he would run away from you :

Morel. I run !—A soldier never runs but when he runs up to the charge ; that's it ; push on my boys !—How we shall drive these rascally Saxon fellows before us !

2nd Servant. A likely story that ! And pray why should not they fight as well as you ?

Morel. Because we are all volunteers, to a man of us. We fight for a prince we love, and a cause we glory in. We are not invaders, d'ye see, like the Saxons, grasping at other folks' land, and leaving our own to be till'd by the women and children. We fight every man for his own home, and his own laws, and his own— Bless my soul ! where can Annette be ?

2nd Servant. Why she went to see the last of her young lady that was—

1st Servant. Well, she's done for by this time ; I'll never trust to a pretty face again, for her sake.

(Drum heard at a distance.)

Morel. If there is not the drum, and I've not seen Annette, to bid her good bye, and tell her to remember me at vespers !

2nd Servant. Come, come, we'll remember, and tell her how you thought on her the last thing; and how you did nothing but call upon her name just before you were shot.

Morel. Who!—I shot! Why should I be shot, pray?

2nd Servant. And why not you, as well as another?

Morel. Why because—Faith, I don't know—but that is the last thing we soldiers ever think of; it is time enough to think about Death when he comes; if we mind and do our duty, why then, come when he will, we are ready.—There is no help for it, we must all die one time or another, and to die in defence of our country is the best death of any. Aye, you may look as you please, but it is more honour than you will ever come to; poor pitiful, pantry-fellows as you are—knife-cleaning, boot-blackening, trencher-scraping scoundrels, who know no more how to handle a pike than (*lets the pike fall*) faith! than I do (*tumbles over it*).

1st and 2nd Servants. Ha! ha! ha!

Morel. Well, I shall do better to-morrow; this is my first day's soldiering.

2nd Servant. Aye,—but sometimes to-morrow never comes to you gentlemen in red.

Morel. Why then we must make the most of to-day, and I'll begin by teaching you better manners. (*runs after to beat him.*)

[*Drum sounds.* **Enter armed PEASANTS.**]

Peasant. Morel, Morel, here is my Lord coming.

1st Servant. Heaven bless him! and confusion to all his enemies, say I.

Peasant. Will he go out to fight with us?

2nd Servant. I say no; his heart is quite broken already.

Peasant. See where he comes. Ah! he is not the man he used to be.

[**Enter VALMONSOR.** **Peasants begin to cheer him; VALMONSOR motions them to be silent.**]

Peasant. Come back, come back; let us leave him to himself. (*All retreat to the back of the Scene.*)

Val. (*Comes forward.*) If I were free to choose; if I could blot

Myself out of the world, and leave no chasm;
 If no one held to my arm for support;—
 If I had neither vassals, sister, friends ;
 No tie to bind on me the load of life,
 Which crushes me to Earth,—then would I fly
 The Sun, the Day, the sight of Social Man ;—
 For ev'ry object in this beauteous world
 Brings keener sense of Agony to me ;—
 Me miserable——’rest of all I lov'd.

But when I see this faithful, honest tribe,
 Assembled in my cause, look up to me
 With long-establish'd privilege of Right,
 I feel the force of duty nerve my arm ;
 I feel my heart responsive to the claim ;
 Alas ! I feel—that I am still a Father.

(*To the Peasants.*) Come near, my children, —Hear your master speak

Words which no light event could wring from him :
 My friends, if any of you value Life,
 Or hold respect to Safety more than Honour ;
 If ye repent that ye have joined with me,
 And feel an earnest longing to return ;
 If ye are not prepar'd for ev'ry change
 Of doubtful War, cold, hunger and fatigue ;
 Nay, worse than these, for loss of limbs and health,
 Come not with me,—for I am full resolv'd
 Never to sheathe the sword which now I draw ;
 Never to put aside the garb I wear ;
 Never to sleep beneath a shelter'd roof ;
 Never to see these native walls again,
 Till I have freed my land from this usurper,
 Or till I fall beneath his traitor-host.

Peasant. We'll follow you, my Lord, we'll follow you.

Val. Then to the field, no longer vassal slaves ;
Brothers in arms, and countrymen—away !

(The Soldiers and Peasants cheer, and march out.)

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III. *Scene the Interior of a Prison.*

[*JAILOR, and his SERVANT.*]

Jailor. I have waited two hours to receive the prisoner; there must have been a rescue, to my thinking.

Servant. A rescue ! Lord help you ! why the mob are all furious against her ; they are ready to drag her out of the carriage ;—there was a possey of the servants who came up from the estate, on purpose to see her executed.—I never saw such a riot, not I ; if it had not been for me, and my Lord Valmonsor, who rode in among them, I think it is odds but they had torn her into a thousand pieces.

Jailor. Valmonsor ! why, that was the very man whose child she kill'd !

Servant. Aye, and for that reason he could not bear the sight of her ; and yet it seem'd, he could not keep his eyes off her, neither. To be sure, she is a wicked wretch ;—but one would never suppose it, to see her, for she is a very angel to look upon : she has such a sweet look with her eyes, somehow, that for my part—

Jailor. Hark ! (*A noise heard.*) There's a noise of shouting ; she is come. Go, bring her in : let her not be insulted by the prisoners.

[*Exit Servant.*

We are the guardians of the culprits, not their judges.

[*Enter SERVANT, with CLARA, WALTER, and PIERRE.*]
Is this the prisoner ?

Walter. Aye, and hard work we've had to bring her, too ; she may thank me that she's alive.

Clara. (*Shakes her head, and offers him money.*)

Walter. No, no, none of your money for me ; it would never go well with me if I took it — the bread that I bought with it would stick in my throat ; I should always think that I saw my young master's blood upon it.

Clara. (*Clasps her hands in agony.*)

Walter. We shall leave you alone now, and that is best for you ; pray to God, and repent, and may he have mercy on your wicked soul, and turn your heart before to-morrow.

[*Exeunt Walter and Pierre.*

Jailor. Madam, I have orders to render you all service and attendance in this cell ;—there is a couch in the next.—I leave this book and hour-glass for your use.—I now retire, and Heaven direct your prayers.

[*Exeunt Jailor and Servant.*

Clara. Alone ! Why yes, that suits my state the best ;

Degraded outcast, scorn'd by ev'ry eye,

Cut off from ev'ry comfort, ev'ry hope ;

Did I say ev'ry Hope ! unthinking wretch !

Of ev'ry earthly hope, I should have said ;

For I have hopes beyond this mortal life.

(*Kneels.*)

Oh ! thou Unseen, who know'st my inmost thoughts !

Give me but courage to sustaiu my trials ;

Thou know'st my innocence, support my strength,

Nor let me impiously accuse a father.

(*Starts up.*)

My father ! with those bloody hands ! oh ! Heav'n !

Why was I made his daughter !—but I rave—

(*Looks at her dress.*)

What, do I bear these bridal trappings still !

These gems that shine as if to mock my sorrow !

Off !—off ! ye gaudy ornaments ;—my weeds

Should be of black, to suit my darken'd fate ;

Away ye flowers—down to the dust—like me.

Like me be trampled on, degraded, lost;
 But ah ! not this——not my Valmonsor's image !
 I vow'd to wear it till my dying hour,
 But did not look to see him hasten it.—
 Dear pledge of happy love !——'Tis like a gleam
 Which shoots across the night of my Despair.—
 Alas ! 'tis but a lightning in the storm
 Which crashes round my poor devoted head.
 Oh ! my Valmonsor ! could I think *thee* cruel !
 Could I believe *thy* hands could act a crime !
 Not if each circumstance were doubly strong,
 Not if I saw the poniard in thy grasp,
 Not if I saw thee stand beside the corse,
 Not if I heard the universal cry
 Proclaim thee guilty——I would doubt it all ;
 Doubt !—I would pledge my life upon thy truth,
 And yet thou couldst believe I murder'd Julio !
 There is no Love, no Friendship, Pity left,
 And here I cast me down to wait my death.

(Throws herself upon the ground.)

[Enter FATHER ANSELMO.]

Father. Arise, unhappy child, and see a friend.

Clara. Then thou art Death, I know no other friend.

Father. Do you not know me, then ?

Clara. No, nor myself.—

Leave me——in pity hence——I cannot think.

Father. If thou didst do this deed, the gates of Heav'n
 Stand ever wide to Penitence and Shame.

Clara. (Rising.) If I did do it ! Hear me Heav'n and Earth !
 And Father, hear me, hear your daughter swear ;
 These hands are pure as when they first were rais'd
 In infant pray'r to God at your command.

Father. If thou didst not, who caus'd this fatal deed ?

Clara. Ah ! no, imperious duty seals my lips.—
 I am the victim——mine the forfeit head.

Father. And thine the bright reward which Heav'n bestows.
 Heroic girl!—I read thy silence now;—
 Martyr to filial piety! this world,
 And all its transient glories sink before thee;
 But Paradise shall open to thy view;
 Yet if thy courage fail thee, if thy heart
 Faint in the race, altho' the goal be Heav'n,
 Repose in me the fatal trust—and live;
 It is no sin to speak the murd'r'r's name;
 Nay, public justice calls on thee to do't.

Clara. What! shal I drag a father to the block!
 Oh! never, never, tho' unnatural, cruel;
 Tho' he could see me sinking at his feet,
 Could hear Valmonsor blame me, and be silent,
 Nor speak one word to save my life and fame,
 Yet not his crimes absolve me from my duty.

Father. Then dearest daughter, soon a saint in Heav'n;
 Let us prepare for Death, and yet not Death,
 That is a momentary pang—to thee immediate.

Clara. Oh! holy Father, say not so,—immediate!—

Father. Aye, for the gates of Heav'n, eternal stand
 Wide open to receive thee.

Clara. (*Looking at the hour-glass.*) Father, see
 How fast the sand sinks!—must I die so soon?

Father. Are we not born to Death?—is it not sure?
 Can it be strange to hear that thou must die?

Clara. Aye!—but the axe! to leave a mangled corse,
 Denied the decent privacy of burial;
 Expos'd to the insulting croud,—I hear
 Their barb'rous cries—their shouts—their execrations.
 Father, support me, for I die with fear.

Father. (*Giving her the book.*)
 Take that support, I am but mortal man;
 These gushing tears declare me all unfit
 To speak of comfort, or to hush thy fears;
 Read in the sacred volume, calm thy mind;

Silence and thought befit this solemn hour.

(Clara retires to the back of the scene, and reads.)

Oh ! born with graces to adorn the world !

Must I then see thee torn untimely from it !

Yet thy transcendant virtue fills my soul ;

I blame, admire, and pity and deplore thee.

(Annette behind the scenes.)

Annette. Let me come in, I say ; take all my money, but I will come in.

Clara. Oh ! Father, if they come, I am prepared.

[Enter ANNETTE and JAILOR.]

Annette. Oh ! my dear lady ! my unhappy lady !

Clara. Why art thou come to seek distress and horror ?

(To the Jailer.) Is it the time ?

Jailor. Madam—I grieve to say—.

Clara. Why then, a very little time be past,
And I have done with life and all the world ;
Farewell to all the jocund hours of youth !
My age is ended 'ere my days be full ;
Farewell, the kindly offices of friendship !
All I can ask will now be soon perform'd ;
Farewell the beauteous Earth, and all its treasures !
The cold, dark grave must now be my abode.

(To Annette.) Farewell ! poor girl, my faithful, fond attendant ;
Farewell, Amelia ! ——and a long farewell
To him whose name——I cannot speak for tears ;
I must not think that way.—Heav'n bless them all !

(To the Jailer.) Sir, you have been humane to me ; take this :
In after times perhaps it may have value.

When you shall know——but now of that—no more.

Annette, wear thou this for thy mistress' sake.

Where is the mourning garb I should put on ?

Jailor. Madam, it is within.

Clara. Sir, I am ready ; Father, your arm.

[*Exeunt Clara, Father, and Jailer.*

Annette. Oh, lady ! lady !—have they torn thee from me ?
 But she'll be soon a blessed saint in Heav'n :
 She kill a child !—She dip her hands in blood !
 Confusion on the wicked tongues that said it !
 When she is gone they'll find out the assassin,
 And then their hearts will ache, when 'tis too late
 To save this precious angel.—Ha ! what's that !

(*Acclamations heard.*)

Sure they've repriev'd her!—Yes, it must be so ;
 What, ho ! there,—let me out for Pity's sake.

[Enter JAILOR'S SERVANT.]

Servant. Who keeps this rack and riot in the prison ?

Annette. Is she reprieved ?

Servant. Why, very like she may.

Annette. She may ! All gracious Powers, accept my thanks !
 Oh ! my dull eyes, to cry at happy news.

Servant. Now they are coming—stand aside and see them.

Annette. Oh ! happy Annette, to have seen this hour !

[Enter FATHER, CLARA, and JAILOR.]

Dear lady, joy, a thousand, thousand times.

Clara. No, not for me,—talk not of joy to me,
 Annette, I am but pardon'd, not acquitted ;
 Why, when my mind was fitted for the blow,
 Why was I thrown again upon the world,
 To bear abroad this heavy load of shame,
 And sink beneath the scorn of ev'ry eye !

Father. Not ev'ry eye—there is an Eye above
 Which reads the close recesses of the soul,
 Which oft reverses erring man's decision,
 And makes the Badge of Shame, a Crown of Glory ;
 He knows thee guiltless, and he tries thy strength.

Jailor. Madam, you are at freedom to depart ;
 And glad am I, that I may tell you so.

[*Exit Jailor and Servant.*

Clara. Depart ! but whither ! who will take me in ?

The poorest roof were sullied by my presence.
O cruel friends ! why did ye ask my life ?
And cruel judges, wherefore did you grant it?

Father. It was the Duke in mercy to thy youth,
(That power to pardon from the King he holds);
Blame not his royal clemency,—a time
May yet arrive when thou shalt bless that gift,
Which now thou dost not tender worth the taking.

Annette. Oh ! my dear lady, I am still your servant ;
Let me live with you, and attend you still ;
My labour will provide us with our food,
And when my work is ended, I'll sing to you ;
I'm but your servant, yet I love you dearly.

Clara. Excellent creature ! from this hour my friend.

Annette. Let's leave this gloomy place.

Father. Yes, daughter, come ;
I know a convent of kind-hearted nuns,
Sisters of Charity, that is their order ;
Their office is to tend the sick, when plague,
And dire infectious fever rage around,
Friends desert friends, and ev'ry kindred tie
Seems lost in the immediate fear of Death,
When e'en the mother flies her sick'ning babe,
And from the gasping sire his children run,
When ev'ry breath is dang'rous, and the touch
Conveys a deadly poison to the blood,
These holy sisters leave their convent walls,
And fearless walk amid the ranks of Death ;
Kneel by th' unwholesome couch, and by their aid,
Full many a life is sav'd to bless its Maker :
Nor only to Disease their cares confin'd ;
These timid maidens, whose uncover'd face
No man shall gaze on, seek the field of battle,
Bind up the soldier's wounds, and oft' recal
The fleeting spirit, by their med'cines, home,

Speak words of comfort to th' expiring hero ;
Bind his damp brows, and close his dying eyes :
These are their duties.

Clara. Father, bring me to them.
I for myself have nothing left of life,
Let me then live for others.

Father. Come, my child,
Cherish this pious impulse in thy soul,
Heaven shall sustain thee, tho' the world despise.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT,

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Convent.* Several Nuns appear; some at Prayers, some telling their Beads.

[Enter CLARA. Speaks to a Nun who crosses the Stage.]

Clara. Say, holy sister, where is she who first
Received me when I pass'd your iron grate ?
I think you said her name was Isabel ?
Will you not speak to me ?—What ! not yet full
The cup of wrath ordain'd for me to drink !
Bitter, indeed, and mortal is the draught !
Will charitable sisters be so cold,
To turn from my petition in disdain,
Nor grant the poor benevolence of words ?
Does pride then lurk beneath this holy garb ?
The badge of meekness and of sufferance.
Yet there was one, who, with a mother's gaze,
Read in my face my innocence of heart ;
Shed tears of pity, as she bade me welcome,
And clasp'd me in a fond embrace. With her
I could be well content to tarry here.
She looks as she had learn'd in Sorrow's school
The sweet, the soothing lesson of compassion.

[Enter Sister ISABEL.]

Isab. Where is my daughter ?

Clara. Sister, I am here.

Isab. Call me not sister, 'tis the common tie,
The hacknied phrase, the cloister's compliment,
The greeting which I ev'ry day receive,

And give with lips, altho' my heart be silent.
Call me thy mother—oh ! beloved name !
Why hast thou pow'r to open all my wounds,
And call me back to memory and pain !

Clara. Mother, are you unhappy ?

Isab. Oh ! those eyes !

Speak to me ; call me mother once again.
Didst thou not say Montalban was thy father ?

Clara. Did you then know him ?

Isab. Yes, I know him well ;
A close, designing, and relentless man,
Prodigal, yet rapacious, mean, yet proud ;
He, by his artifice obtain'd the trust
Of one, alas ! too lavish of his faith,
The Count of Rohan.

Clara. I have heard, the Count
In secret married with a Saxon princess,
Whom having left, she, with a broken heart,
Retiring to a convent, took the vows.

Isab. I am that princess, that unhappy woman,
Whom Rohan sought within her father's court,
Prevail'd on her fond heart, with many vows,
By secret, solemn ties obtain'd her hand ;
Yet would not own the marriage to her sire,
But sacrificed her love to policy.

I was a wife, yet never claim'd as such ;
I was a mother, yet these longing arms
Did never clasp my infant to my breast.

By Rohan 'rest of all !—my peace—my child—
My fame—my bosom's quiet—and my hopes !
What had the world for me ! I liv'd forlorn—
I had no husband, and I had no child ;
The one forbade to own the nuptial tie,
The other ravish'd from me at it's birth.
Had it been living—Speak ! what is thine age ?

Clara. I am eighteen.

Isab. And eighteen years ago,

I heard my child's first cry, and heard no more ;
 They say she died——but 'twas Montalban's work,
 That curst adviser of my bosom's lord.
 But I forget my state and holy garb——
 Why am I mov'd thus to confide in thee !
 None of the Sisters know this fatal story ;
 For fifteen years I breathe within these walls
 Nor once have spoke the Count of Rohan's name.

Clara. Oh ! mother, since you bid me call you so,
 Think that you pour within a daughter's ear
 A story ever sacred to her lips.
 I never knew a mother's tender care ;
 Nurst in a convent, and my dream of bliss
 So soon destroy'd—once more a convent life
 I come to prove—and ask the holy veil.

Isab. Beware !—beware th' irrevocable vow !
 Nature and Reason warn thee to beware ;
 But in our holy duties thou may'st join,
 Yet make no vows. Impell'd by wild despair
 I rashly bound myself by fatal ties,
 —I dare not tell thee more—I hear a step.

(Enter Two SISTERS from without.)

Sisters, whence come ye ?

1st Sister. From a scene so sad,
 Words cannot paint it, nor description tell ;
 Forth as we went our charitable round,
 An old man met us, bending 'neath the load
 Of one he carried, 'twas his only son !
 His head all mangled in the first affray
 Betwixt the Counts of Rohan and Valmonsor.

Isab. What, have they met ?

Clara. High Heav'n assist his cause !

1st Sister. Now, at this moment, on the nearest heights,
 Smokes the wide battle, and without the walls
 The heavy sound of cannon fills the ear.
 But, Sister, had you seen the poor old man
 Kneel down beside his dying son, and bless him,
 For that he died in s·rvice of Valmonsor !

2nd Sister. Sister, the soldiers all have left the hill ;
 'Tis said that Count Valmonsor has been hurt ;
 I know not who are victors—but the field
 Is strew'd with fainting wretches, while the sun
 GlareS, as to mock them, on their gaping wounds,
 And clouds of dust and smoke obscure the air.

Isab. I'll penetrate them all.—Clara, dare you,
 With me, now venture to the field of Death,
 And leave your timid womanhood behind,
 To act the holy office of our order ?

Clara. That is my duty;—Mother, lead the way.

Isab. Then come with me—and Heav'n shall be our guide ;
 But first—this veil I throw upon your face ;
 You must not raise, nor speak to any man—
 That would bring scandal on the sisterhood.

Clara. My face, alas ! is scandal to myself;
 I am best pleas'd to hide it from all eyes.

[*Exeunt ISABEL and CLARA.*

1st Sister. Sister, 'ere yet the hour of pray'r arrive,
 What if we chaunt a solemn hymn to those
 Who have so nobly fall'n in Freedom's cause ?

2nd Sister. I call our sisters to the pious work ;
 Begin—the song is due to Valour's sons :— [Enter Nuns.

What tho' around the Warrior's bed
 No trophies wave of high renown ;
 What tho' he leave his hum b e shed
 To pull th' invading banners down :

Mourn we the brave, with solemn knell,
 Who sank beneath a Tyrant's sword ;
 Mourn we the men who nobly fell
 To guard us from a stranger lord :
 Mourn we the brave.
 Mourn we the youths who died to save
 Their native land from lawless force ;
 Mourn we the mother, when she gave
 Her all, to stop th' invader's course :
 Mourn we the brave.
 [Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE II. *Changes to a Wood.*

(Enter WALTER, MOREL, and SOLDIERS, running.)

Walter. What, ho ! where are you running to ?

Morel. Why, there's a party of the enemy coming, and the Count of Rohan at the head of them.

Soldier. Aye ! you always fancy the enemy at your heels.

Morel. Nay, look out yourself, an' you'll not take my word.

Walter. 'Tis the Count, sure enough ; I have seen him in Flanders ; but is not that Lord Montalban along with him ?

Morel. The very same. Now, were it a good deed to fire on him, for his treachery, if you will only be firm, and stand by me. (Firing heard, Morel runs off.)

Walter. Stand by you—run by you, I think.

(Saxon soldiers rush on the stage and drive Valmonson's party off.)

[Enter the COUNT of ROHAN and MONTALBAN.]

Rohan. (To the soldiers.) Wait ye at distance, and keep well the ground ;

Let none break on our privacy. Away ! [Exeunt Soldiers.]

Now Lord Montalban, what you ask of me,
 Within my power to grant, let it be said,
 Time presses, and each moment that I lose
 An hour gained by the enemy——your suit.

Mont. Knowing the love I bear your person, Sir,
 My ardour in your cause.——Sir, do you smile?

Rohan. A wayward trick; a habit learnt at court.
 Pray, Sir, go on.

Mont. Can you demand my suit,
 Which stands so evident in my desert?
 Your trust, Sir, of a company, I claim.

Rohan. Excuse me, Baron—name some other boon.

Mont. No; this I ask, and ask till I obtain;
 You cannot hold it from me—’tis my due.

Rohan. No more, no more; you urge me, Sir, too far.

Mont. Too far, for me, my lord! I think you know me.

Rohan. I know thee well, Montalban, for a man
 Of steady purpose, and of deep resolve,
 Of ready wit, and fertile in expedient,
 One who has serv'd me too with zeal and skill,
 But yet I do not know thee for my friend.

Mont. Not for thy friend! my lord; recal to mind
 All I have done for thee.

Rohan. You serv'd my love,
 My headlong, fatal passion; was that kind?

Mont. You thought so then.

Rohan. Aye, when my reason slept,
 You led me to the precipice, hood-winked;
 I did not fall myself, but threw her down—
 Her whom I swore to cherish and protect.
 Yet that not all my fault—her child, alas!
 Why didst thou urge me to that fatal step!

Mont. My lord, this is no time to talk of Fate:
 Now, while we snatch a hasty breathing space
 'Ere we return to lead th' impatient troops
 Up to the walls, they shall 'ere long o'erthrow.

One word decides, my lord, 'twixt you and me,
Am I your captain ?

Rohan. Sir, am I your slave !
That thus with saucy arrogance you press
What I but now refus'd to better men ?

Mont. To better men !——this word, Sir, in your ear—
There ask'd not one so dang'rous to deny.

Rohan. What ! do you menace me ? Go tell the world
All that you know, and mark me out for scorn,
As one that trusted on Montalban's faith,
And should have known him better for a villain !
Go to the Prince, and bid him take my head,
For having dar'd to rob him of his child ;
Then to the cloister'd Isabel and tell her,
(Unworthy of the noble heart she gave,)
I sacrific'd her love to policy ;—
Then to my child——Go spread my ruin wide,
Then clap thy hands and say—" I caus'd it all !"

Mont. You charge your lawless passion's course on me,
When you should rather blame your heat of blood,
Which caus'd you to reject all good advice,
And favor ev'ry counsellor to guilt ;
But tardy prudence follows ill-success—
And you are wise, and you will grant my suit.

Rohan. Make thee a Captain ! would my soldiers fight
With such a noted coward for their guide !
Go take a hatchet, and hew out their way,
Thou hast been ever good at crooked paths.
I gave thee all my gold,—and have no more
But my Remorse and Shame, and that I leave thee. [Exit.

Mont. Remorse and Shame ! that were a bitter cup ;
Yet there is something I'll infuse therein,
To make it wond'rous sweet, that is Revenge.
Revenge ! Imperious lord !——run out thy line,
I, with a golden hook, will bring thee back,
And play thee up and down the stream of Fate,

Till thou shalt beg thy death in mercy of me.
Thou gav'st me gold indeed, that very gold
Shall pluck thy silly troops from their allegiance,
And bring them over to Valmonson's cause—
Then will I be their Captain——Hark ! they shout.

[Enter a Party of French Peasantry and SOLDIERS.]

Soldier. Victory ! victory ! we drive them on.

2nd Soldier. Aye,—but we've lost our Captain, that's the worst.

Mont. I'll be your Captain—vict'ry and Valmonsor!

All. Long live the Count, the noble Count Valmonson !

Hurra ! lead on, we drive them hence to-night.

[*Exeunt, and the scene changes to another part of the wood,
with a hovel.*]

[Enter COUNTESS AMELIA and ANNIE.]

Annette. Turn back, my lady, further as we stray
More faint you seem, and falt'ring in your steps ;
Nay, lean on me, for you look wond'rous pale.

Amelia. Did I not see a lonely hovel near ?
The gallant Rohan spares the lowly shed ;
He wars with palaces, —go seek thy way,
I'll follow thee as fast as I can walk. [Exit Annette.]
How dreadful are these moments of suspense,
When on the high momentous poize of Fate
Hang Life and Death ! Oh ! should my brother fall,
There falls my only trust and hope in life,
The sole support of my poor widow'd heart !
That is too dreadful for my thoughts to shape--
I close my eyes upon that gulph of woe.

[Enter ANNETTE and FEMALE PEASANT.]

Fem. Peasant. Is it my lady Amelia, then?—Heav'n bless her; sure my lady shall be as welcome as light; I thought it had been our good-man, for it is a long while since he left me, and, in these terrible times, one is not safe from one hour to another; but here he comes, sure enough.

[Enter MAN, carrying something wrapped in his cloak.]
So Gaffer, what are you bringing home to me?

Man. A treasure rescued from the dang'rous flood,
A bloody piece of work, but left unfinish'd,
As if the wretch had thought on God in time
To stop his cruel hand, 'ere 'twas too late.

See here! (Opens his cloak, and discovers Julio.)

Amelia. Mysterious Providence!

Annette. Oh! Heav'n!

Amelia. Can I believe my eyes!

Annette. My sweet young lord!

Julio. Oh! Annette, I have been deep in the water;
That naughty lord Montalban threw me in.

Amelia. Montalban! Say again, Montalban, child!

Julio. Yes, Lord Montalban, and he cut my hand;
See here, and then he threw me in the river;
And then, this good man pull'd me out again;
And I am very cold, and very hungry.

Fem. Peasant. Come in with me, young lord, quick, quick,
the soldiers.

Annette. Haste, haste, my lady.

Amelia. Ciara! sainted Clara!

How have we wrong'd thee!

Man. Haste, away! away!

[They retire into the cottage, soldiers skirmish on the stage,
and the scene falls.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Part of the Wood.*

(*A skirmish between the soldiers of Valmonsor and the Count of Rohan; the former are defeated, and Montalban is left on the ground. Valmonsor's party is pursued off the stage; re-enter fighting, Valmonsor with them, and drive off the other party.*)

Val. My Lord Montalban !

Mont. Yes, Sir, I have ta'en
Some trifling hurts, while fighting in your cause.

Val. My cause ! against your old and bosom friend !
Him whom I saw you meet with outstretch'd arms,
And talk apart with, a few hours ago !
Can such great love be sunder'd in such time !
So long a friendship ! and that too sustain'd
By all you ask'd, and all the Count could give !

Mont. The Count and I, Sir, are no longer friends.

Val. No ; I believe it.—Thou art friend to no man ;
Not even to thyself.

Mont. Had I a sword ———

Val. Base renegade ! thou wouldest not dare to draw.
I will proclaim it thro' the ranks, whoe'er
Shall give thee up to Rohan I'll reward.
Deserters shame the cause of honest men.

[Exit.]

Mont. Rage on, Valmonsor ! thou hast felt more hurt
From me, than ever thou canst give again.
I'll to the Count, I know his humour well,
I'll flatter him, and give his passion way,

And rule him, as I've rul'd him twenty years,
 While he has simply thought himself my master.
 We that have cunning make the world our own,
 And for each turn of fortune are prepar'd.

[Enter HOFFMAN.]

Hoff. My lord ! my lord ! my lady, Sir—your daughter !

Mont. Speak of the dead with caution.

Hoff. Save you, Sir !

She is not dead, nor is she like to be ;
 She's in the convent, Sir, hard by the town ;
 The Duke forgave her, and 'tis said abroad,
 Another hand was cause of Julio's death.

Mont. Silence, thou caitiff fool !—be mute for ever !
 Who dare with lies to brazen out the day,
 And give their vile inventions to the winds,]
 To poison honest fames ?

Hoff. My lord, indeed——

Mont. I tell thee she is dead ; she shall be dead !
 What mutter you between your teeth, you knave ?
 Down on thy knees—if ever thou shalt dare
 To breathe one word of that thou now hast said,
 Know this—I'll tear thee limb from limb, and make
 Each sep'rate fibre feel a sep'rate death.—
 Go, crawl away, thou reptile, from my sight ;
 Go, hide thee in the wood——Begone ! I say.

[Exit HOFFMAN.]

Had I my sword he should not so have 'scap'd.
 Now to find entrance to the convent gates,
 And buy security with Clara's life.
 While she survives, my fate is in her power ;
 But I've expedients yet, and dare the worst ! [Exit.]

[Enter from the opposite side ISABEL and CLARA.]

Isab. Fear nothing, Clara, for our holy garb
 Is sacred in the eyes of either force ;
 This veil a more secure protection lends,

Than steel-defying armour could bestow—
Let not thy spirit fail.

Clara. I'm sick of life :

What has it yielded me but grief and tears ?
What have I now in prospect but Despair ?
Valmonsor falls !—there dies my only hope—
Valmonsor lives !—but will not live for me !

[Enter HOFFMAN and WALTER. ISABEL and CLARA
cover their faces.]

Walter. Stop ! ladies—holy sisters—Stop ! I pray ;
One word with one of you, and that in haste.

Isab. Speak to me freely.

Walter. Then, if the Lady Clara
Dwell in your convent, tell her to beware
Of Baron Montalban ; that's all—from me.

Isab. What ! of her father !

Hoff. Yes ; he's so enrag'd,
To think she brings a shame upon his house,
That, for the present, not to say too much,
I think it were as well they did not meet.

[Exeunt Walter and Hoffman.]

Isab. Heard you his words ?

Clara. Why, this surpasses all !

Isab. I see—oh ! Heav'n ! the Count of Rohan comes.

Clara. Valmonsor with him !—

Isab. Fly !—away !—away !

(They retire behind part of the wood, but still in sight.)

[Enter VALMONSOR and ROHAN.]

Val. Now, Count of Rohan, on my arm depend
The Fate and Fortune of this busy day.
I call on Heav'n to animate my strength ;
This is my land, whereon to reign or die !
Draw—if thou canst, in a dishonest cause.

Rohan. Valmonsor, tho' thy taunts become thee not,
Nor shall I answer thee with words, but deeds ;

Yet, thus much, 'ere my sword shall speak for me—
 That cause I hold the best which wins the day!—
 And in that cause I plant my foot and draw:

(They fight. Clara shrieks)

Val. That was no sound of earth,—It was a voice
 Floating in air, sent by some evil fiend,
 To shake my soul, and wrong me in the combat!
 Sir, this again! this to your heart—this from a desp'rate man,
 And this, and this—*(he falls.)* Oh! my poor people! oh!
 Death has no pang but that I leave you slaves. [He faints.]

Rohan. What! have I conquer'd! has Heav'n smil'd at last!
 Spite of my trust, and of Montalban's guilt!
 My sword, I honor thee for this thy deed!
 Be wreath'd with laurel, and these ruddy drops,
 Shine they like precious rubies on thy blade!
 Gems dearly bought, and purchas'd with my blood;
 But first, these trophies will I bear away,
 And animate my foll'wers with the sight.—
 Come off—proud helmet! for thy nodding plume,
 Dabbled in blood, shall rise to higher post,
 Than when it wav'd upon Valmonson's head;
 For I will set it on my castle gate,
 Amid the proudest banners I have won—
 Come off, I say.

(Clara and Isabel come forward.)

Clara. Hold! hold that impious hand!

Rohan. Who bids me hold? a nun! to scenes like these
 Do holy sisters from their convents stray?
 And leave their quiet cells and rosaries,
 To teach victorious warriors how to act?
 With meddling zeal disturb the Victor's spoil,
 And dash the cup of Triumph from his lip!
 Retire, I pray.

Clara. You shall not touch his head,
 Nor yet insult him, o'er his warm remains,

Nor yet unbind his helmet from his brow,
Unless you dare, with sacrilegious hand,
To pierce me first—my body is his shield.

Rohan. There's something in the strangeness of thy zeal
Which strikes my soul with wonder!—Speak again;
I swear upon a soldier's word, my hand
Shall not approach Valmonson while thou stay'st.

Clara. Then here I stay for ever.

(*Throws herself on the ground.*)

Rohan. Shew thy face;
If it be like thy voice——but I will see it.

Isab. What, would thy impious haste——Augustus, hold!

Rohan. Another! Gracious Heav'n! another voice!
Which thrills with keener anguish to my heart,
Reminding me of all my guilt and love.
If thou art not a vision of the mind,
Brought by distemper'd Fancy to my view,
To chasten me of sin, speak once again—
Or let me see thy face.

Isab. I may not both;
Our holy order bids me veil my face,
Or else be silent:—But you ask of one
Who never yet refus'd Augustus' pray'r,
And she obeys you still—Behold me, then;
Approach me not—respect my holy garb.

(*Throws back her veil.*)

Rohan. My life!—my Isabel!—nay, fly me not;
Hear my repentance—listen to my pray'r!
What! wilt thou fly me!—But a moment pause—
Nay, then, I follow to thy convent walls.

[*Exeunt ISABEL and ROHAN.*

(*The stage darkened.*)

Clara. (*Kneeling by the side of Valmonson.*)
Why, this is well, he dies in Honor's cause:
To die is good—for life is wretchedness.

'Tis well indeed, 'tis very well, but oh !
 That pallid brow ! those eyes for ever clos'd—
 Those eyes from which a soul immortal shone ;
 Those lips, which only spoke to utter truth ;
 Horror ! Distraction !—— he is gone for ever !
 Valmonson is no more !—for what lies here
 But a poor heap of dull and senseless clay ?
 Yet this was once Valmonson !—Had he life
 How would he shudder at this touch of mine !
 Choosing to die, rather than live by me.
 How high this heart in gen'rous impulse beat,
 Now hush'd for ever.—Angels hear my pray'r !
 Sure there is breath !—but now, he seem'd to gasp,
 And his eyes open.—Oh ! Immortal Powers !
 Look down, and aid my efforts for his life !
 Let me bind up his wounds and staunch his blood.

(Binds his neck with her sash.)

Now to revive the dying lamp of life—

I fear to leave him—but I soon return.

(Goes to the back of the scene, and brings a basket; pours wine into his mouth.)

Val. What charitable hand revives my strength
 But now departed ?——Sure I was alone,
 Deserted, and expiring on the dust.
 'Tis very dark ; did we pass thro' the night ?
 A woman's hand ?—my sister ?—my Amelia ?
 A sainted nun !—thy cares will Heav'n reward ;
 I have not breath to thank thee ; lend thy hand,
 Raise up my head—there now—I breathe more free :
 But speak to me, and let me hear thy voice.
 I know your order, but a dying man
 Claims some indulgence—let me see your face.

(Clara shakes her head.)

Well, be it as you will, I owe my life,

If yet I am assur'd of life, to you ;
 I thank you for my people ; —to myself
 Death had been welcome.—I am very faint ;
 One drop of water. (*Clara is going.*) Stop, a moment stop ;
 There's something I would say ; and I may die
 Before you can return.—Your holy garb
 Speaks you of Charity. (*Clara bows.*) Within your walls
 Is there not one call'd by the name of Clara ?

(*Clara wrings her hands.*)

Well may you mourn over a sister's shame.
 Her father is a villain—It may be
 That he compell'd her to the horrid deed.
 They tell me she is penitent—if so
 Give her this ring—Say I forgive her crime ;
 May God forgive her too.

(*Clara takes the ring.*)

[Enter AMELIA and ANNETTE; WALTER carrying
 JULIO, and MOREL.]

Amelia. Where is he ? oh ! my brother—still alive !
 But I have news that would recal thee back,
 Hadst thou been number'd with the dead—See here !
 Clara was innocent, and Julio lives !

Val. Clara ! once more—oh ! say the word again !
 Was Clara innocent ?—Can Julio live ?

Julio. Here am I dearest father—you look pale.
Val. Come to my arms, beloved child again—
 Clara was innocent !—Oh ! let me die—
 Let me not think how I have wrong'd her love.
 She never can forgive me.

Clara. (*Still veil'd.*) Oh ! she does.
Val. That voice—that form—can this be death or life ?
 Is it illusion all ? Where, then is Clara ?

Clara. (*Unveils.*) Here my Valmonsor ; here my only love ;
 I, that have watch'd in silence by thy side,

Nor dar'd to speak, lest I should shock thy soul,
 Now claim thee boldly—now embrace thy son,
 Restor'd to love and happiness and thee.

Val. Canst thou forgive me ? Oh ! return the ring ;
 'Tis mine to sue for pardon at thy feet.

Clara. Talk not of pardon—Julio lives again !—
 Child of my heart, come to these happy arms.
 I know not what to ask, or what to tell ;
 I'm quite distracted with excess of joy.

Amelia. (*To Valmonson.*) But thou art wounded ?

Val. Yes, an angel's hand
 Bound up my wounds, and cheer'd my fainting heart ;
 But I am very weak from loss of blood.

(*Clara and Annette talk apart.*)

Walter, how goes the fortune of the day ?

Walter. My lord, some of the Saxon troops are fled ;
 Some lurk within the wood, and some are slain ;
 We scarcely hop'd to find you living, Sir.

Val. I think the Count suppos'd me dead, and he
 I know must have sustain'd some desp'rate hurts ;
 Since he escap'd me all the work remains—
 Another day begins another fight ;
 But now 'tis dark, and I must give this hour
 To Julio, and to Clara——See that way——
 Some one with torches.——

Walter. 'Tis a pris'ner bound ;
 A priest attending, bears the holy cross.

Amelia. They bring him here—but slowly they advance.

Val. (*To the women.*) Retire a moment, these are scenes
 of blood,
 Befit not gentle natures ;——go, my love.

[*Exeunt the Women and Julio.*

[*Enter a SOLDIER of the COUNT of ROHAN'S Party,
 unarm'd.*]

How now ! what make you here ?

Soldier. I conie unarm'd;
The Count, my master, sends me to enquire
If it be true that Count Valmonsor lives ?

Val. Go, tell your master, that I live to try
Another time the fortune of my blade.

Soldier. He will attend you.

Val. I shall wait him here. [Exit Soldier.]
[Enter FATHER ANSELMO, bearing the cross, and two Soldiers of VALMONSOR's Party, supporting MONTALBAN, wounded; other Soldiers following.]

Father. Health to the Count Valmonsor ! Peace and Joy,
Peace in the very front of armed War ;
Health to the mind diseas'd with foul Despair,
And Joy for Innocence at length display'd.—
Count, you are wounded——but I come to heal
Wounds which have rankled deeper than the sword ;
I bring confession from a guilty wretch
Now writhing in the penalty of crime.
Shall he advance ?

Val. Whate'er you will.
Who is he ? Whose concerns does he affect ?

Father. Your's, mine, and Clara's, Virtue's, all the world's
Your sister's —— Soldiers, bring Montalban forth.

Val. Amelia, Clara, see Anselmo here.

[Re-enter the WOMEN, and JULIO.]

Clara. (To Anselmo.) Oh ! father, this indeed is my reward.

Father. Daughter, prepare to hear a wond'rous tale ;
Stand by my side—Montalban, raise thy head,
As thou hast hope of Mercy, speak the Truth.

Mont. I have no hope of Mercy, and no Fear,
Since I am brought to this extreme of Fate,
Wounded and dying, pinion'd and subdued :—
This is the day which ends my short career,
And gives me back to Nothing whence I sprang.

Father. Obdurate sinner ! nourish not that Hope,

There is an after-reck'ning for thy soul,
 And not one sin will be forgotten there ;
 Speak, if thou valuest thy immortal part,
 Make that atonement, 'ere thy life decay.

Mont. What do I see ! the child alive again !
 The child these hands in vain essay'd to kill !

Val. Thy hands, thou monster !

Mont. Yes, the deed was mine ;
 Speak, Clara, for no duty binds thy tongue ;
 Speak, I absolve thee from all filial ties,
 For I declare thou art no child of mine.

Clara. Oh ! Happiness ! inestimable Joy !

Val. Not thine ! To whom then does she owe her birth ?

Mont. To one as hateful to thee as myself—
 The Count of Rohan.

Clara. Oh ! most happy news ;
 Then I have yet a mother—Oh ! my heart !——

Mont. The Count of Rohan did in secret wed
 The Princess Isabel of Saxony.

This is her child,—I took her as my own ;—
 The mother thought she died in infancy,
 Indeed, the secret had its price with me,
 For while I held the Count's life in my hand
 I did not spare his purse :—It was agreed
 If I could find a wealthy match for her,
 Riches and honours should reward my care ;
 But if I gave her to a needy man,
 No recompense nor thanks awaited me,
 But I should sink I waste my dying breath,
 Which I should rather save but can I pray,
 Whose life has been a libel on my faith ?
 I cannot pray—for oh !—my sins—my sins.—

(dies.)

Val. How dreadful is the death of wicked men,
 Whose angry passions struggle with their fears,
 And Penitence has had no time to work

To any consolation on their state,
But Shame, Remorse, and Agony confound!—

Clara. He was my bitter enemy ; but tears
Must flow for him whom I believ'd my sire.

Val. Whom have we here ! what now ! the Count of Rohan !

Amelia. Oh ! Heav'ns, the Count.—

Val. Disarm'd, and by his side
A holy nun.

[Enter ROHAN and ISABEL.]

Clara. My mother ! oh ! my mother.

(Runs to Isabel, and embraces her.)

Rohan. My lord, I come disarm'd, my forces all
Dismiss'd, but not subdu'd, have left your wood ;
The last shot fir'd has clear'd the world of one
Whose tool to Wickedness too long I've been—
Accurs'd Montalban ! let his name expire—
Shame and Dishonour wait upon the sound.
My lord, I come to speak of high concerns ;
But first—your leave, Sir, to embrace my child.

Val. Take her, my lord—a treasure that the World
Cannot repay or equal—she is yours.

(Rohan and Clara embrace.)

Rohan. I am not worthy of her ; I believ'd
The story of her guilt ; a father's heart
Should have repell'd all efforts to deceive.
My lord, as pledge that I withdraw my force,
Receive her as my hostage, she is yours.—
You seem surpriz'd, Sir, at my quick resolve,
Since I so lately sought your life in arms ;
But I am guided by a sainted hand,
Which leads me back to Virtue,—See it here !
She may not speak—but she may raise her veil,
And see if any present know her face. (Isabel unveils.)

Father. It is the same—the royal penitent,—
The princess Isabel—I blush to own

I married her in private to the Count,
 Against her father's will ; that was a sin,
 That action leaves a stain upon my life ;
 But now, that she has chos'n a holy spouse,
 She is no longer bound by human ties.

Rohan. Oh ! Isabel, my penitence——too late, alas !
 For Happiness, for thee, or for myself ;
 How shall I shew it ? shall I take such vows
 As hold thee in a life of holy bonds ?
 Give up for thee the World I have disgrac'd,
 And ask Heav'n's mercy on my alter'd days !

(*Isabel makes signs to refer him to Anselmo.*)

Father. Change not thy garb, but change thy inward soul ;
 Vex not thy limbs with stripes, but scourge thy mind ;
 'Tis not the bending of a supple knee,
 Hands raised in prayer, and eyes that seek the ground,
 The pageantry of Piety I ask.—
 Let thy soul bend in humble thankfulness,
 Be thy hand open to the call of Want ;
 Creation is a Temple—serve therein,
 And consecrate each day to Charity ;
 Look to thyself, examine well thy heart.
 Does no Ambition lurk within thy soul,
 No thirst for wider range of conqu'ring Power ?
 Or does the dove-like influence fill thy breast
 Of Peace, mild-springing from its source divine ?

Rohan. Words are but weak to speak my alter'd mind,
 My actions shall approve it. Isabel,
 Canst thou forgive a man, who, loving Virtue,
 Has been thro' life the wretched tool of Vice :
 Whose passions, once indulg'd, led on to Guilt ;
 And who, abhorring Falsehood, banish'd Truth ;
 Canst thou forgive the errors of my Youth,
 Shine like a friendly beacon on my path,
 And save me from the dark'ning gulph of Shame ?

(*Isabel makes signs that she forgives, and prays for him.*)

Val. Now Rohan, with my hand, my friendship take,
Not lightly pledg'd, nor easily obtain'd,
But firm to hold, nor to be chang'd by Time.
You give me Clara, and you give me more
Than all the treasures of the world in her.
Come to my Castle—rest you there awhile,
For I have much to tell, and much to hear;
Yet, 'ere we leave this spot, where late we strove
In mortal combat, Father, give us here
Your holy blessing.

Father. Thus receive it all ;
Blest be this hour, which does on Virtue's head
The radiance of Success and Glory shed ;
Which bids us from this day's experience learn,
How guilty friends to bitt'rest foes may turn ;
How Falsehood ever works it's own distress,
And Time at length strips off the borrow'd dress.
Thus, while we shudd'ring mark a brother's fall,
May the important warning serve us all ;
As in our Sorrows, we should shun Despair,
So calm Reflection in our joys should share.
May all assembled here, depart in Peace,
Discord, and Tumult, and Dissention cease ;
May all in friendly harmony unite,
And Mercy be the attribute to-night !

THE END

SUBSCRIBERS.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DUKE OF KENT, *3 copies.*
Maria Lady Anstruther.
Charles Abbot, Esq.
Mrs. Abbott.
James Agar, Esq.
Lieut. Agar, R. N.
Rev. W. J. Andrews, Reading.
Major Atty.
Miss S. Atkins.
Rev. Mr. Atkinson.
J. Amory, Esq.
W. Amory, Esq.
Septimus Allen, Esq.
Mrs. J. Allen.
Miss Allen.
J. Awdry, Esq. *2 copies.*
Mrs. Arbouin, Bath.
Mrs. S. Alleson, *2 copies.*
Mrs. Ansty, Lyde House.
Mrs. Abthorpe.
Miss Abdy.
Mrs. Alexander.
— Atkinson, Esq.
George Aust, Esq. Noel House, Kensington.
Mrs. Aust.
Miss Mary Adams.

The Lord Bolton.
The Lady Bolton.
The Lady Eleanor Butler.
Lady Bayntun, *2 copies.*
Lady Brydges, *2 copies.*
Lieut.-Gen. Bridges.
Hon. Mrs. Bridgman.
James Bindley, Esq. Stamp Office, *2 copies.*
Mr. Serjeant Best.
Colonel Bingham, Dorset Militia, *2 copies.*
Sir G. R. Bingham, K. C. B.
Lady Bingham.
Lieut. Bingham, R. N.
Rev. John Bastard.
H. C. Boisragon, M. D. Cheltenham.
Mrs. H. C. Boisragon.
Mrs. Broughton.
Major Broughton, *2 copies.*
Capt. Broughton, 9th Reg. *2 copies.*
H. A. Broughton, Esq.
S. D. Broughton, Esq.
Mrs. Brooke, Reading.
Miss Brooke.

SUBSCRIBERS.

William Brien, Esq.
Mrs. Brien.
Mrs. Bridges.
Mrs. Brice.
Mrs. Beck.
Miss Broderip, Bristol.
J. Broderip, Esq.
Mrs. Bernard, 2 copies.
Mrs. Bargus.
Mrs. Biddulph.
Miss Biddulph.
Mrs. Brodie.
J. Blandy, Esq. Reading.
Mrs. Blandy.
A. Bain, M. D.
Mrs. H. Brooksbank.
Mrs. Beckingham, Oswalds, 2 copies.
Mrs. Benyon.
Rev. Edward Bower.
Lieut. Col. Bower.
Lient. George Barrett, 14th Light Dragoons.
Mrs. Briggs.
Mrs. Blackburn.
Mrs. Bower.
Doctor Booth.
E. Bouvierie, Esq.
Mrs. Bouvierie.
Rev. T. Bartlam.
Thomas Browne, Esq.
Charles Brickhurst, Esq.
A. E. Brande, Esq. 2 copies.
Rev. J. Boudier.
Mrs. Bodley.
Miss Boycott, 2 copies.
H. Beaufoy, Esq.
B. C. Brodie, Esq.
Mrs. Belli.
F. J. Brown, Esq. 2 copies.
Capt. Bulstrode, 66th Regt.
Miss Betham.
Miss Bent.
Mrs. Baynes. Bath.
Miss Baynes
Mrs. Brymer, Bath, 2 copies.
Mrs. F. Bowdler, 2 copies.
Mrs. Harriett Bowdler, 2 copies.
Charles Bell, Esq.
— Bauer, Esq. Kew, 2 copies.
Mrs. Bodicote.
Miss Brown.
Mrs. Baker, Bath.
Mrs. C. W. Boys.
Mrs. Brooks.
Capt. Blanshard.
Mrs. J. Blanshard.
Mrs. Benson, 2 copies.
Miss Bond.
H. C. Barratt, Esq.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Beane.
Miss Beale.
Mrs. Broadley.
Mrs. Blunt.
Miss Blunt.
Mrs. Birch.
Mrs. Benet, Pyt House, *2 copies.*
Richard Brockhurst, Esq.
Mrs. Badeley, Chelmsford.
Miss Badeley,
Miss M. Badeley.
Mrs. Brooksbank.
— Bastard, Esq. M. P. *2 copies.*
Mrs. Blunt.
Miss Blunt.
T. D. Barlee, Esq.
Mrs. Baker, Great Malvern.
Mrs. Smith Barwell.
J. L. Buckland, Esq.
T. Bell, jun. Esq.
Mrs. Bliss.
Mrs. Brown, Grovesnor-street.
Mrs. Batts.
Mrs. Birchall, Charmouth.
—Bastard, Esq. Blandford.

The Earl of Chichester.
The Lady Clanbrock.
Lady Colebrooke, *2 copies.*
Lieut. Col. Cooper, Somerset Militia, *2 copies.*
Rev. J. Constable.
Henry Campion, Esq.
William Collins, Esq.
Mrs. Cottell.
Richard Corbett, Esq.
James Cazenove, Esq. Walthamstow.
Mrs. Cazenove.
H. Cazenove, Esq.
James Cazenove, Esq. jun.
John Cazenove, Esq.
Mrs. John Cazenove.
John Campbell, Esq. *2 copies.*
Mrs. Campbell *2 copies.*
Mrs. Cadman.
Mrs. Corsellis.
J. Churchill, Esq. Colyton, *2 copies.*
Mrs. Churchill, *2 copies.*
Rev. William Churchill.
Mr. Serjeant Copley.
Rev. Mr. Crome.
Mrs. Coker.
Miss Coker.
—Chambers, Esq. *2 copies.*
Mrs. Chambers, *2 copies.*
Miss Chambers.
Mrs. Corfield.
Miss Cobbett.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Thomas Coombs, Esq.
Mrs. Colbourne.
J. Codrington, Esq. Wroughton House.
Mrs. Codrington, 2 copies.
Miss Cazalet.
Doctor Crawford, Bath.
Mrs. Cazalet, Bath.
Miss Cazalet.
Rev. J. Colson, 2 copies.
William Clavel, Esq. 2 copies.
Mrs. C. Courthorpe, Uckfield.
Mrs. A. Courthorpe.
Mrs. Cobbold, Selbourne.
Thomas Creaser, Esq. Bath.
Mrs. Creaser.
— Carruthers, Esq.
John Coker, Esq.
Miss Coker.
B. Bond Cabbell, Esq. Temple.
Miss Cabbell
— Colton, Esq.
Mrs. Colton.
Rev. Morton Colson, Dorchester.
Rev. Morton Colson, Jesus Coll. Cambridge.
Rev. Dr. Cracknell.

The Earl of Denbigh.
The Lord Dormer.
The Lady Caroline Damer.
Hon. and Rev. J. L. Dundas.
Sir H. Dampier.
Lady Dampier.
Miss Dampier.
Hon. Mrs. Lionel Damer, 2 copies.
Lady Duberly.
Rev. Mr. Denton.
Mrs. Dormer.
Mrs. Dalbiac.
James Dalbiac, Esq.
Mrs. Dalbiac, Cheam.
Mrs. H. Dalbiac.
Miss Dalbiac.
Colonel Dalbiac, 4th Dragoons, 5 copies.
J. G. Dalbiac, Esq. Bucklam Hill, Sussex, 2 copies.
Miss Dalbiac, Northampton, 6 copies.
Mrs. Demainbray, 2 copies.
Rev. S. Demainbray, 3 copies.
Rev. Charles De la Fesse.
F. Duboulay, Esq. 2 copies.
Mrs. Duboulay.
General Despard, The Grange, 2 copies.
Rev. F. Doveton, 2 copies.
Mrs. Doveton, 2 copies.
Charles Dumbleton, Esq. Bath, 5 copies.
Mrs. Dumbleton, 5 copies.
J. Dilnot, Esq. 2 copies.
J. Duncan, Esq.
Miss Duncan.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Miss Davis.
Miss A. Dandridge.
Miss H. Dandridge.
Mrs. Dibben.
Mrs. A Dibben.
J. Dale, Esq.
Capt. Dingley, Royal Artillery.
Miss Dingley.
Capt. Dumaresq, Gen. Byng's Staff, Colchester.
Mrs. Douse.
George Dandridge, Esq. *2 copies.*
W. Dansey, Esq. Blandford.
Mrs. Drax, Knowle Cottage, *3 copies.*
Rev. Dr. Dupré, *2 copies.*
Mr. Serjeant Dauncey.
Mrs. Davis.
Quintin Dick, Esq.
Mrs. Delancy, Bath.
Miss Delancy.
Miss Susan Delancy.
— Delancy, Esq.

The Lord Eardley.
The Lady Hannah Ellice.
Edward Ellice, Esq.
Hon. Mr. Eardley.
Hon. Fred. Eden.
Hon. Thomas Erskine.
Rev. W. England.
Mrs. England.
Miss England.
Mrs. Edwards.
Mrs. Eaton.
Miss Ebden.
Mrs. Eade.
Miss Ewer.
Mrs. A. East.
Mr. I. Eade.

The Lady Louisa Forrester.
Viscountess Fielding.
Rev. Sir John Fagg, Bart. *2 copies.*
Mrs. G. Frampton.
Miss Frampton.
Rev. William Floyer, Stinsford.
Mrs. Floyer.
Major Fehrszen, 53d Regt.
Charles Fraser, Esq.
Miss M. Fraser.
Miss H. M. Fraser.
Mrs. George Free.
Mrs. Fenton.
Mrs. Fountayne.
Miss. Fountayne.
Mrs. Fildes.
Miss Fenwick.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Rev. J. Falconer, Bath.

Mrs. Falconer.

I. De Franca. Esq.

Charles Freeman, Esq.

Charles Few, Esq.

Countess of Guildford, *2 copies.*

Sir Alexander Grant, Bart.

The Attorney-General.

Colonel Grosette, *2 copies.*

Miss Grosette.

I. Grosette, Esq. Laycock Abbey, *2 copies.*

Nathaniel Gundry, Esq. *3 copies.*

Mrs. Gundry, *2 copies.*

Mrs. Mary Gundry, *2 copies.*

Carrington Garrick, Esq. *2 copies.*

Mrs. Garrick, *2 copies.*

Robert Gordon, Esq.

Daniel Giles, Esq. *2 copies.*

William Gordon, Esq.

Mrs. Adam Gordon.

Mrs. Gordon.

S. Greenway, Esq. *2 copies.*

Charles Gordon, Esq.

Mrs. Gardiner, Kew, *2 copies.*

Mrs. C. Gurney.

Mrs. Jane Godington.

Mrs. Graham

Mrs. F. Gibbons.

Dr. Gibbes, Bath.

Mrs. Gibbes.

Capt. Gould, Dorset Militia.

Miss Gaussen.

Miss Green.

Master P. Griffith.

William Garton, Esq.

Mrs. Gibson.

Thomas Græme, Esq. Oldbury-court.

Mrs. I. L. Goldsmid.

Mrs. B. Goldsmid.

Mrs. H. Goldsmid.

R. E. D. Grovesnor, Esq. Charbrough Park, *2 copies.*

Mrs. Drax Grovesnor, *2 copies.*

Viscountess Hampden.

Rowland Hunt, Esq. Boreatton Park, *6 copies.*

Mrs. Hunt, *2 copies.*

Mrs. Hincks.

Mrs. Anne Hoare, *2 copies.*

Miss Horde, *2 copies.*

Rev. T. T. Haverfield, Fell. C. C. C. Oxon. *2 copies.*

Mrs. Haverfield, Kew, *3 copies.*

Christopher Hodgson, Esq.

Mrs. C. Hodgson.

John Hodgson, Esq.

T. Harrington, Esq. *2 copies.*

Mrs. Hall. *5 copies.*

SUBSCRIBERS.

I. I. Halls, Esq.
Thomas Halls, Esq.
Miss Halls.
Fred. Holbrooke, Esq.
Mrs. Holbrooke.
Fred. Holdsworth, Esq.
Mrs. Holdsworth.
James Haller, Esq.
Miss A. Hughes.
Miss Hodges.
— Heygate, Esq. *2 copies.*
— Haeon, Esq. *2 copies.*
Charles Hilliard, Esq.
Mrs. Hilliard.
Mrs. Harden.
— Howe, Esq. Leamington.
Mrs Howe.
Miss Howe.
Mrs. Heron.
Mrs. Haggard.
Mrs. Harrison, Brompton, *2 copies.*
Mrs. Rebecca Harrison.
Mrs. C. Harrison.
Capt. Harrison, 53d Regt.
Mrs. Harris, Bath.
T. Harris, Esq. Belmont, *2 copies.*
Miss Hargood.
I. I. Hensley, Esq.
Miss Hayes.
Mrs. Hill.
Miss Eliza Henning.
W. V. Hellyer, Esq.
Mrs. Hardex.
H. Holdsworth, Esq.
H. Hyde, Esq.
— Hart, Esq.
W. Hayes, Esq. Temple.
Richard Hunter, Esq. Richmond.
Rev. S. How, Stickland, *4 copies.*
Mrs. How, *4 copies.*
Miss How, *2 copies.*
— Horsford, Esq. Weymouth.
Mrs. Horsford.
Mr. I. Harvey, Guernsey.

Earl of Ilchester, *2 copies.*
Robert Isherwood, Esq. *5 copies.*
Rev. Lascelles Iremonger.
S. Isted, Esq.
Mrs. Isted.
Miss Ibbetson.
Rev. J. Johnson.
Michael Joy, Esq. Hartham Park.
Mrs. Jackson.
Mrs. A. Jeffreys, *2 copies.*
Mrs. B. Jeffreys, *2 copies.*
Mrs. M. Jeffreys, *2 copies.*
Mrs. E. M. Jones.

SUBSCRIBERS.

The Lady Isabella King, 2 copies.
Lieut.-Gen. Kerr, Hartham House.
Mrs. Knight, Clapton, 4 copies.
Miss C. Kensington.
Newman Knowles, Esq.
N. P. Kell, Esq.

The Lady Lyttleton.
Rev. John Lynes.
Mr. Serjeant Lens.
H. Lamotte, Esq.
Mrs. H. Lamotte.
Geo. Lamotte, Esq.
Miss P. Lamotte.
P. L. Luard, Esq. 2 copies.
Mrs. Luard, 2 copies.
Peter Luard, M. D. 10 copies.
Capt. Geo. Luard, Esq. 18th Lt. Dragoons.
Lieut. John Luard, 16th Lt. Dragoons.
Henry Luard, Esq. 2 copies.
Edward Luard, Esq.
Miss Luard.
Miss Louisa Luard.
Major Lutyens, 18th Lt. Dragoons.
Rev. C. W. Le Bas. M. Professor, E. I. Col. Hertford, 2 copies.
Mrs. Le Bas, 2 copies.
Mrs. Loring, Reading.
Miss Loring.
Mrs. Luken.
Mrs. Long, Rood Ashton, 2 copies.
Mrs. Little.
Mrs. Lambert.
Mrs. Loutherbourg.
Mrs. H. Laytham.
Mrs. Law, Horsted House.
Mrs. Lonax.
Mrs. Lyon.
G. Lloyd, Esq. Melcombe Lodge.
Mrs. Lowndes, Lambeth.

Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Meath.
Lady Morris.
Sir James Mansfield, 4 copies.
Lady Mansfield, 2 copies.
Miss Mansfield, 2 copies.
Miss C. Mansfield, 2 copies.
Mrs. Mansfield.
Mrs. Milnes, Fregstone.
Rev. George Meech.
Mrs. M. Meech.
John Manly, Esq.
J. Mackinness, Esq.
Alex. Millington, Esq.
David Montague, Esq.
E. L. Macmurdo, Esq. 5 copies.
Mrs. Macmurdo, 5 copies.
J. Maud, Esq.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Maud.
Primatt Maud, Esq.
Miss Maud, *2 copies*.
J. Milford, Esq.
Mrs. Milford.
Lieut.-Col. Macdonald.
Miss Monkland.
Miss E. Monckland.
J. F. Monck, Esq.
Mrs. Barbara Meyer, *2 copies*.
Mrs. Meyer.
Miss M. Meyer.
Arthur Morris Esq.
Mrs. Morris.
Lieut. Mackay, 53d Regt.
Mrs. Malkin.
Abel Moysey, Esq. *2 copies*.
Abel Moysey, Esq. jun. *2 copies*.
F. Moysey, Esq.
Mrs. F. Moysey.
Miss Moysey, *4 copies*.
Miss Mason.
Mrs. C. Marriott.
Mrs. Millett.
Mrs. Minet.
Miss May.
Miss Maltby, *2 copies*.
Mrs. R. Maltby.
Mrs. Mabbott.
Mrs. Montague.
Mrs. Maskelyne, *2 copies*.
Mrs. Montgomery.
— Merry, Esq.
Mr. Maund.
Mrs. Morgan.
Mrs. Mallett.

The Marquis of Northampton.
Mrs. Nisbett.
Mrs. Newton.
Mr. Noton.
Miss Noton.
Mrs. Nooth, Bath, *2 copies*.
Lieut. Nooth, Royal Fusileers.

The Lady Susan O'Brien.
William O'Brien, Esq.
Mrs. O'Beirne.
Miss O'Beirne.
Mrs. Oom
Major-General Orde.

Dowager Countess Paulett.
Hon. Mrs. Portman.
Hon. Miss Ponsonby.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Sir Henry Poole, Bart.
Miss Poole.
Miss C. E. Poole.
Rev. Samuel Parr, L. L. D.
Dean Paul, Esq.
Lacey Primatt, Esq. *2 copies.*
Rcv. J. Prower, *10 copies.*
Rev. M. Prower, *10 copies.*
Charles Partridge, Esq. *2 copies.*
Mrs. Partridge, *2 copies.*
George Palmer, Esq. *5 copies.*
Mrs. George Palmer, *5 copies.*
R. Palmer, Esq. *2 copies.*
J. H. Palmer, Esq. *2 copies.*
— Palmer, Esq. *2 copies.*
Mrs. Palmer.
Miss Palmer.
Mrs. Park, *2 copies.*
H. Peters, Esq. *2 copies.*
Mrs. Peters, *2 copies.*
Mrs. Adm. Pierrepont.
Mrs. Poore.
J. Picton, Esq.
Miss Picton.
Miss M. Picton.
Miss M. Pleydell.
Mrs. Palairat.
G. L. Papendick, Esq. Kew.
Mrs. Papendick.
— Pepys, Esq.
Miss Pepys.
Alexander Pope, Esq.
— Paris, Esq.
Mrs. John Parkes, *2 copies.*
Miss M. Parkes.
Mrs. William Parkes, *2 copies.*
Mrs. Parkes.
Miss Parkes.
Mrs. Powys, Berwick House.
Miss Powys.
Thomas Poynter, Esq.
Miss F. Price.
Rev. C. Pattison, *2 copies.*
Robert Pigou, Esq.
Miss Poole.
Miss E. Poole.
Rev. William Probyn, Pershore.
Henry Peters, Esq.
Mrs. H. Peters.
Mrs Pilgrim.
Miss Pilgrim.
E. M. Pleydell, Esq. Whatcombe House.
Mrs. Pleydell.
Mrs. Pleydell, Blandford.
Miss Pleydell, Torquay.
Mrs. Porcher, Weymouth.
Miss Penney.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Penney, Weymouth.
Miss Catherine Penney.

Miss Quayle, Barton Mere.
W. H. Quayle, Esq.

Earl of Rosslyn, *2 copies*.
Earl of Rosebery.
The Lord Reay.
The Lord Rivers.
Hon. Philip Roper.
Hon. Mr. Robinson.
Lieut. Gen. Richardson.
Job M. Raikes, Esq. *2 copies*.
W. M. Raikes, Esq. *2 copies*.
Mrs. W. M. Raikes, *2 copies*.
Thos. Roworth, Esq. Blagdon Lodge, *10 copies*.
Mrs. Roworth, *10 copies*.
Miss Runnington.
Rev J. Rogers, Barkway, *2 copies*.
Mrs. Rogers, *2 copies*.
Mrs. Reid.
Mrs. Raynes, *3 copies*.
Mrs Ramsden.
Miss Ramsden.
J. B. Rickards, Esq.
Mrs. Rickards.
Mrs. Rushbrook.
Mr. T. Richardson.
Mrs. Richards.
Miss Richards.
Mrs. T. Richardson.
Mrs. Richards.
Rev. J. Rose.
Mrs. Rose.
Miss Rose.
Mrs. E. Rokeby.
J. Roe, Esq. Blackheath, *2 copies*.
Mrs. Roe.
George Russell, Esq. Middle Temple.
Mrs. Ricklesworth.
Mrs. Rocke, *2 copies*.
Mrs. Rooke, *2 copies*.
Rev. William Ramsden.
Rev. William Rigaud.
Mrs. Riley.
Robt. Vaughan Rickards, Esq. Inner Temple.
— Rodber, Esq. Weymouth.
Mrs. Roberts, Bryanstone-street, *2 copies*.
Rev. H. Rigby, Salisbury, *2 copies*.

Earl Spencer.
Countess Spencer.
The Lady Mary Shepherd.
The Lady Saye and Sele.
Sir Cullum Smith, Bart. *2 copies*.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Hon. Lady Culling Smith, *2 copies.*
Lady Shelley,
Hon. and Rev. Chas. Strangways, *2 copies.*
The Solicitor General.
Lady Shepherd.
H. J. Shepherd, Esq.
Sir J. W. Smith, Bart. Down House, Dorset.
A. M. Storey, Esq. Inner Temple *10 copies.*
Mrs. Storey.
Nathaniel Snell, Esq. *2 copies.*
Rev. G. S. Spurgeon, *4 copies.*
Benjamin Stead, Esq.
John Stevens, Esq.
James Swanzy, Esq.
Mrs. Sims, *2 copies.*
J. Solly, Esq. *2 copies.*
Samuel Solly, Esq.
Miss Solly.
Mrs. Gen. Skinner.
Mrs. Sheena.
Joseph Shawe, Esq. *2 copies.*
Mrs. Shawe.
Miss Shawe, *2 copies.*
Mrs. Sparling, *10 copies.*
Mrs. Shergold, *2 copies.*
Major Still, Dorset Militia, *2 copies.*
Capt. Sabine, Dorset Militia.
— Small, Esq. Surgeon to the Dorset Militia.
John Stewart, Esq.
Mrs. Sherwill, Kew, *3 copies.*
Markham Sherwill, Esq. jñ. *2 copies.*
Miss Sherwill, Topsham.
Mrs. Stevens, Kew, *2 copies.*
Mrs. Schnell, Kew, *2 copies.*
Miss Stedman.
Miss Anne Stedman.
— Stratford, Esq.
Mrs. Stratford.
Mrs. Sawbridge, East Hadden.
Mrs. Smith, Vicarage, Daventry.
C. Smith, Esq.
Mrs. Smith.
Rev. B. Sutton.
Mrs. S. Steward.
— Squires, Esq.
H. Sumner, Esq.
Mrs. H. Sumner.
Mrs. Seymour, Chilton, *2 copies.*
Miss Seymour, *2 copies.*
Mrs. Charles Smith.
Henry Salt, Esq.
Mrs. Stutton, Bath.
Mrs. Sutherland, Bath.
Miss Sutherland.
Miss M. A. Sutherland.
J. A. Spry, Esq. Bath.
Miss Smith, Stoke Park.
Capt. Smith, Gower-street.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Smith.
Mrs. C. Stewart.
Miss Shirley.
John Sloper, Esq.
Miss Smith.
Miss Jane Smith.
John Shuter, Esq. *2 copies.*
T. A. Shuter, Esq. *2 copies.*
Mrs T. A. Shuter, *2 copies.*
Charles Shuter, Esq.
James Shuter, Esq.
Miss Shuter.
Mrs. Salkeld, Fifehead, *2 copies.*
Mrs. Smith, Stanhope street, Bath, *2 copies.*
Mrs Slade.
H. Seymer, Esq. Hanford.
Mrs Seymer.
Mr. Shipp, Bookseller, Blandford.
— Swaffield, Esq.
Mrs. Steward, Weymouth.
Lieut. Col. Steward, Dorset Militia.

Countess of Tankerville, *2 copies.*
The Lady Amelia Trenchard.
Lieut. Gen. Therr.
Mrs. Therr.
Miss Therr.
Samuel Turner, Esq. M. P.
Edward Taylor, Esq. Byfields Park, *2 copies.*
Mrs. Taylor, *2 copies.*
John Turner, Esq.
—Tilliard, Esq. *2 copies.*
Miss Tilliard.
Mr. Trinder, Bath, *2 copies.*
Mrs. Toulmin.
Mrs. Todhunter.
John Travers, Esq.
Mrs. Tomes.
Miss Tomes.
Mrs. B. Tomes.
Mrs. Thresher, Circus, Bath, *2 copies.*
Mrs. Thomson, Portland Place.
Mrs. Francis Turner.
Miss Tunstall, Kew.
Mrs. Charles Thompson, Kensington.
Henry Thomson, Esq. Kensington.
Mrs. Henry Thomson.
Miss Thomson.
Miss E. Thomson.
Mrs. Thornton, Brockhall.
Mrs. Thirsby, Gotham Rectory.
Miss Thirsby.
William Tudor, Esq. Bath.
James H. Taylor, Esq. Hartley Court.
Miss Turner, Yarmouth.
Miss C. Turner.
Capt. P. C. Taylor, 81st Regt. *2 copies.*

SUBSCRIBERS.

Dowager Lady Vavasour, *2 copies.*
George Vansittart, Esq.
Mrs. Vansittart.
Mr. Serjeant Vaughan.
Miss Caroline Vaughan, Cheam.
Rev. A. Wade.
Mrs. Wade.
— Vant, Esq.
Mrs. Vant.
Mrs. Valpy, Reading, *2 copies.*
Miss Valpy, *2 copies*
Mr. A. I. Valpy, *2 copies.*
Mrs. Vicars, Bath.
Lewis Vulliamy, Esq. Edmonton.
Mrs. Vulliamy, Notting Hill.
Mrs. B. Vulliamy.
Mr. J. T. Vulliamy.
Mr. L. Vulliamy.
Mrs. Vassall, Oldberry Court.
Miss de Visme, Notting Hill.
Mrs. Vivian.
The Miss Vivians, *3 copies.*

Sir Robert Wigram, Bart.
Lady Wigram.
Miss H. Wigram.
Miss A. Wigram.
George Ward, Esq. jun. *2 copies.*
Mrs. Weddell, *2 copies.*
John Wade, Esq. *2 copies.*
Lieut. Gen. Williams, *2 copies.*
Colonel Wilson.
Mrs. Gen. Waddington.
O'Brien Woolley, Esq.
Mrs. Wilks, Rook's Nest Park.
Miss Wilks.
R. Wilks, Esq.
Mrs. Bootle Wilbraham, *2 copies.*
J. Walmesley, Esq. Bath, *5 copies.*
Mrs. Walmesley, *5 copies.*
J. Walmesley, Esq. jun. *10 copies.*
Mrs. Wakefield.
— Weltje, Esq.
Mrs. Weston.
Miss Weston.
Mrs. C. Warren.
Miss M. Warren.
Dr. Woodyatt, Worcester.
Mrs. Wilson, *2 copies.*
Robert Wilsonn, Esq. *2 copies.*
Mrs. Wilsonn.
J. H. Wilcox, Esq.
Henry Wagner, Esq. *2 copies.*
Miss Lewis Williams.
Miss Western.
Miss Wiltshire, Shockerwick, *2 copies.*
Mrs. Wilder, Hurley Hall, *2 copies.*
Mrs. White, Belle Vue.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Wadham Wyndham.
Mr. Williamson.
Miss Wilkinson.
J. W. Willan, Esq.
Mrs. Whitaker.
Miss Willis, Kensington Palace.
Miss E. Willis.
Miss Wilkinson.
Mrs. Wilson, Kensington Gravel Pits.
Miss Wilson.
— Williams, Esq. Weymouth.
Mrs. Williams.
Mrs. Willis, Weymouth, *2 copies*.
Miss H. Willis, *2 copies*.
Miss J. Willis, *2 copies*.
— Warne, Esq. Weymouth.

William Young, Esq.
Mrs. Yeatman, *2 copies*.
Miss Augusta Yenn, Kensington Palace.

Mrs. Zachary, Strand on the Green.
Michael Zachary, Esq.

Mrs. Conry, Grenville-street.
Frederic Fisher, Esq.
C. Fugh, Esq.
Thomas Green, Esq.
Mrs. Gardiner.

ALTERATION,

Suggested since the Work has been printed.

Page 12, Line 4.—*Instead of*

“ Invites Invasion and enchains the mind,”

read,

“ And chills the ardour of the patriot mind.”



